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NME

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

"Probably the best Christmas NME ever."

THE CHRISTMAS DOUBLE SPECIAL – 80 PAGES

PAUL WELLER
THE GENTLEMAN MOD COMES CLEAN
Interview by Tony Stewart

MARTIN FRY
GEORGE ORWELL
SHALAMAR
JOHN COLTRANE

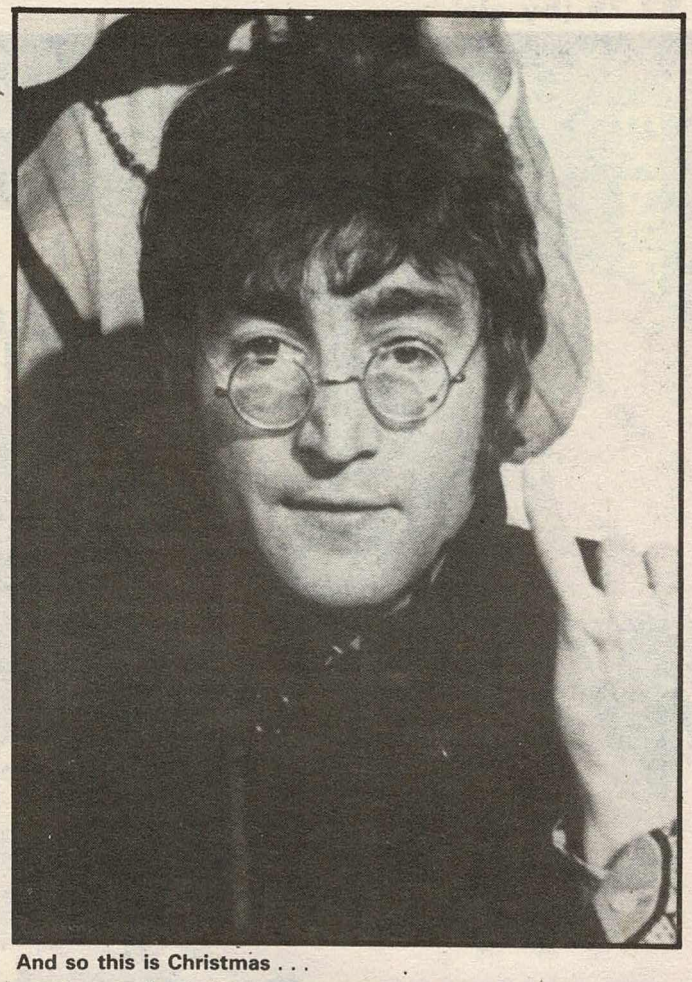
1982 IN ITS OWN WORDS
The stars who made the news write their views

ILLUSTRATED SONGBOOK
ROCK PHOTOGRAPHY

Wish I could be like John Steed . . . Paul Weller gets hooked on The Avengers image. Pic Peter Anderson

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last Week		Weeks in	Highest
	2	**TIME (CLOCK OF THE HEART).. Culture Club (Virgin)**	4	1
2	4	SAVE YOUR LOVE Rene & Renato (Hollywood)	6	2
3	1	THE BEAT SURRENDER ..... The Jam (Polydor)	4	1
4	19	THE SHAKIN' STEVENS EP Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	2	4
5	6	OUR HOUSE..... Madness (Stiff)	4	5
6	13	PEACE ON EARTH/LITTLE DRUMMER BOY David Bowie & Bing Crosby (RCA)	3	6
7	5	TRULY.....Lionel Richie (Motown)	5	5
8	11	BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES Modern Romance (WEA)	5	8
9	17	FRIENDS..... Shalamar (Solar)	3	9
10	8	YOUNG GUNS (GO FOR IT) Wham! (Innervision)	6	3
11	20	YOU CAN'T HURRY LOVE..Phil Collins (Virgin)	3	11
12	16	THE OTHER SIDE OF LOVE ..... Yazoo (Mute)	5	12
13	3	MIRROR MAN .....Human League (Virgin)	6	1
14	22	BUFFALO GALS Malcolm McLaren (Charisma)	3	14
15	(—)	LITTLE TOWN.....Cliff Richard (EMI)	1	15
16	7	HYMN ..... Ultravox (Chrysalis)	4	7
17	12	LIVING ON THE CEILING Blancmange (London)	7	7
18	10	LET'S GET THIS STRAIGHT Dexys Midnight Runners (Mercury)	3	10
19	9	RIO .....Duran Duran (EMI)	6	8
20	(—)	A WINTER'S TALE..... David Essex (Mercury)	1	20
21	21	HEARTBREAKER.....Dionne Warwick (Arista)	8	1
22	26	STATE OF INDEPENDENCE Donna Summer (Warner Bros)	7	13
23	(—)	THEME FROM ET ..... John Williams (MCA)	1	23
24	(25)	IF YOU CAN'T STAND THE HEAT Bucks Fizz (RCA)	2	24
25	(23)	UNDER ATTACK .....Abba (Epic)	2	23
26	(—)	SINGALONG-A-SANTA MEDLEY Santa Claus & The Christmas Trees (Polydor)	1	26
27	(—)	HI DE HI, HI DE HO..... Kool & The Gang (Delite)	1	27
28	(—)	ORVILLES SONG Keith Harris & Orville (BBCS)	1	28
29	29	IT'S RAINING AGAIN..... Supertramp (A&M)	5	25
30	(—)	DEAR ADDY.... Kid Creole & The Coconuts (Ze)	1	30



And so this is Christmas . . .

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last Week		Weeks in	Highest
	2	**JOHN LENNON COLLECTION John Lennon (Parlophone)**	5	1
2	1	THE SINGLES — THE FIRST TEN YEARS Abba (Epic)	5	1
3	(—)	DIG THE NEW BREED ..... The Jam (Polydor)	1	3
4	3	RIO .....Duran Duran (EMI)	27	2
5	9	HEARTBREAKER.....Dionne Warwick (Arista)	8	1
6	10	GREAT LOVE SONGS.. Nat King Cole (EMI TV)	5	6
7	4	PEARLS II..... Elkie Brooks (A&M)	6	3
8	6	LOVE SONGS..... Diana Ross (K-Tel)	3	6
8	11	FROM THE MAKERS OF . . . Status Quo (Vertigo)	6	3
10	8	THE KIDS FROM FAME..... Various (BBC)	22	1
11	23	RICHARD CLAYDERMAN Richard Clayderman (Delphine)	2	11
12	15	KISSING TO BE CLEVER.. Culture Club (Virgin)	10	2
13	18	I WANNA DO IT WITH YOU Barry Manilow (Arista)	4	3
14	16	THE RISE AND FALL ..... Madness (Stiff)	6	7
15	(—)	FRIENDS..... Shalamar (Solar)	14	9
16	5	CODA .....Led Zeppelin (Swansong)	3	5
17	21	LIONEL RICHIE .....Lionel Richie (Motown)	4	17
18	27	GIVE ME YOUR HEART TONIGHT Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	11	3
19	20	SINGLES — 45s & UNDER..... Squeeze (A&M)	7	2
20	7	CHART HITS '82 .....Various (K-Tel)	5	7
21	24	THE STORY OF THE STONES Rolling Stones (K-Tel)	2	21
22	(—)	FLOCK OF SEAGULLS .Flock Of Seagulls (Jive)	1	22
23	12	THE KIDS FROM FAME AGAIN .Various (K-Tel)	10	1
24	17	THRILLER..... Michael Jackson (Epic)	2	17
25	(—)	CACHARPAYA (PANPIPES OF THE ANDES) Incantation (Beggars Banquet)	1	25
26	19	LOVE OVER GOLD.....Dire Straits (Vertigo)	13	1
27	30	REFLECTIONS..... Various (CBS)	10	7
28	(—)	RAIDERS OF THE POP CHARTS Various (Ronco)	1	28
29	14	HELLO I MUST BE GOING ..Phil Collins (Virgin)	7	2
30	29	SAINTS AND SINNERS ...Whitesnake (Liberty)	4	11

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(1)	**The Other Side Of Love**..... Yazoo (Mute)	
2	(2)	**For You** .....Anti Nowhere League (WXYZ)	
3	(—)	**Fat Man**. Southern Death Cult (Situation 2)	
4	(20)	**More Than A Dream** Farmers Boys (Backs)	
5	(4)	**Shipbuilding**. Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)	
6	(5)	**Save Your Love** Rene & Renato (Hollywood)	
7	(3)	**Give Me Fire**..... GBH (Clay)	
8	(9)	**Heartache Avenue**..... Maisonettes (RSG)	
9	(14)	**East World** Theatre Of Hate (Burning Rome)	
10	(8)	**Summer Of '81**.....Violators (No Future)	
11	(6)	**How Does It Feel**.....Crass (Crass)	
12	(12)	**Russian Roulette** Lords Of The New Church (Illegal)	
13	(7)	**Into The Abyss** Sex Gang Children (Illuminated)	
14	(10)	**Alice**.. Sisters Of Mercy (Merciful Release)	
15	(13)	**Chinese Take Away**..... Adicts (Razor)	
16	(15)	**Drumbeat For Baby**.....Weekend (R Trade)	
17	(—)	**Christmas Bop** Marc Bolan (Marc On Wax)	
18	(—)	**Halloween**... Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)	
19	(11)	**Bela Lugosi's Dead** Bauhaus (Small Wonder)	
20	(16)	**Shake Up The City**.....UK Subs (Abstract)	
21	(—)	**Government Policy**.....Expelled (Riot City)	
22	(21)	**Agents Of Change EP** Blue Orchids (Rough Trade)	
23	(—)	**Nellie The Elephant**.....Toy Dolls (Volume)	
24	(—)	**Shame & Scandal** Eastwood & Saint (Greensleeves)	
25	(—)	**New Barbarians** Charlie Harper's Urban Dogs (Fallout)	
26	(27)	**All About You**...Thomas Leer (Cherry Red)	
27	(17)	**State Violence** ..... Discharge (Clay)	
28	(23)	**Hooked On You** Darkness And Jive (Red Rhino)	
29	(24)	**Baby Turns Blue**....Virgin Prunes (R Trade)	
30	(—)	**Baby Baby** ..... Vibrators (Anagram)	

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(2)	**Upstairs At Eric's**..... Yazoo (Mute)	
2	(—)	**Pillows And Prayers** .Various (Cherry Red)	
3	(1)	**La Variete**.....Weekend (Rough Trade)	
4	(3)	**I'd Like To See You Again** A Certain Ratio (Factory)	
5	(14)	**Live At Shepperton** ..... Damned (Big Beat)	
6	(4)	**The Sound Of Music**..... Adicts (Razor)	
7	(7)	**When The Punks Go Marching In** Abrasive Wheels (Riot City)	
8	(22)	**Pissed And Proud** Peter And The Test Tube Babies (No Future)	
9	(8)	**Voice Of A Generation**.....Blitz (No Future)	
10	(10)	**Burning Ambition — The History of Punk**.....Various (No Future)	
11	(5)	**If I Die, I Die**...Virgin Prunes (Rough Trade)	
12	(25)	**Where's The Pleasure**Poison Girls (Xntrix)	
13	(11)	**Warrior Rock**..... Toyah (Safari)	
14	(6)	**A Broken Frame**..... Depeche Mode (Mute)	
15	(—)	**Plastic Surgery Disasters** Dead Kennedys (Statik)	
16	(29)	**Nothing Can Stop Us Now** Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)	
17	(13)	**The Maverick Years**.....Wah (White Label)	
18	(17)	**UB44**..... UB40 (Dep International)	
19	(—)	**Part Of America** ..... Fall (Cottage)	
20	(9)	**Christ — The Album** ..... Crass (Crass)	
21	(19)	**In The Flat Field**.....Bauhaus (4AD)	
22	(12)	**Seduction**.....Danse Society (Society)	
23	(16)	**Songs To Remember** Scritti Politti (Rough Trade)	
24	(28)	**Under The Flag** ..... Fad Gadget (Mute)	
25	(23)	**Blood And Thunder**.....Outcasts (Abstract)	
26	(15)	**Pigs On Purpose** Nightingales (Cherry Red)	
27	(20)	**City Baby Attacked By Rats**..... GBH (Clay)	
28	(—)	**And Did Those Feet** Dancing Did (Kamera)	
29	(27)	**Enter K**.....Peter Hammill (Naive)	
30	(—)	**Hai**..... Cabaret Voltaire (Rough Trade)	

REGGAE SINGLES

1	**Reflection**	Barry Biggs/Ruddy Thomas (Mobiliser)
2	**Side Walk Traveller**	Hopeton Lindo (Music Works)
3	**We A Leggo**	Koumba (Greensleeves)
4	**Unruly Pickney**	The Mighty Diamonds (Music Works)
5	**Robbery**	O'Neil Dyer (Cha Cha)
6	**Raggy Joey Boy**	Tapper Zukie (Mobiliser)
7	**Love Of Jah**	Barrington Levy (Gorgon)
8	**Lovers Race**	Sugar Minott (Black Roots)
9	**How Could I Let You Get Away**	Errol Dunkley (Music Hawk)
10	**Isabel**	Don Carlos (Rusty International)
11	**Warm Love**	Trevor Hartley (Top Ranking)
12	**Handy Man**	Trevor Walters (Ital)
13	**Work Us So Hard**	Little John (Hitbound)
14	**Pass The Ball**	Tony Tuff (Observers)
15	**Observing The Av**	Niney (Big Shot)

ALBUMS

1 **Junjo Presents A Live Session With Aces International** .....Various Artists (Greensleeves)
2 **Harvest Time** ..... Don Carlos (Negus Roots)
3 **Daydreaming**..... Alton Ellis (Silver Camel)
4 **Life Hard A Yard** ..... Natural Vibes (Starlight)
5 **The Youth Of Today**..... Musical Youth (MCA)

Compiled by OBSERVER STATION

US SINGLES

1 **Maneater** .....Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)
2 **Mickey**..... Toni Basil (Radial)
3 **Gloria** .....Laura Branigan (Atlantic)
4 **The Girl Is Mine** Michael Jackson/Paul McCartney (Epic)
5 **Truly**.....Lionel Richie (Motown)
6 **Steppin' Out**.....Joe Jackson (A&M)
7 **Dirty Laundry**.....Don Henley (Asylum)
8 **Sexual Healing**..... Marvin Gaye (Columbia)
9 **Rock This Town**.....Stray Cats (EMI)
10 **Muscles**..... Diana Ross (RCA)

ALBUMS

1 **Business As Usual**..... Men At Work (Columbia)
2 **Built for Speed** .....Stray Cats (EMI)
3 **Lionel Richie**.....Lionel Richie (Motown)
4 **Night & Day**.....Joe Jackson (A&M)
5 **Famous Last Words**..... Supertramp (A&M)
6 **H_2O**.....Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)
7 **Midnight Love**..... Marvin Gaye (Columbia)
8 **Get Nervous**..... Pat Benatar (Chrysalis)
9 **Coda**..... Led Zeppelin (Swan Song)
10 **Combat Rock**.....The Clash (Epic)

Courtesy Billboard

WEST GERMANY

1 **Do You Really Want To Hurt Me** Culture Club (Virgin)
2 **Words**..... F. R. David (Carrere)
3 **John Wayne Is Big Leggy** Hayzi Fantayzee (Regard)
4 **Pass The Dutchie**..... Musical Youth (MCA)
5 **Nur Getraeumt**..... Nena (CBS)
6 **Come On Eileen** Dexy's Midnight Runners (Mercury)
7 **The Day Before You Came** ..... Abba (Polydor)
8 **Arriverderci Claire**..... Andy Borg (EMI)
9 **It's Raining Again**..... Supertramp (A&M/CBS)
10 **Sternenhimmel**..... Hubert Kah (Polydor/DGG)

Der Musikmarkt/Billboard

FIVE YEARS AGO

1 **Mull Of Kintyre** .....Wings (Parlophone)
2 **Floral Dance**.....Brighouse & Rastrick Band (Logo)
3 **How Deep Is Your Love**.....Bee Gees (RSO)
4 **I Will**.....Ruby Winters (Creole)
5 **Egyptian Reggae** .....Jonathan Richman (Beserkley)
6 **Daddy Cool** ..... Darts (Magnet)
7 **White Christmas**..... Bing Crosby (MCA)
8 **Love's Unkind**.....Donna Summer (GTO)
9 **It's A Heartache**.....Bonnie Tyler (Arista)
10 **Dancin' Party** .....Showaddywaddy (Arista)

TEN YEARS AGO

1 **Long Haired Lover From Liverpool** Little Jimmy Osmond (MGM)
2 **Gudbuy T'Jane** .....Slade (Polydor)
3 **Solid Gold Easy Action** .....T. Rex (T. Rex)
4 **My Ding-A-Ling** .....Chuck Berry (Chess)
5 **Happy Christmas (War Is Over)** John & Yoko/Plastic Ono Band (Apple)
6 **Ben** .....Michael Jackson (Tamla Motown)
7 **Crazy Horses**..... Osmonds (MGM)
8 **Crocodile Rock**..... Elton John (DJM)
9 **Shotgun Wedding**..... Roy C (UK)
10 **Nights In White Satin**.....Moody Blues (Deram)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1 **Hello Goodbye**..... Beatles (Parlophone)
2 **If The Whole World Stopped Lovin'**.....Val Doonican (Pye)
3 **Let The Heartaches Begin**..... Long John Baldry (Pye)
4 **Something's Gotten Hold Of My Heart** Gene Pitney (Stateside)
5 **I'm Coming Home** ..... Tom Jones (Decca)
6 **Careless Hands**..... Des O'Connor (Columbia)
7 **Everybody Knows**..... Dave Clark Five (Columbia)
8 **Magical Mystery Tour (EP)** ..... Beatles (Parlophone)
9 **World**..... Bee Gees (Polydor)
10 **Thank U Very Much** .....Scaffold (Parlophone)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1 **Return To Sender** .....Elvis Presley (RCA)
2 **Sun Arise**..... Rolf Harris (Columbia)
3 **The Next Time** .....Cliff Richard (Columbia)
4 **Lovesick Blues**..... Frank Ifield (Columbia)
5 **Guitar Man**.....Duane Eddy (RCA)
6 **Dance On**..... Shadows (Columbia)
7 **Bobby's Girl**..... Susan Maugham (Philips)
8 **Rockin' Around The Christmas Tree**..Brenda Lee (Brunswick)
9 **Let's Dance** ..... Chris Montez (London)
10 **Telstar**..... Tornadoes (Decca)

NME EXPRESS MUSICAL NEW

Christmas 1982

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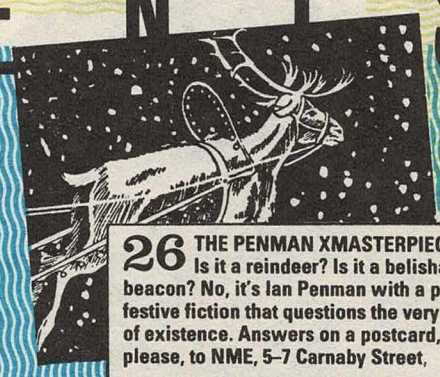

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8 NME XMAS THRILLS
In which Tony and Julie get quizzical, Lowry, Benyon and guest cartoonist Mark Beyer do a strip, and we meet the world's most unexpected sex symbol.

10 THE YOUNG ONES
Youth opportunities knock for Rick, Neil, Vyvan and Mike as The Young Ones star in 'Portrait Of The Student As A Berk'.

11 ON THE BOX
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12 GEORGE ORWELL
A CSM homage to the man who flew aspidistras and warned about Big Brother, 1984 and uppity pigs.

15 SONGBOOK '82
Eight illustrious illustrators draw the line on the year's most lyrical lyrics.

21 NME/MAXELL EXPRESSO VIDEO
Jeepers peepers, it's the NME/Maxell sensational new video offer. View The Jam, Elvis Costello, Madness, Kid Creole and more in the privacy of your own TV screen. Hurry, hurry, hurry — free life-size replica of Andy Gill to the last five applicants.

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26 THE PENMAN XMASTERPIECE
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28 AT LAST, THE 1982 SHOW!
NME's lumpy proletarians fulminate on the ups and downs of the latest year so far.

29 VINYL FINALS
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30 POLL FORM
The first great poll since Lech Walesa, the last great poll before the General Election. Vote here in the *NME* Readers' Poll and beat those apathy blues.

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65 LIVE!
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*Courtesy Phil's Fascinating Facts Service

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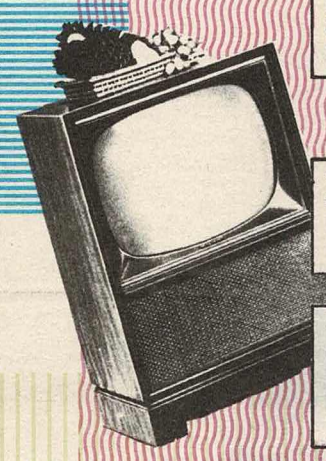

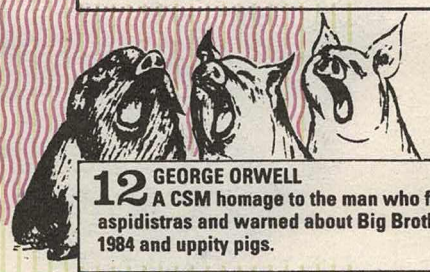

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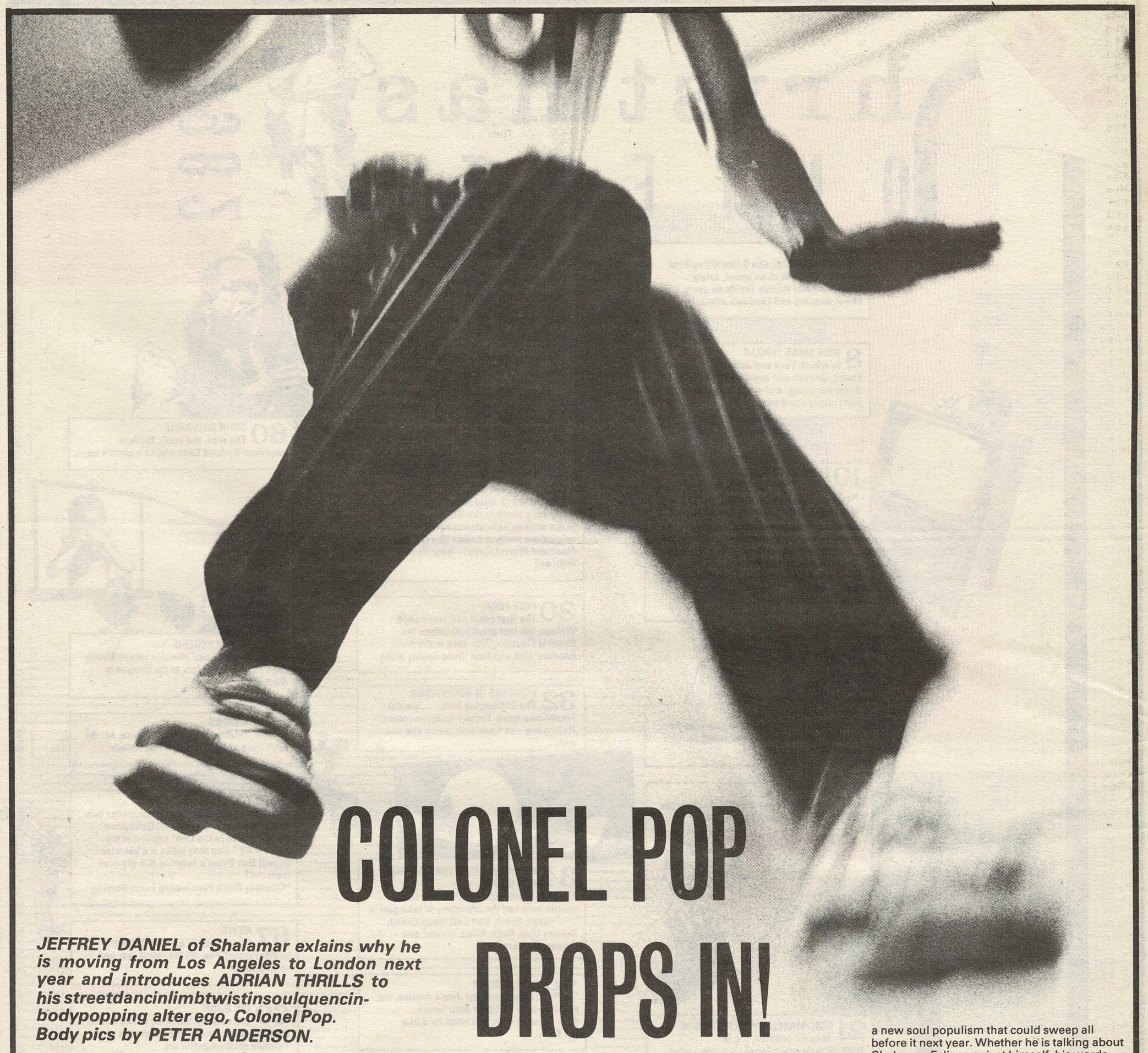

COLONEL POP DROPS IN!

JEFFREY DANIEL of Shalamar exlains why he is moving from Los Angeles to London next year and introduces ADRIAN THRILLS to his streetdancinlimbtwistinsoulquencin-bodypopping alter ego, Colonel Pop. Body pics by PETER ANDERSON.

FOR JEFFREY Daniel, Jody Watley and Howard Hewett, 1982 was more than just a year to remember . . . it was the year that Britain went *pop!*

Pop! In the space of a few months, Shalamar went from playing the Venue in front of a couple of hundred people to performing in front of 10,000 at Wembley Arena at the climax of a sell-out UK tour.

Pop! Their 'Friends' LP, released back in March, yielded no fewer than four hit singles — from the sublime 'I Can Make You Feel Good' through 'Night To Remember' and 'There It Is' to the title track, currently climbing the Christmas chart. Like Michael Jackson's 'Off The Wall' four years ago, 'Friends' is practically a greatest hits album.

Pop! Their *Top Of The Pops* appearances, particularly Jeffrey's solo soiree for 'Night To Remember', brought the Los Angeles dance craze of bodypopping to the British screen for the first time, and gave the tired Thursday night pop parade an injection of spice and adrenalin that only Wham! have since equalled.

Pop! Their British breakthrough has also given the group an ideal springboard for similar success back in the States, where their singles sell reasonably well, but find it hard to escape the ghetto of the black R&B chart imposed on them by the rigidity of the AM radio monolith.

Pop! Just as significantly, Shalamar are another symptom of a new mood sweeping American dance music. As much as Grandmaster Flash, Marvin Gaye or The Valentine Brothers, Shalamar have signalled a move away from mindless party down dross back to music that conveys both emotion and a message.

Pop! In 1982, Shalamar helped to re-establish the power of *soul.*

BEFORE JETTING back to their native LA, Shalamar had to tie up the loose ends of a British visit that began almost two months ago — there were a set of 'portrait' questionaires to be completed for one of the pop glossies, one final *Top Of The Pops* to propel the 'Friends' single into the Top Ten and an appearance on *Jim'll Fix It.*

It is in the BBC's Shepherd's Bush studio that we meet up with the band during the filming of *Fix It.* Although near exhaustion after weeks of on-the-road slog, they approach the show with the professional dedication of showbiz troupers. There is an amiable chat with presenter Jimmy Savile before they run through mime after mime of 'Friends' for the benefit of the cameras and the young Liverpool girl whose dream of dancing onstage with Shalamar is about to be fulfilled.

Once the cameramen are satisfied with their take, the vocal trio retire to their dressing room, leaving their temporary fourth member with the usual set of merchandising mementoes and a set of autographs.

Backstage, Jody and Howard are thinking only of their hotel beds after another exhausting day, but Jeffrey is keen to talk and we adjourn to another part of the studio.

Blessed with the body of an overgrown stick insect — height six foot plus, waist 28 inches — Jeffrey Daniel is the man who brought the bodypop into the British living room. In conversation he is cool and confident, his assurance bordering on the arrogant. Tucked into his brown chalkstripe peg trousers is a black and white T-shirt with the sleeves cut at the shoulders. It is emblazoned with the words Colonel Pop.

Colonel Pop is Jeffrey's alter ego and perhaps a better reflection of the man's true character than the elastic dancer we see in Shalamar. Colonel Pop is also his second professional persona, a performer who will be coming more to the fore next year via two separate projects. The first is a proposed solo album and the second is a collaboration with the LA song and dance troupe Eclipse with the Colonel handling the production and songwriting chores.

Jeffrey plans to move to London sometime next year and hopes to bring Eclipse with him in the belief that they — like him — will find the UK a more stimulating working environment than Los Angeles. Jeffrey is an avid fan of both British fashion and music, having spent most of his free time on the recent tour going to see bands from ABC to BowWowWow.

While these outside projects are sure to occupy a large part of the next 12 months, Jeffrey will still be honouring his commitments to Shalamar and come January he will be back in an LA studio with producer Leon Sylvers putting the finishing touches to the group's forthcoming Solar album, 'The Look'. After that, Colonel Pop looks set to take over: if '82 was a busy year, '83 should be even more hectic.

Jeffrey Daniel sees himself as the prophet of a new soul populism that could sweep all before it next year. Whether he is talking about Shalamar, Eclipse or just himself, his words carry the confidence and zeal of a man with a mission.

If that mission is ever accomplished, the word pop will never sound quite the same again.

First though, let me allow the Colonel to introduce himself . . .

I'VE BEEN Colonel Pop all my life. That's why I want to bring him out into the open now. I've never dressed like the other kids. I've never danced like the other kids. I used to go out to discos dressed military one week, cowboy the next, and a 1940s highschool nurd the week after. I've always done crazy things, but people don't look on me as a freak because of that because they know it is me. That's Colonel Pop.

But the concept of Colonel Pop ties in with a lot of things. It ties in with the music, the bodypopping and the workings of the music industry. There's never been anyone who has combined all those things before. It also relates to the street dancers of the world. In the States, streetdancing has always been something that we've done as a way of life.

When did you first start dancing?

The best answer I can give to that is that I can't remember when I haven't danced. I was dancing when I was in kindergarten, and I've been dancing since then. When I was a kid, streetdancing was my main form of recreation. When I became a member of Shalamar, my manager sent me for some stage training in jazz and modern dancing techniques. But I didn't really see the point in carrying on with that because I already had something in street dancing that should be taken to the stage, rather than the other way round. So that's what I've done.

When did you first start bodypopping?

The dance originated in LA around 1979 and I've been doing it since then. But the whole thing is constantly evolving. Every year,

there's a completely new aspect added to the dance. There are so many varieties of it that it takes a lot of physical and mental discipline to master it. It is just as intricate and hard to learn as jazz, ballet or tap. There are some guys doing it in LA that can do things that I could never attempt. Sometimes I just look in awe at what they do.

In LA, there are literally hundreds of popping groups. Eclipse are probably the best known, but there are also the Electric Boogaloos who worked with Toni Basil. It's not exclusively a black thing either. Some of the bands have white members too. There's even a guy called Sugar Pop who comes from Hawaii!

How does popping relate and compare with the break dancing that has been coming out of the New York rap scene for the past few years?

The two things are very different, although they are both essentially forms of street dancing. Breaking is very gymnastic, while what we do is probably a bit more polished, a bit more stylised. Bodypopping is more of an art form. There's a hint of mime and an element of robot dancing. It's a combination of a lot of things.

What was the first music you remember hearing and dancing to?

Well, I grew up on the housing projects on the Eastside of LA, which is a pretty poor area, and the music that was most dominant at the time was Motown, the Detroit Motown. But I also got into classical music because my mother was a classical pianist and later on I also listened to a lot of the West Coast stuff like Carly Simon and Jim Croce. The first album I ever bought was Carole King's 'Tapestry'.

I grew up in LA during the '60s when the hippy thing was very prevalent. I was too young to participate in the love-ins or anything like that, but it was something that I was very aware of.

How did you first meet Howard and Jody and become a part of Shalamar?

I have known Howard since I was a kid and Jody since she was 12 when she moved to LA from Kansas City with her parents. Jody and I were dancing partners on *Soul Train* for about four years before we were invited to join Howard in Shalamar.

Jody and I had started singing a couple of years before that, but all we had been able to make an impact with until then was our dancing. Howard is still basically the lead singer in the group simply because he has a great voice, but Jody and I contribute a lot to the overall vocal sound.

One of the criticisms levelled at the group is that you are nothing more than puppets of your producer Leon Sylvers and the Solar Records house band, Dynasty. How does that affect you?

Well, if you really want to know, we don't actually see very much of Leon Sylvers. We are usually touring while he's back in LA working on the rhythm tracks. Leon structures most of the music, the basic rhythm, but we contribute a lot of lyrics ourselves and most of the vocal lines. We never sing anything line for line. A lot of the vocal lines are made up in the studio. Our policy is that *if it lays, it stays.*

Then the live show is totally ours. We come up with the costumes, the choreography, the song intros and the ending ourselves.

OUTSIDE SHALAMAR, you are working with the band Eclipse. How did that come about?

Eclipse are literally just kids off the streets of LA. I put them together as a band, because they were dancing for a lot of other people and getting ripped off and not getting the acclaim that they deserve. A lot of my songs and ideas don't fit into the Shalamar vehicle, but they are great for Eclipse. If you look at Colonel Pop as the figurehead, then Eclipse are the army behind him.

You have said that you are hoping to move from Los Angeles to London next year. Why?

I think that London is one of the few places in the world where Colonel Pop really fits in. The first time I came over to London with Shalamar was in 1980 to do the Greg Edwards and Robbie Vincent shows and I realised then that there was simply something special about this place.

The States are just so stiff compared with London. The music business in the States is very frustrating. The mentality of the record companies is just so narrow. Someone like Colonel Pop would be strangled if he stayed there too long. In LA I'd die the death of a sick dog.

Shalamar have achieved more over here in six months than we have achieved in two years in the States. I spent two years trying to find an outlet for what I was doing in the States without success. Then I come over here and appear on *Top Of The Pops* and *voom!*

I think Eclipse will be much better received over here than they would be in the States. Maybe once they've broken over here, they might break in the States, but they wouldn't do so the other way round. Even though there are loads of kids bodypopping in the States, the record companies wouldn't know how to market them. If someone like BowWowWow had started out in the States, they would have broken up long ago.

Wouldn't there be a conflict of interest between Eclipse and Shalamar if you were to move over here?

Not really, because the rest of Shalamar never see me when we're not working anyway. They never see me unless we've got a rehearsal or a recording session. My record company in the States can never track me down unless I'm with the band because I never answer the phone when I think it might be them on the line.

You seem to have taken a strong interest in English music and fashion while you've been over here.

I guess I just relate to the general attitude and environment over here much better than I do to LA.

All the artists over there are just so busy being superstars that you just can't work with them. The artists over here just aren't into that. Everyone that we've met over here from ABC to the Fun Boy Three and Mari Wilson just act as themselves. They don't pretend that they're superstars. I've even spoken to Steve Strange!

I see you've picked up on some of the British fashions too, the Vivienne Westwood and Sue Clowes stuff. Don't you agree that British kids express their individuality through clothes much more than their American counterparts?

Definitely. They are a lot less inhibited over here. American kids are *told* what to wear. They watch TV and they see people on soap operas like *Dallas* wearing their designer clothes and they just ape that. They think they're supposed to look like these people. I think a lot of them would like to get into something else, but they're afraid of being different. They haven't got the originality and that's a really important thing over here.

YOU'RE VERY enthusiastic about Britain, but there's a lot wrong over here too. What about the grimness, the decay, the lack of a future facing school leavers, the subtle repression ... haven't these things left their impression?

Britain might be repressive, but the difference between here and the States is that the kids over here are at least aware that they are being repressed. They know what's going on. In the States, people are ignorant of things like that. They lead a very superficial life over there. Their lives centre around the latest Hollywood party.

What's your reaction to those who have demanded that Shalamar have a more direct political significance. I'm thinking of Graham K. Smith's interview in *NME* earlier this year which finished with the line "if Shalamar were Communists, they'd be the perfect group"?

I've never felt that I had to make any direct political statements, but I'd like to think I can direct myself towards personal and social conditions. Just by giving people something different, you can stimulate their brains. I think that's what Shalamar did when we first appeared on *Top Of The Pops*, because our image was quite unusual for a black act. People might not have thought much of it at the time, but later on it might just make them think, Hey, I don't have to confirm to what people expect of me.

I'm just telling the youth that they don't have to conform. I've not saying they should rebel against their parents or anything like that. I'm just saying they should have pride and confidence in themselves. That's what Colonel Pop is saying. He is the figurehead that pulls that feeling together. Colonel Pop is the people's choice.

Colonel Pop seems to have an abundance of self-confidence. Isn't there a point where that self-belief crosses over into arrogance?

When I'm onstage, I have to portray a certain arrogance. If I didn't come onstage with a certain authority, then I wouldn't be able to hold the audience' attention. If I was shy or timid, they would be disappointed. They want to be entertained, otherwise they might as well just go home and listen to their records.

I have a lot of confidence in myself, but confidence is nothing unless it goes hand in hand with respect for other people. One of the reasons I believe in myself is my religious roots. I believe in God and if you believe in God then you have to believe totally in yourself. I'm not trying to knock anyone who isn't religious, but I'm just saying that there has to be a greater power in the universe than The Beatles or whatever!

You say that Colonel Pop relates not only to music and dance, but also to the American music industry. How can you hope to have any sort of real impact on something as stiff and stodgy as that?

I just want to try and get away from what other bands have been doing. I want to be able to show even the people at Solar that there is a better way. That's the Pop concept. In the States, a black band have to cross a massive barrier to get into the 'pop' charts. Every time that Shalamar release a record, it has to catapult the black R&B charts before it gets a chance on the 'pop' radio stations. It's like being put in a dungeon. Obviously not every black record will get to the top of the R&B chart, so a lot of good black records miss out on being 'pop' hits.

To me, there are also more important things than making a record simply to sell. There are more important things than the routine of doing an album and a tour every year. If that was the extent of the business, then I wouldn't be doing this. Music is about making statements and sharing sentiments. Music should be able to inspire people the same way that it inspired me. There has to be growth — every time I'm in the studio, I learn something new and that's important.

Finally, back to bodypopping. What's the secret?

There isn't one. Like I said, it's all down to physical and mental discipline and self-confidence. You've just got to believe that there's not much that you can't do. And you've got to work. If you're going to learn this dance, you're going to have to work your butt off the way that I did!

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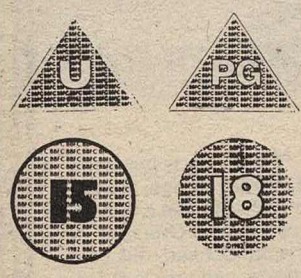
SHORT SHARP SHOTS

Signs of the times



☐ Last Sunday, a set of revised film categories was introduced by the British Board of Film Censors. The new categories, which look oddly like road signs, replace the old A, AA and X certificates, but retain U for a film deemed suitable for all. The A rating has been changed to the American "PG" (Parental Guidance) which means some scenes may be unsuitable for young children; "15" replaces AA and raises the age from 14, and "18" takes the place of X. The idea is that the new categories with their logo-like designs will appear on TV and video as well as in the cinema, where the familiar censor's certificate that prefaces all films will disappear over the next two years.

JoBoxers for *NME* Bash

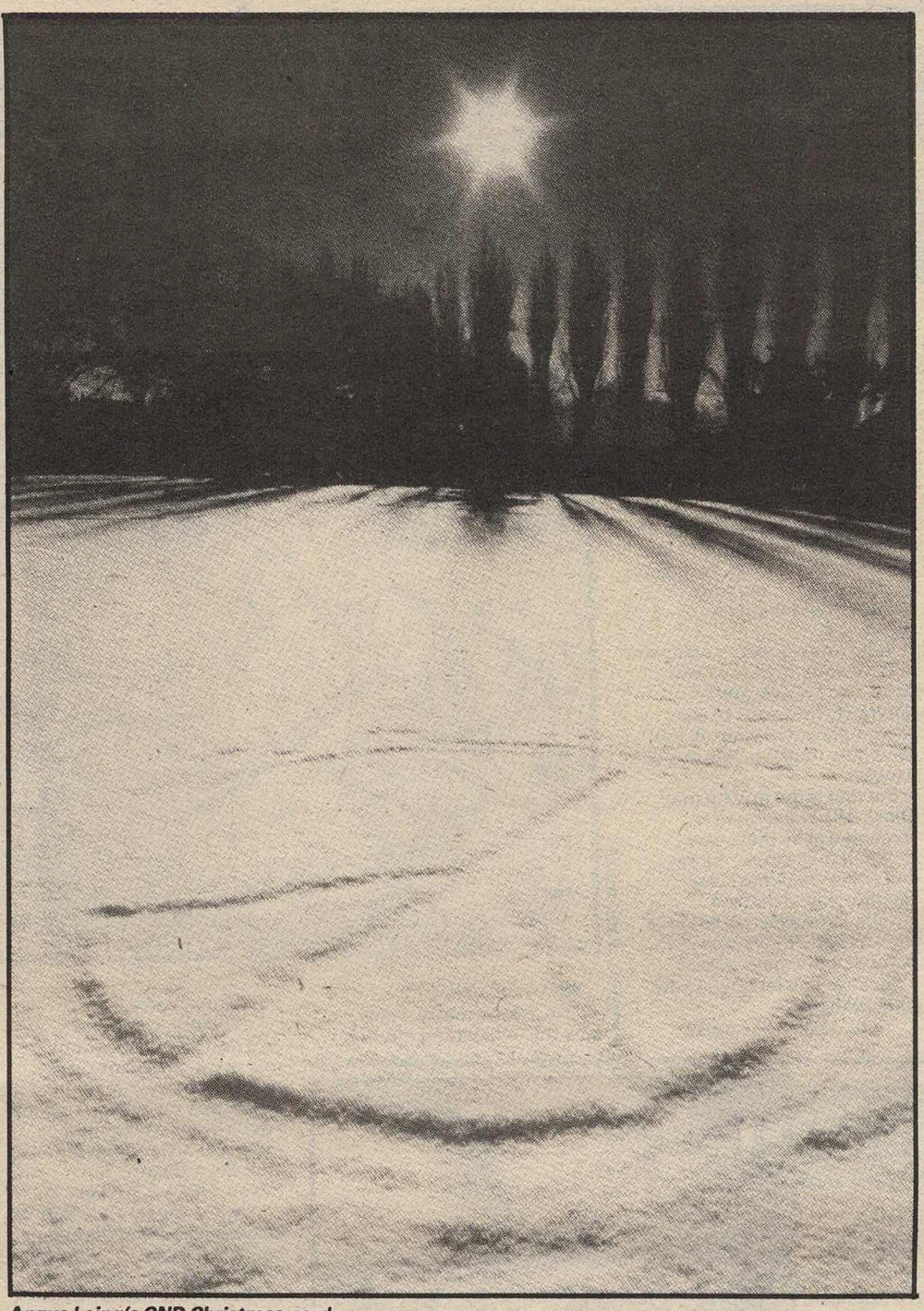
☐ The line-up at *NME's* own night of the ICA 'Pressgang' music week has now been finalised, with newcomers **JoBoxers** completing the bill. Other acts already announced are **The Box, Benjamin Zephaniah, Pauline Melville, Little Brother** and **The Chevalier Brothers.**

As previously reported in these pages, the ICA week kicks off on December 31st, with *Black Echoes, City Limits, The Face, Collusion, Jamming* and *NME* all putting on their own selections of up-and-coming acts.

The *NME* night is on Thursday, 6th January, starting at 7.30 pm and finishing at 11.15 pm. Tickets for all shows are £3, plus 40p pass for non-members. In addition to the acts announced above there will be excerpts from the forthcoming *NME*/Maxell video tape, and turntable action supplied by *NME's* own DJ duo of **Adrian Thrills** and **Lloyd Bradley**. Asked for comment on *NME's* night — editor **Neil Spencer** said: "be there or be square, hipsters and flipsters." *(Did I really say that? — Ed.)*

One In Five

☐ Anyone expecting to be stunned, shocked or even mildly jolted by *'that* Channel 4 Gay Programme' on New Year's Day will be sadly disappointed. Centred around a gay party that took place a couple of months ago in Heaven, the programme features conversations and interviews interspersed with musical pieces from as diverse acts as **The Trollettes** and **Grace Jones.** Though sometimes venturing on the paranoid, it obviously avoids the sensationalism and exhibitionism its critics salaciously anticipated. Poor old **Mary Whitehouse,** it looks like a quiet Christmas again.



Angus Laing's CND Christmas card.

PEACE ON EARTH AND ILL WILL TO WOMEN

A personal view of the Peace Camp weekend

IT WAS going to be two days of adventure which would change the way I see the world. Even the beginning was unusual.

As I got to Greenham a watery sun appeared. My spirits lifted as I caught the first glimpse of 'the politics of whimsy'. (Helen John's phrase — she lives at the peace camp).

The ten foot high, nine mile long fence, and the layers of barbed wire above it, had been decorated with objects that symbolised women's loved ones and their concerns: aprons; stiletto shoes; shawls; photographs; records (or their covers); a pot of jam; battered old toys; suede boots; dried flowers; banners and balloons. The whole length of the fence was covered. Most striking of all were thousands of spiders' webs woven through the fence with wool, grass, tissue or any other thread. They symbolise persistence in the face of feeling helpless and trapped. They were wierd, beautiful and unforgettable.

I joined hands with two of the thousands of women encircling the perimeter of the camp. We faced inwards and echoed the shout of 'Freedom' round and round the base which is being prepared for the reception of cruise missiles in December next year. Grain was passed round and thrown through the fence as seeds of the future. A woman came up beside me and tied faded pink baby-gros onto the wire, and went silently away. The personality of each woman shone through what she did. Nobody was coerced or commanded to do anything. Dignity and integrity were tangible in the festivities and the sense of peacefulness.

Old patterns of hostility were challenged — some women brought cups of tea to policemen and chatted to them, because feminism is concerned with subjectivity and cannot see even the police as objects. We cheered at the military jeeps that came to spy on us. We sang at the coaches bringing the police. It was deliciously subversive: making fun of what I was afraid of broke its power over me.

The riot police had been brought out, but they soon went away again. The main gate was stormed with nothing more sinister than a mop. It was washed, as part of street theatre.

The night was too cold to sleep much, and I wondered how the women who live at the peace camp manage. For, one by one, their means of survival are being forbidden. Tents have been called structures and prohibited. Next week an injunction comes into force preventing them from even having plastic sheeting on the common.

At six in the morning the blockade began. It was to be non-violent direct action. Women laid down in affinity groups, each group with a legal observer (in case of arrests).

When we sat in front of the gate police grouped either side of the fence and suddenly rushed out, dragging women out of the way of the vehicles. The police then formed a line to prevent any of us throwing ourselves back into the path of the traffic. A truck driver accelerated and drove over a woman's foot, and injured a policeman. We sang protest songs and carols with the words wittily altered to suit the occasion. Singing helped me to be bold as I waited to be dragged away. The singing was supplemented by war-whooping when the vehicles got through.

Time after time I was dragged out of the road, as were thousands of other women all round the base. The wheels of a lorry were driven to within a few inches of my face. I knew that if it moved any further forward I would be crushed. But similar things were happening to other demonstrators, and the atmosphere was such that it was impossible to panic.

Like other women I talked to some of the soldiers in the coaches we were blockading. "We're doing a job, and if we didn't do this our wives and kids would be on the breadline," one said to me. I made the usual retort about public money being better spent on giving people jobs catering for real needs — houses, schools, hospitals. He made a gesture with his hands that implied I talked too much. End of conversation. By then I was covered in mud, and my clothing was tattered by its days use, so it wasn't very likely that I would be seen as reasonable.

The Police were nice at times. As we unwound wool to web ourselves in one blockade a copper remarked "What's this then, special effects?" At other times their deception was sickening; they'd half open a gate, wait for ages until the women had all relaxed, and then charge. Or wait until we had been given our first cup of tea for hours and then drag us away. Little things, but they count.

As the day wore on the mood of the police got more ugly: hatred and anger registered on their faces. They viciously hit some women, especially one who lives on the camp, as they dragged her away. (Was their choice of target coincidence?) Lots of protestors received bad bruises and had the skin scraped off their backs by the dragging, or had their ears twisted. Not many women were arrested — would it have meant too much publicity? I was threatened with being thrown in a ditch if I didn't stand up and walk away. (I didn't and wasn't). At times the police stopped dragging, pushing and shoving and charged in dozens in order to clear a pathway by brute force. These were the most frightening moments.

I was exhausted by the end of the afternoon and decided to leave as I had nothing further to contribute to the group. But as I travelled home and met women from the demonstration there was an immediate bond of love and trust between us. We were no longer strangers. We talked of how we could still hear the songs in our heads; they are too important to ever forget. Other people were kind to me because they could see that I'd been to Greenham. I'm usually suspicious of demonstrations because they sometimes are devisive — implying that the people not on them are uncaring or unaware, or both. But nuclear disarmament is supported by most people in Britain — and it shows.

— MANDY ROOT

Crass — the Christmas

CRASS finally played their freebie gig last Saturday — but, despite their squat at the shuttered Rainbow Theatre, the venue eventually chosen was the equally deserted ZigZag Club in West London. The show attracted 1500 people, who were entertained by 19 bands and six films, and the venture was described by Crass as "highly successful."

After being ejected from the Rainbow by police earlier in the week, the group had every intention of re-entering the theatre, but decided on Friday that it was "too hot for comfort." So the switch was made to the ZigZag, where they and a number of their supporters — totalling 50 in all — entered through a top window on Friday evening and stayed all night.

Their telephone hot line, published by *NME* last week, was in use incessantly — and this, coupled with word of mouth, resulted in hundreds of people turning up from noon onwards. The 19 bands — including Crass, Flux Of Pink Indians, Dirt and Conflict — each played half-hour sets, interspered with anti-nuke films.

Although the police made one effort on Friday night to eject the squatters, they soon gave up and kept a discrete distance throughout Saturday — probably due to the fact that there was no trouble whatever, and certainly no violence. The only foul-up, apparently, was some graffiti scrawled on the walls.

— DEREK JOHNSON

the lone groover benyon

HIC!-ERK ALORS!!—TH'ABANDONED FORM OF A WEEPIN' VICTIM OF REPRESSIVE ECONOMIC SANCTIONS AGAINST PROLETARIAT YOUTH—HIC—
SNIFF!! SNIFF!
SNIFF!! SNIFF!
—HIC—OFF Y'KNEES M'FROZEN KOMRADO—T'GETHER WE SHALL MARCH ON TH'ICE QUEENS GILDED GLACIER AN'—HIC—OVERTHROW—HIC
—BOLLOCKS!!—I'VE JUST DROPPED 2 GRAMS OF COKE IN TH'SNOW—AN' CAN'T FIND IT
....HIC—Y'REALISE I'M ONLY DOIN' THIS—HIC—T'HELP A BROTHER—HIC.... I DON'T CONDONE....
GEDONNIVIT!
THE MORE I SEE—THE LESS I BELIEVE!!!...
?
SNIFF!
SNIFF!
SNIFF!

MEET THE YEAR'S MOST UNLIKELY SEX SYMBOL

Story: RICHARD GRABEL

Pic: CHARLYN ZLOTNIK

"I THINK I KNOW WHAT'S COMING..."

Thus declares Yellowman at the start of 'Lost Mi Love', but the wonderful thing is that we don't know what's coming; of the many factors that have put Yellowman at the top of the Jamaican DJ heap, surprise is the most important.

His voice is expressive and versatile. His records are tight, hard and expertly played (usually by the Sly and Robbie band or the Roots Radics), but others can make those claims.

Yellowman keeps us surprised by throwing in the unconventional; like the way he tells us he's going to get back at 'Mr Chin' by loving and leaving his daughter, or the way a duet with Sister Nancy will take off into quotes from some old song.

And most of all, the surprise and success of the Yellowman myth. Yellowman's story is of an Ugly Duckling who discovers a secret talent and is suddenly considered beautiful. An albino growing up in a black society obviously has problems, and Yellowman's key to solving them was his voice ... *"Them never know Yellowman could sing"*... when people found out he could toast sing, he became the Yellowman, the world's most improbable sex symbol. Becoming the Yellowman was the vindication of the hard times that had gone before.

Meeting Yellowman, and then seeing him work a crowd, the disparity between private man and public character is staggering. Onstage the ugly duckling repeats over and over how irresistible he is, how all the girls love him, and what a sexy guy he is, and the girls buy it completely. They scream, they swoon, they tell him he's right. Who knows how the heart strings are pulled by a sly and insinuating voice?

WE ARE backstage at the Jamaica World Music Festival, on the upper deck of a Hospitality Boat floating on Montego Bay.

Off in one corner is a single chair, and there sits Yellowman, alone and seemingly glad of it. He seems to cringe from the light, to shy away from attention. Perhaps it is the night — the scale of the event and the mobs of foreigners.

Yellowman's skin is afflicted with scales and bumps and boils, and his eyes dart nervously from side to side, seemingly out of control. You can't help thinking, this guy is a mess.

But that is the private man. The public Yellowman is screamed at by the ladies.

"Yeah that's true," he says and smiles to himself. He seems pleased that the foreign journalist has heard of such things. "Every show I'm at you'll find mostly girls."

Because you let them know you like them?

"Yeah, Yeah, I like girls."

Yellowman

Are you married?

"No, I don't marry. I only sing that I'm getting married but I don't marry."

You don't want to?

"I don't think I'm gonna marry yet, because I have plenty runnings, up and down, and my wife not gonna have any time with me."

Do you believe that families should be close?

"Yeah, I believe in that."

Slack — the DJ style that is basically the art of the sexual boast can be easily criticised for being small-minded and crude. Yellowman isn't strictly slack, he's got a lot more topicality and sensitivity than that, but when he sings *"All the girls love me yellow body/And when me discharge me discharge honey"* — well, that's slack. So is slack a good thing?

"Slack? Well, it keep the people lively, you know? Movin' and lively. And I think ninety-five per cent of the people them just love that, you know? The way you are talking, that's all."

Do you consider yourself slack?

"Maybe not slack, but movin' that way. Yeah. That's how you find plenty women come to my show."

What was 'Mr Chin' about? There was some controversy about it.

"'Mr Chin' is just, I talk of everyday things. Just a merchant have a thing and won't sell it. One time gone the condensed milk, condensed milk were very scarce, couldn't have it, but Mr Chin did have it, and won't sell it."

Hoarding.

"Right. So I just do it answer that way."

Why did you make the hoarder a Chinese?

"Because is really Mr. Chin I went to get that condensed milk. As I was saying at first, I talk of everyday things."

Was it hard growing up an albino in a black country?

"Well, when I was growing up it was very rough on me. Very rough."

Kids would make fun of you?

"Yeah!"

That's the way kids are.

"I know that."

But eventually you found the way to deal with it.

"Yeah, that's nothing to me anymore."

Do you keep a personal faith?

"Yeah, I'm in God. I deal with everybody. Rasta, white, black, everybody, 'cause I think everybody come from one God. So I don't specialise in any religion. Different people, one God."

Were you suprised when your career became so hot?

"It surprise me a lot! I never know I would get so popular, and I appreciate that."

ONSTAGE, Yellowman is backed by a large, tight funky reggae-show band called Saggitarius. Everyone loves Yellowman. The Americans in the audience watch, unbelieving and entranced, and the Jamaican girls, already believers, really do scream and yell. And Yellowman, between all the sexual boasting, cracks me up, saying things like *"Oh Lord it's hard to be humble."*

The man is a Jamaican cultural hero. Even the policemen, who'd been disinterested all night, watch attentively and smile. Yellowman's religious and political non-alignment means he belongs to everybody.

JUST FANCY THAT . . . They all look the same anyway. Babies, that is, not princesses. On the right is a real Princess, Diana, performing a surrogate breast feed on the Royal Sprog. On the left, a real princess — Bowie — administering the same treatment to Zowie circa 1971 as Angie looks on. Bonnets off to HM the Queen of SW9 for spotting the likeness.

AMY TILSDALE'S CHRISTMAS
IT'S CHRISTMAS MORNING. I'M GOING TO HAVE TO SPEND THE ENTIRE DAY ALONE. MY FRIENDS ARE ALL OUT OF TOWN.
I FEEL SO LONELY, BUT THERE'S NOTHING THAT CAN BE DONE ABOUT IT... BESIDE'S THAT I THINK THE LANDLORD TURNED OFF THE HEAT. I'M GOING TO SHUT MY EYES AND TRY TO FALL ASLEEP RIGHT HERE IN THIS CHAIR. HOPEFULLY I WON'T WAKE UP UNTIL TOMMOROW!
MEANWHILE A GANG OF TEENAGE HOUSES APPROACH AMY'S DOORSTEP.
LET'S BREAK INTO THIS PLACE. I DON'T THINK ANYONE'S HERE.
SHORTLY
LOOK AT THAT STRANGE SLEEPING WOMAN. LET'S THROW GARBAGE AT HER.
OWW YOUR HURTING ME.
LATER
NOW MY BODY IS AS CRUSHED AND FRAGMENTED AS MY THOUGHTS, BUT I SEE A CHRISTMAS CARD LYING NEAR THE GARBAGE THEY THREW AT ME. THAT'S THE ONLY CARD I GOT THIS YEAR. YOU'VE GOT TO BE GRATEFUL FOR SMALL FAVORS.
©1982 MARK BEYER

THE QUIZ THAT DRAWS BLOOD *(Not to say writs) . . .*

1 This year, Elvis Presley made Albert Goldman
(a) sick?
(b) swoon?
(c) rich?

2 Ronald and Nancy Reagan's eldest son is
(a) a ballet dancer?
(b) a kid from Fame?
(c) a poove?
(d) a Communist?

3 What do Bananarama do every Saturday to keep in shape?
(a) study aerobics?
(b) beat up the Belle Stars?
(c) play netball?
(d) vomit?

4 When Malcolm McLaren was a small boy, his mother ran off with
(a) Arthur Askey?
(b) Charles Clore?
(c) Harry Hyams?
(d) Tommy Trinder?

5 What is wrong with Toyah?
(a) no brain?
(b) speech defect?
(c) dwarfism?
(d) split ends?

6 Which one of these songwriters was *not* fashionable this year?
(a) Cole Porter
(b) Moss Hart?
(c) Randy Bachman?
(d) George Gershwin?

7 While being interviewed on his BBC TV show, Annabella Lu Win told B A Robertson to
(a) get smart?
(b) get stuffed?
(c) get his hair cut?
(d) get a contract with Malcolm McLaren?

8 Who did Boy George used to live in a squat with?
(a) Quentin Crisp?
(b) Debbie Harry?
(c) Boy Marilyn?
(d) Danny La Rue?

9 Which young Scot did Malcolm McLaren and Bernie Rhodes try to lure into the infant Sex Pistols in 1976?
(a) Moira Anderson?
(b) Midge Ure?
(c) David Steel?
(d) Sheena Easton?

10 Which trio was Prince Charles name linked with in his bachelor days?
(a) The Ronettes?
(b) The Bachelors?
(c) Three Degrees?
(d) Funboy Three?

11 Nicholas Heyward boasted in *16* magazine that he had a great
(a) Mum?
(b) bum?
(c) pair of legs?
(d) big teddy bear?

12 This year Kevin Rowland changed which of the following once?
(a) his name?
(b) his nose?
(c) his underthings?
(d) his line-up?

13 Whose lover left them because they kept bringing home effeminate homosexuals?
(a) Grace Jones?
(b) Cliff Richard?
(c) Soft Cell's manager, Stevo?

14 What did Margaret Thatcher have surgery on this year?
(a) her varicose veins?
(b) the British economy?
(c) Denis?

15 In her hit, Joan Jett claimed to love
(a) rock'n'roll?
(b) girls?
(c) platform boots?
(d) girls in platform boots?

16 This year, The Clash protested about
(a) the British occupation of Northern Ireland?
(b) the Argentinian invasion of the Falkland Islands?
(c) not being offered a spot on *Top Of The Pops*?

17 Paul Weller's hero is
(a) Ugly George?
(b) Boy George?
(c) George Orwell?
(d) Georgie Fame?

18 The main industry in Norman Tebbit's constituency is
(a) embalming?
(b) tractor factories?
(c) Durex factories?
(d) the white slave trade?

19 Olivia Newton-John was once engaged to one of The Shadows. When she gave him the elbow, did he have
(a) misgivings?
(b) Cliff Richard?
(c) a nervous breakdown?

20 A few years ago, what did the Village People say they were ready for?
(a) anything?
(b) Imagination?
(c) the '80s?
(d) Boy George?

21 Malcolm McLaren sacked Boy George from Bow Wow Wow because
(a) he distracted the audience's eye from Annabella?
(b) he refused to be manipulated?
(c) he refused to wear a rah-rah skirt onstage?
(d) he wanted to wear a rah-rah skirt onstage?

22 Enoch Powell told Simon Hoggart that his pin-up is
(a) Oswald Mosley?
(d) Donna Summer?
(c) Michael Foot?
(d) Winston Churchill?

23 This year John McEnroe lost
(a) Wimbledon?
(b) his best friend Peter Fleming?
(c) his girlfriend Stacey Margolin?
(d) his desire to be a rock superstar?

24 August Darnell won't have it away with his wife because
(a) she's white?
(b) he's a fairy?
(c) she's boring?
(d) he's afraid of catching herpes?

25 Kim Wilde's dad is
(a) Marty Wilde?
(b) Oscar Wilde?
(c) the Wild Man of Borneo?
(d) Whistling Jack Smith?

26 This year's Blondie tour was cancelled due to
(a) the Anglo-Soviet pipeline?
(b) bad ticket sales?
(c) no stadium big enough to house Chris Stein's ego?
(d) no band?

27 Mari Wilson's hairstyle is
(a) a Bouffant?
(b) a Bird's Nest?
(c) a Beehive?
(d) a mess?

28 Bryan Ferry's father-in-law is
(a) an underwriter?
(b) an undertaker?
(c) a moneylender?
(d) a moneybags?

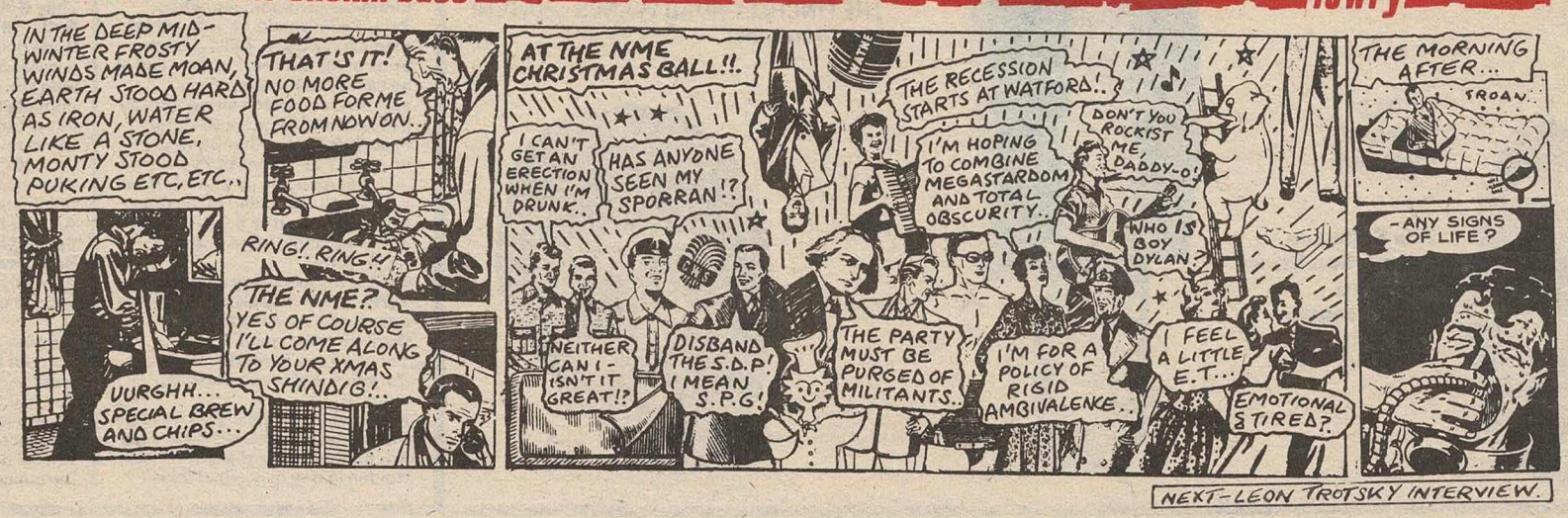
29 In her latest film Nastassia Kinski changes into
(a) a ferret?
(b) a leopard?
(c) a leotard?
(d) a pumpkin?

30 Finally, at the age of 96, Lord Denning retired to
(a) tend his garden?
(b) join the Rolling Stones?

ANSWERS

1 A & C; **2** A; **3** C; **4** B; **5** A, B, C & D; **6** C; **7** B; **8** C; **9** B; **10** C; **11** C; **12** B & D; **13** A; **14** A; **15** A; **16** None; **17** C; **18** C; **19** C; **20** C; **21** A; **22** C; **23** A, B & C; **24** D; **25** A; **26** B; **27** C; **28** A; **29** B; **30** A.

note oilskin base — lowry


IN THE DEEP MID-WINTER FROSTY WINDS MADE MOAN, EARTH STOOD HARD AS IRON, WATER LIKE A STONE, MONTY STOOD PUKING ETC, ETC..
UURGHH... SPECIAL BREW AND CHIPS...
THAT'S IT! NO MORE FOOD FOR ME FROM NOW ON..
RING!.. RING!!
THE NME? YES OF COURSE I'LL COME ALONG TO YOUR XMAS SHINDIG!..
AT THE NME CHRISTMAS BALL!!.
I CAN'T GET AN ERECTION WHEN I'M DRUNK..
HAS ANYONE SEEN MY SPORRAN!?
NEITHER CAN I - ISN'T IT GREAT!?
DISBAND THE S.D.P! I MEAN S.P.G!
THE PARTY MUST BE PURGED OF MILITANTS..
THE RECESSION STARTS AT WATFORD!..
I'M HOPING TO COMBINE MEGASTARDOM AND TOTAL OBSCURITY..
I'M FOR A POLICY OF RIGID AMBIVALENCE..
DON'T YOU ROCKIST ME, DADDY-O!
WHO IS BOY DYLAN?
I FEEL A LITTLE E.T...
EMOTIONAL & TIRED?
THE MORNING AFTER...
GROAN
-ANY SIGNS OF LIFE?
NEXT-LEON TROTSKY INTERVIEW.

portrait of the ~~artist~~ STUDENT as a CONSUMER

THE YOUNG ONES

RICK

READING MATTER
Reading matter? I don't think it does. Reading is just bourgeois replacement for action as far as I'm concerned.

TV
All TV is just fascist propaganda. Why can't there be more programmes about what's really happening (eg 'Top Of The Pops', 'Oxford Road Show', 'The '60s', etc.) ? Because the Nazis are in charge, that's why.

RECORDS
There are no records/musicians/groups anymore, only liars and hippies. Is it any wonder that Cliff sings alone?

FILMS
Ha! Steven Spielberg is making $1,000,000 a day — what's that got to do with the kids or me? As far as I'm concerned the only film that's ever been made is called 'Summer Holiday'.

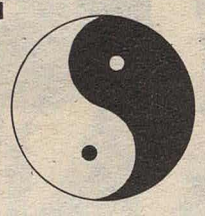
LIKES

DISLIKES
Pigs, Hippies, Old People, Neil, Heavy Metal, New Romantics, Squares, Sport, Fascists, Neil, Conservatives, Intolerant Bigots, The SDP, The SPG, The SAS, Politicians, Flares, Mods, The Church, The State, Jazz, Money, Oil, Carnaby Street, Thatcher, Animals, Neil, Washing-up, Nazis, Liberals, Vyvyan, America, War, The EEC, Christmas, Spinach, Diet Pepsi, Neil and All Opinionated People. Why is there no more space *on this paper*?

NEIL

BOOKS
How The Other Half Dies (Susan George)
Silent Spring (Rachel Carson)
The Death And Life Of American Cities (Jane Jacobs)
Diseases Of Civilisation (Brian Inglis)
The Fate Of The Earth (Jonathan Schell)
Medical Nemesis: The Expropriation Of Health (Ivan Illich)
Small Is Beautiful (E. F. Schumacher)

MUSIC
It's A Beautiful Day
Dr Strangely Strange
Incredible String Band
Caravan
The Trees
Nick Drake
Tracy Thorne
Steve Hillage
Jefferson Airplane
King Crimson



TV
TV is really bad for you. It rots your brain cells, man, especially Matthew Kelly.

FILMS
A Touch of Zen
Kung Fu Fighter
Fantasia
Snow White And The Seven Dwarves
Bambi
Dumbo
The Lord Of The Rings

LIKES
Likes and dislikes are just opposite sides of the same coin; the paths to the mountain are many, but they all lead to the same peak. So when I say I like Steve Hillage and hate ABC, what I really mean is they're exactly the same.

VYVYAN

RECORDS
The Son And Daughter Of Mr And Mrs Mickey Mouse (Bonzos)
Time Is Tight (Booker T)
You Never Give Me Your Money (Beatles)
Money (Flying Lizards)
Jolene (Dolly Parton)
Head To Toe (Elvis Costello)

FILMS
Traffic
M Hulot's Holiday
American Graffiti
Willy Wonka's Chocolate Factory

COMEDIANS
Peter Cook
Jacques Tati
Tommy Cooper
Samuel Beckett
Laurel & Hardy

BOOKS
Catch 22
Puckoon

TV
The Sullivans
Coronation Street
Sgt Bilko
The Avengers

MIKE

BOOKS
No Comment

DRINKS
No Comment

TV
No Comment

SEX OBJECTS
No Comment

MUSIC
No Comment

FOOTBALLERS
No Comment

FILMS
No Comment

THE FINCHLEY ROAD WAGES SNATCH
No Comment

XMAS SELECTION BOX

Soft-centred Andy Gill and tough, nutty Paul Rambali sift through your festive TV treats

Thursday December 23
Anna Karenina (Julien Duvivier 1948). Sounding a dire warning of the consequences for thy neighbour's wife of abandoning her husband, this version of Tolstoy's story has Vivien Leigh — said to have identified with the part — as the wife, and the very great Ralph Richardson as the very wronged Karenin. **(BBC1)**
Carlton-Browne Of The FO (Boulting Brothers 1958). An impeccably unctuous Terry Thomas crosses diplomatic bags with Peter Sellers, eyebrows heavily waxed as the duplicitous President of a British banana colony. **(BBC2)**
Mutiny On The Bounty (Frank Lloyd 1935). *Not* the one with an ill-cast Brando. The original high adventure featuring Charles Laughton as Bligh; and a colder, crueller, more overwrought monster's fate you could not wish to revel in. **(BBC2)**
Duel (Steven Spielberg 1971). The made-for-TV debut of cinema's box office saviour. Dennis Weaver plays a travelling salesman terrorised on a lonely highway by a sinister lorry; the sort or ridiculous but inspired premise Spielberg has since made a career of. The action is relentless, and the final jurassic roar of the lorry qualifies this as a fine horror movie. **(ITV)**
My Wife's Relations (Buster Keaton 1922). The reliable theme of the in-laws as explored by the stone-faced genius of silent comedy. Keaton, ever the schlemiel, is married by accident, and becomes the eye of a comic hurricane. **(C4)**
A Touch Of Zen (King Hu 1969). A three-hour Kung Fu epic, with action both physical and metaphysical, set in 15th century China. This is Channel 4's bid for the mature *Star Wars* audience, and the choreography is said to be unsurpassed. Sounds wonderful to me. **(C4)**

Friday December 24th
I'm Alright Jack (Roy Boulting 1959). Achingly funny and adroitly bi-partisan satire of British industrial relations, starring Peter Sellers as the immortal Fred Kite, a union foreman whose politics are as staunch, constricted and ill-fitting as his suits. Should have them spluttering into the sherry down at Chequers. **(BBC2)**
Cops (Buster Keaton 1922). Told by his girlfriend to shape up or ship out, the granite-faced genius of silent comedy embarks on a series of misadventrues that sets the entire New York police force on his imperturbable tail. **(C4)**

Saturday December 25th
The Millionairess (Anthony Asquith 1961). Adapted from a play by George Bernard Shaw, this is the one where Sophia Loren's heart — and everything else that isn't tied down — goes boom-boody-boom etc. while Peter Sellers looks on with earnest medical curiosity. Sellers, on the brink of his cute period, gives what he called his Bombay-Welsh accent a rare screen airing. **(BBC2)**
Caesar And Cleopatra (Gabriel Pascal 1945). Another Shaw play, one of his variations of *Pygmalion,* with a screenplay by Shaw himself brought to the screen in the great tradition of worthy British cinema and predictably low on chariot races. **(C4)**
The Black Hole (Gary Nelson 1979). Strictly speaking, Xmas day after lunch. Also the title of Disney's lame space opera starring Tony Perkins, Ernest Borgnine and a lot of flashing lights. **(ITV)**
Fedora (Billy Wilder 1978). Wilder reconsiders his *Sunset Boulevard* in a film that stars the late William Holden in one of his final roles. The mystery surrounding a Hollywood actress has its origins this time not in the mortal nature of stars but in the immoral depths of Hollywood. **(BBC2)**
Captain Stirrick (Colin Finbow 1982). A cross between *Oliver* and *Grange Hill, Captain Stirrick* was made by a teenage crew and child cast directed by Colin Finbow, a teacher at the Forest Hill School film unit. A full-scale musical costume drama about a gang of 19th century pickpockets whose fate has none of the romance of Dickens, it sounds absurdly ambitious and possibly quite marvellous. **(C4)**
Richard III (Laurence Olivier 1955). Sir Larry tackles one of the Bard's toughest assignments with a cast that includes as well as himself, Sirs John, Ralph and Cedric. A sort of plum pudding without the sixpence. Pithy. **(C4)**
The Navigator (Buster Keaton 1924). Finding himself on board a deserted ocean liner, the marble-faced genius of silent comedy applies both hands to the mast in a doomed but oblivious attempt to run the ship. **(C4)**
TOTP Christmas Party. The one with the large grin and the funny hat is Peter Powell. You can guess the rest ... **(BBC1).**
St Mark's Gospel read by Alec McCowen — nearly two hours of one man reading the Bible. Sounds great. **(C4)**

Sunday December 26th
Two Way Stretch (Robert Day 1959). Peter Sellers is temporarily detained at one of Her Majesty's holiday camps but turns this inconvenience to his advantage as the perfect alibi for more crime. British comedy of the whimsical school. **(BBC2)**
Sholay (Ramesh Sippy 1975). Unceremoniously dubbed a Curry Western, *Sholay* is an outdoor revenge action picture that combines *Once Upon A Time In The West* with *The Magnificent Seven,* and mixes music and dance with slow-motion Peckinpah violence. It ran for years in Bombay, and made a cult figure out of the villain, Gabbar Singh. Likely to be a real Vindaloo. **(C4)**
A Night At The Opera (Sam Wood 1935) The first of the Marx Brothers' MGM movies, in which Groucho plays Otis B. Driftwood, wrestling promoter turned opera impresario. Harpo appears as the greatest tenor in Italy, and Chico just seems to appear. Margaret Dumont came back for more. Opera never recovered. **(C4)**
The Princess And The Pirate (David Butler 1944). "Frank escapology" is how *Variety* described it. Golfer, comedian and fall-guy for Bing Crosby (fall-guy for Bing Crosby!) Bob Hope was lured away from Paramount to star with a bevy of Goldwyn Girls in this lampoon of the swashbuckling idiom. Bing Crosby somehow still managed to get the girl. **(C4)**
They Got Me Covered (David Butler 1942). Second half of a Bob Hope double bill, wherein the wisecracking Hope is a reporter who stumbles on a web of implausible espionage. If you think this is funny, just wait for the Jerry Lewis revival due to start next year. **(C4)**
World Cup Chess. The final match of the final: world champion Anatoly Karpov vs ex-champ Boris Spassky. **(BBC2).**
Rod Stewart: Tonight He's Yours. At nearly two hours long, you're welcome. **(ITV).**

Monday December 27th
Ben Hur (William Wyler 1959). This was the Xmas smash of 1959, thought to be a full-blooded square-jawed adventure in its day but since severely undermined by Gore Vidal's claim to have introduced a homosexual

undertow to the screenplay. No-one is reputed to have died in the making of the chariot race. **(BBC1)**

King Kong (John Guillermin 1976). The remake, starring Jessica Lange as a *deshabille* Fay Wray, Jeff 'Phew' Bridges as himself, and Kong as the lovable ape they adopt. **(BBC1)**

Convoy (Sam Peckinpah 1978). A comedy from Sam Peckinpah — no sniggers, please — based around the truckers' CB anthem. The juggernauts outwit the highway patrol at every turn and the only blood in the film is ketchup. **(BBC1)**

Burden Of Dreams (Les Blank 1982). A documentary on the making of Werner Herzog's unfairly maligned *Fitzcarraldo*. Contains footage of the abandoned version with Jason Robards and Mick Jagger, whose part was later written out, and gives some insight into Herzog's spectacular folly. **(BBC2)**

Dance Of The Vampires (Roman Polanski 1967). Rarely seen vampire parody with Sharon Tate and Alfie Bass among the cast. Polanski himself appears as the assistant of the Van Helsing character, and the film boasts a Jewish vampire who is immune to crucifixes. Bound to be amusing, whether it is or not. **(BBC2)**

California Suite (Herbert Ross 1978). A quartet of Neil Simon vignettes reputed to be wholly unfunny in the way that only Neil Simon can be. Stars Alan Alda, Michael Caine, Jane Fonda, Walter Matthau, Elaine May, Richard Pryor and Bill Cosby and probably hinges on the American understanding of the word California. **(ITV)**

Hollywood: The Gift Of Laughter. Three hours of movie clips introduced by Richard Pryor, Burt Reynolds, Dom DeLuise, Jack Lemmon, Walter Matthau and Co. Can't be all bad **(ITV).**

Fifties To The Fore. Four hours of '50s TV: *The Arthur Haynes Show; Dragnet; The Larkins; Armchair Theatre;* and a 1959 edition of *Oh Boy!* with Cliff Richard, Marty Wilde and Billy Fury. **(C4)**

Tuesday December 28th

The Wizard Of Oz (Victor Fleming 1939). A charming musical fantasy involving a girl named Dorothy and her red shoes. Entirely free of Brechtian influence. Watch out for a moving performance from the Tin Man. **(BBC1)**

Grease (Randal Kleiser 1978). Just be grateful it's not Grease II. **(BBC1)**

Women In Love (Ken Russell 1970). Famed, apart from anything else, for its full-frontal fireside wrestling match between Alan Bates and Oliver Reed, this arrives just in time for the Ken Russell critical revival, which may be postponed as a result. **(BBC2)**

Way Out West (James Horne 1937). Made the year before *Blockheads* and *Saps At Sea,* which I mention for their titles alone, this the one where our two chumps Stan and Ollie tangle with crooked frontiersmen and find grace in a gently climactic vaudeville shuffle. **(ITV)**

Smokey And The Bandit (Hal Needham 1977). Cornball hokum about moonshine running in the boondocks, with Burt Reynolds winking at the camera as endless vehicles plough into each other. Melted the heart of many a cynic. But then scratch any cynic and you'll find a sucker for car chases. **(ITV)**

Seven Chances (Buster Keaton 1925). Out of the blue, the rock-faced genius of silent comedy learns that he will inherit $7 million on his 27th birthday providing he is married by 7pm that day. The story climaxes with 500 would-be brides in hot pursuit of an unflappable Buster. **(C4)**

Equus (Sidney Lumet 1977). The screen version of Peter Shaffer's psychological mystery, with a screenplay by Shaffer himself, that depicts graphically what was implied in the gripping stage play. Richard Burton was nominated for an Oscar as the psychiatrist who tries to 'cure' a stable boy's haunted mind. **(C4)**

The Year Of The Hurricane. A recap of Alex Higgins' 17-day assault on the World Snooker Championship. **(BBC2)**

Anyone For Dennis? A specially filmed version of John Wells' Whitehall Theatre farce with Angela Thorne and John Wells as Margaret and Dennis Thatcher. **(ITV)**

American Bandstand 30th Anniversary Special. Features Connie Francis, The Beach Boys, Rod Stewart, Stevie Wonder, EW&F and The Righteous Brothers. **(C4)**

Wednesday December 29

The Abbott And Costello Show: Dentist's Office. In the '40s, Abbott And Costello were the highest-paid performers in Hollywood, beating even Clark Gable and Bette Davis at the box-office. *Dentist's Office* is the first of a series of half-hour shows from the burlesque duo's '50s TV series. **(C4)**

The Missouri Breaks (Arthur Penn 1976). Criminally underrated epic Western from the director of *Bonnie And Clyde,* scripted by Thomas *(Rancho Deluxe)* McGuane and starring Marlon Brando as a bizarre Irish bounty-hunter on the trail of a far less evil Jack Nicholson. Like Peckinpah's *The Wild Bunch,* it's a warts-and-all look at the violent end of the "wild and woolly" west of cowboy myth and legend. **(ITV)** Clashes with:

Hero (Barney Platts-Mills 1982). Platts-Mills' first feature since the marvellous *Bronco Bullfrog* and *Private Road* again uses amateur actors, this time to bring the Celtic legend of Dermid, Grannia and Finn McCool to life. Shot in Gaelic, with English sub-titles, *Hero* had a mixed reception at this year's Edinburgh and London Film Festivals. **(C4)**

Thursday December 30

All The President's Men (Alan J Pakula 1976). Hoffman and Redford as Woodward and Bernstein in Pakula's paranoiac version of the Watergate scandal. Fascinating at the time, but little more than a closed chapter of foreign history at this remove. Confusing, too: non-Americans will be hard pushed to figure out exactly who's who and what they do. **(BBC2)** Clashes with:

Stalker (Andrei Tarkovsky 1979). Long (nearly three hours), slow (the open tracking-shot seems to last an eternity) and utterly absorbing transposition of one of the finest SF books of recent years, Arkady and Boris Strugatsky's *Roadside Picnic.* The aliens have landed and gone again, leaving a zone of strange physical and spiritual phenomena where they touched down. The military have fenced it off for research, but The Stalker can smuggle people in and out. On this trip, he takes The Writer and The Professor in search of The Room, an oracle with the power to make dreams come true. Tarkovsky, whose *Solaris* was shown recently on Channel 4, shies away from typical western hi-tech hardware in favour of the more philosophical speculations of New Wave SF; he also has a way with colour unparalleled by any director, Russian, western, or otherwise. **(C4)**

The Abbott And Costello Show: Hungry. (C4)

Top Of The Pops. The last one of '82, presented by Jimmy Savile and Jonathan King. **(BBC1)**

Friday December 31

Porridge (Dick Clement 1979). Full-length film version of the TV sitcom, with Ronnie Barker and Richard Beckinsale as Fletch and Godber. **(BBC1)**

Paper Moon (Peter Bogdanovich 1973). Ryan and (Oscar-winning) Tatum O'Neal as con-man and con-kid trying to sell bibles to recently-widowed Kansas women. Bursting with charm and sentimentality, like a pretty pimple. Shot in black and white. **(BBC2)**

Hands Of The Ripper (Peter Sasdy 1971). Jack The Ripper stabs his wife to death, watched by their small daughter, who grows up a sexually-repressed murderess. Good clean family fun. **(BBC2)**

House On Haunted Hill (William Castle 1959). Castle will be long remembered by horror fans for his love of gimmickry, particularly the legendary 'Percepto' device which gave viewers of *The Tingler* mild electric shocks. *House On Haunted Hill* used 'Emergo', whereby a cardboard skeleton on curtain-wires "flew" out of the screen over the audience. Unfortunately, Channel 4 have been unable to provide the necessary equipment for home use, and without the gimmick this is just a horror film starring Vincent Price. For some, this is enough. **(C4)**

The Munsters: Herman The Great. Herman becomes a wrestler. **(C4)**

The Tube. Young people doing outrageous things. Probably lots of interviews with fashion designers and similar "stylists". Hey, Wow! **(C4)**

The Sixties: Whose Revolution? Young people of another age doing outrageous things. Actually, this series has been one of the better attempts at tele-history, and this part should wind things up quite neatly, as "revolution" peters out into a new conformism. Some things never change. **(C4).**

Talking of which,

Old Grey Whistle Test: Pick Of The Year. Features Altered Images, Japan, Thompson Twins, King Crimson, Spandau Ballet, The Damned, The Doors, Gang Of Four, Ry Cooder, etc. Bears scant relation to *my* pick of the year . . . **(BBC)**

Kim Wilde: First Time Out. The first TV Special by the face of '81. Did she leave it too late? **(ITV)**

Saturday January 1

It's A Wonderful Life (Frank Capra 1946). One of the all-time great weepies, an unrelenting salvo of sentiment starring Jimmy Stewart as the suicide-bound small-town clerk saved by his guardian angel (Henry Travers), who shows him what life would be like for his family and friends without him. Expect large sobs in the Gillingham area — this is Monty's favourite film ever ever ever (fact!). **(BBC2)**

The Magnificent Seven (John Sturges 1960). Tedious, verbose remake of *The Seven Samurai* which gains nothing in translation, despite a cluster of well-known faces. **(BBC1)**

Best Of Saturday Night Live. With Randy Newman, The Muppets, Simon and Garfunkel. **(ITV)**

Guys And Dolls (Joseph L Mankiewicz 1955). Slick, big-budget musical based on Damon Runyon's characters, starring Frank Sinatra as Nathan Detroit and Marlon Brando as Sky Masterson, a couple of shady galoots if ever I see 'em. Knocked the camp contingent dead when shown for a short season in London this year. **(C4)**

One In Five. Faced with abysmal ratings, Channel 4 goes for The Big One, bringing us "an explosion of totally gay elements on television", by which I presume they mean Uranium. Includes something by Grace Jones — but then it would, wouldn't it? **(C4)**

Double Indemnity (Billy Wilder 1944). Classic *film noir* in which insurance agent Walter Neff (Fred MacMurray) connives with rich bitch Phyllis Dietrichson (Barbara Stanwyck) to murder her husband and collect on the insurance. Unfortunately for them, Neff's colleague Barton (Edward G Robinson) is assigned to investigate the claim. Described for some reason as "Masturbation fantasy triple distilled" by James Agee, this is in fact one of the best-filmed examples of the genre (film noir, not masturbation fantasy), and one of the best-written besides. (The screenplay was by Wilder and Raymond Chandler, from the book by James M Cain). **(C4)**

Sunday January 2

633 Squadron (Walter Grauman 1964). Standard war fare. **(BBC1)**

Towering Inferno (John Guillermin & Irwin Allen 1974). Crumbling edifice packed with stars. That goes for the film, too. **(BBC1)**

Mon Oncle (Jacques Tati 1956). Delightful semi-silent comedy (the sound is used for effects rather than dialogue) in which Monsieur Hulot wreaks havoc on his cousin's hi-tech house. To those brought up on Sennett and his ilk, Tati's studied slapstick can be annoyingly long-winded, but there's no denying the brilliance — both in conception and execution — of some of his visual gags. Though not the best of his five films, *Mon Oncle*'s still worth setting the video for. **(C4)**

Ringo. Hour-long "musical fantasy" featuring the many talents of Ringo Starr, who just happens to be one of the major shareholders in **(C4)**

Sunset Boulevard (Billy Wilder 1950). Black comedy starring Gloria Swanson in her best performance as the ageing screen goddess who takes up with a hack screenwriter (William Holden). Featuring Erich von Stroheim as the butler, with cameo appearances by Buster Keaton, Cecil B DeMille, Hedda Hopper and one of Warner's ubiquitous Bros. Not to be missed. **(C4)**

Monday January 3

Kagemusha (Akira Kurosawa 1980). Kurosawa's best film for ages, a brilliant blaze of colour in which the action, for once, plays second fiddle to the story and performances. A powerful warlord employs a double, or 'Kagemusha' ("shadow warrior") to take his place in battle; when the real warlord lies dying, he orders his advisers to keep his death secret for three years, placing great strain on the Kagemusha's impersonation act as he attempts to deceive the warlord's family and friends. **(BBC2)**

Roustabout (John Rich 1964). First of a short season of Presley movies. In this one, Elvis saves a carnival by the power of his voice alone. Watch for Ray Lowry as The Big Dipper. **(BBC2)**

Heaven Can Wait (Warren Beatty & Buck Henry 1978). Despicable slice of saccharine star-fodder loosely derived from equal parts *It's A Wonderful Life* and *A Matter Of Life And Death,* as Warren Beatty dies and unfortunately comes back to life. Little more than a vehicle for promoting Beatty's nice-guy image, though some will find it pleasant enough. **(ITV)**

Our Relations (Harry Lachman 1936). Sailors Alfie Laurel and Bert Hardy return home for a period of shore leave with their twin brothers Stan and Ollie. Sounds wonderfully silly. **(ITV)**

The Comic Strip Presents . . . War. First of a new series by Rik, Ade, Nigel and the rest. This one takes place in an England overrun by Russians, Yanks, and sundry other varieties of armed forces. Hope it's better than the awful *Five Go Mad In Dorset* pilot show, a parody of something which didn't really need parodying in the first place. **(C4)**

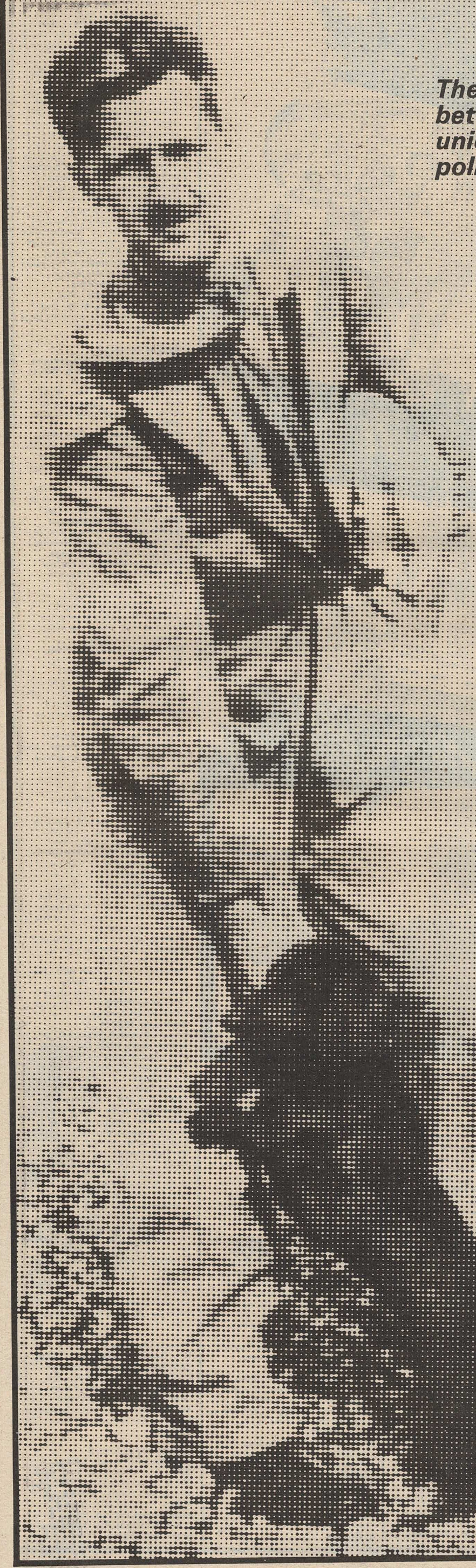
Tuesday January 4

King Creole (Michael Curtiz 1958). Elvis takes on a Harold Robbins book. The book wins. Set in the violent gangster world of New Orleans, this features Walter Matthau as Maxie Fields and Ray Lowry as Bourbon Street Blue. **(BBC2)**

Wednesday January 5

Blue Hawaii (Norman Taurog 1961). Conceivably the worst of all El's films, according to someone who knows nothing about these things. The director's name is pronounced 'toe-rag', which serves him right. Ray Lowry's not in this one. **(BBC2)**

Clockwise from top: The Muppet Movie; Guys And Dolls; Convoy; The Missouri Breaks; Kagemusha; Stalker.



The novels and essays of Eric Blair — better known as George Orwell — left a unique personal stamp on the social and political life and thought of Britain.

Thirty years after the writer's death CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY pays homage to the Orwellian Republic.

TO SEE WHAT IS IN FRONT OF ONE'S NOSE NEEDS A CONSTANT STRUGGLE

GEORGE ORWELL once wrote of the French novelist Stendhal, "As a writer he is in a peculiar position, because everyone has read two of his books and nobody except a small circle of admirers has read any of the others." In — admittedly — somewhat exaggerated form, this could almost stand as a summary of Orwell's own impact on the world.

Though virtually everything he ever wrote, including his private correspondence, is available in an elegant uniform paperback edition, his reputation was built on his last two novels, *Animal Farm* and 1984, both of which have ineradicably altered the way in which we perceive the world.

Through these novels and the interpretations which have been placed upon them, the adjective 'Orwellian' has entered the language, and is generally used to describe any institution or event which evokes the suffocating weight of an incomprehensible but omniscient tyranny or system of organised lying. His name is dropped almost as casually as that of Franz Kafka; the difference being that a noticeable number of people are at least semi-familiar with Orwell's work.

Animal Farm and *1984* are both 'classics', which means that they are taught in schools and are general reference points in our culture. It is generally assumed that the majority of people — even those who haven't actually read them — will know what is meant by references to 'Big Brother', 'double-think' or 'The Thought Police'. "All animals are equal but some are more equal than others" and "Four legs good, two legs bad" are standard fare in most dictionaries of quotations.

Both of these books have been used as propaganda weapons against the Left by the Right virtually since their respective publications. I should not be surprised if — even at this very moment — somebody is not waving one of these books at someone else with a baleful cry of "Mark my words, this is what things would be like if your precious Tony Benn got his way."

The dominant impression of George Orwell created by these books — and, it must be pointed out, by some less than scrupulously honest interpretations that have been attached to them — of some embittered old Jeremiah, some anti-Red prophet howling doom and despondency in the wilderness.

He is less often considered as the man who was shot through the throat in active service against Franco's fascists in the Spanish Civil War, as a harsh and piercing critic of the theory and practice of British imperialism, as a fiercely compassionate chronicler of the lives of the losers in the British class war, as an avoider of orthodoxies and a man dedicated to the belief that there was actually such a thing as truth, and that it was mandatory to find that truth and to speak it.

He was a social and political commentator of unique power and independence, and an exhilarating cultural observer. His analysis of the myths and attitudes buried in the stories included in *Boys Papers* has set a standard for innumerable subsequent studies, and his tribute to the picture postcards of Donald McGill demonstrates his genuine love, understanding and respect for popular culture.

COMING UP FOR ORWELL

His imperatives were straightforward enough: he believed in and sought after what he described as 'Common decency' (by which he meant that no-one should be poor or forced to do, think or feel anything that they didn't want to), honesty and clarity. The lengths to which he would go in order to attain these goals, and the successes which he achieved in the process, make him the most admirable and the most characteristic English writer of this century, and the man who realised his most cherished ambition: that of making political writing into an art.

GEORGE ORWELL was born Eric Blair in Mothari, India, in 1903. His parents were what Orwell later characterised as 'Upper-lower-middle', which meant that they had an income equivalent to that of the better-paid working class and attitudes and pretensions borrowed from the upper-middle class, as befitted their 'status' as Imperial civil servants.

So all the family money was scraped together to send young Eric to a somewhat Dickensian prep school in order to 'cram' him for his scholarship exam for Eton, which he passed. In both institutions, he was constantly reminded in a variety of ways that 'your people aren't very well off, you know' and received a good grounding in the way that economic and social status affects one's passage through society. He also received a taste of a world where "the rules were such that it was not possible for me to keep them."

From Eton he followed his father's footsteps into the Empire, ending up as a member of the Indian Imperial Police in Burma. He stuck it out for six years, eventually returning home a devout enemy of imperialism.

"At that time I had made up my mind that imperialism was an evil thing and the sooner I chucked up my job and got out of it the better," he wrote in the memoir *Shooting An Elephant*. "Theoretically — and secretly, of course — I was all for the Burmese and all against their oppressors, the British. As for the job I was doing, I hated it more bitterly than I can perhaps make clear. In a job like that you see the dirty work of Empire at close quarters . . . I was stuck between my hatred of the empire I served and my rage against the evil-spirited little beasts who tried to make my job impossible.

"With one part of my mind I thought of the British Raj as unbreakable tyranny, as something clamped down upon the will of prostrate peoples; with another part I thought that the greatest joy in the world would be to drive a bayonet into a Buddhist priest's guts. Feelings like this are normal by-products of imperialism; ask any Anglo-Indian official, if you can catch him off-duty."

At the age of 25, a profoundly disaffected Blair was back in England. When he said goodbye to Burma, he had also said goodbye to the kind of career to which his Old Etonian and ex-Imperial background entitled him, the seedy gentility of the Civil Service, perhaps, or banking. Instead, young Blair ended up in Paris attempting to Be A Writer. He sold the odd essay and review, plus a novel which never surfaced, but most of his two years were spent 'researching' the first part of what later became his first published book, *Down And Out In Paris And London*. Blair had rejected one existence to seek another, and he sought the life of 'the other half' with an enthusiasm that shocked many of his friends.

He also inflicted lasting damage to his health by contracting pneumonia, and his period in a Parisian hospital was recalled towards the end of his life in the scarifying essay *How The Poor Die*.

Upon his return to England, he began to hawk a manuscript based on his Parisian experience around various publishers, all of whom rejected it (T S Eliot, then working for Fabers as an editor, was one of the naysayers). Blair responded to criticisms that the book was too short by extending the manuscript to cover time spent tramping, dossing and hop-picking in England. The book was eventually sold, but — as Blair was then working as a teacher in a horrid little prep-school and wished to protect both job and family — he adopted a pseudonym. There were several on his shortlist, including the appalling 'H Lewis Allways', but the winner was obvious: GEORGE ORWELL.

Orwell's journey into poverty was nothing unique: the American writer Jack London (best known as author of *Call Of The Wild* and *White Fang*, through his prophetic anti-fascist novel *The Iron Heel* also had a profound effect on Orwell) had undertaken a similar project more than twenty years earlier. What made *Down And Out In Paris And London* a noteworthy debut was the energy that Orwell put into gaining experience and the vivid clarity with which he would bring it to life. His finest quality, though, was his growing ability to place what he saw in a context: What he brought back from his pilgrimage was the discovery that the sufferings of the poor were pointless, wasteful and unnecessary.

Even in his tramp disguise, though, Orwell was unable to escape his background: Presenting himself at a 'spike' (lodging house), he was spotted immediately as soon as he spoke. "Are you a gentleman?" he was asked. "Yes," Orwell replied wearily. "I suppose I am."

Years later, at the climax of *The Road To Wigan Pier*, he ends a peroration to the middle classes about the need for them to demonstrate solidarity with the workers with the immortal line, "After all, we have nothing to lose but our aitches." Time and time again, Orwell was to show that despite his best intentions, he could never lose his.

After *Down And Out*, Orwell settled down to scratching a living from novels and journalism, though he also taught, translated, worked in a Hampstead bookshop and attempted to run a village store. Until his success with *Animal Farm* in 1945, he never earned more than an average of £3 a week from his writing.

Above: Orwell fought on the Republican side in the Spanish Civil War. Here he's seen with the Independent Labour Party contingent on the Aregorn front, 1937. Orwell is standing sixth from left. His wife Eileen, on a visit to Orwell, is seated in front of him.

Left: Orwell broadcast extensively during the years of World War II. Among his fellow broadcasters is T. S. Eliot seated front left.

Above: Soviet dictator Stalin was the model for Napoleon in 'Animal Farm', seen in Mauritian Creole translation.

WHEN I SEE AN ACTUAL FLESH-AND-BLOOD WORKER IN CONFLICT WITH HIS NATURAL ENEMY THE POLICEMAN, I DO NOT HAVE TO ASK MYSELF WHICH SIDE I AM ON

I AM NO great admirer of Orwell's pre-war fiction: the material contained in the novels seem much happier when dealt with in the form of essays or memoirs.

Burmese Days (the title is self-explanatory) was Orwell's first novel, and it attacked the theory and practice of British imperialism with such virulence that it was first published in America: no British publisher could be found to handle it until after Orwell's second work of fiction, *A Clergyman's Daughter*, had been published. The latter novel processed Orwell's experiences hop-picking, sleeping rough and teaching in the aforementioned crummy prep school and included an awkwardly Joycean chapter which Orwell later declared to be the only part of the book with which he was satisfied.

A third novel, *Keep The Aspidistra Flying*, had as its protagonist a snotty little failed poet living in self-imposed poverty rather than taking a well-paid job in an advertising agency, and takes as its environment the threadbare left-wing bourgeous circles in which Orwell himself moved. The protagonist was in the classic Orwell-character situation: he was trapped in a corrupt or unpleasant situation, tried to escape and failed. Gordon Comstock lacked his creator's talent, intelligence and courage, but Orwell's next book created a narrative voice that could observe and communicate directly: that of Orwell himself.

The Road To Wigan Pier made Orwell his own most memorable character, and it completely changed the course of his career.

Publisher Victor Gollancz (who had published *A Clergyman's Daughter*) had had the bright idea of commissioning Orwell to visit the North-East and write about the lives of the mining communities. The result would then be published by Gollancz's Left Book Club. It seemed like a stroke of genius: let the author of *Down And Out In Paris And London* confront the effects of mass unemployment during a pithead winter. Orwell was no means an orthodox man of the left, but he detested fascism, imperialism, elitism and poverty and then — as now — that counted for quite a lot. Orwell was undoubtedly the ideal man for the job.

And of course he was, but the job turned out to be something other than what Gollancz expected. The first half of *The Road To Wigan Pier* was a merciless description of the effects of poverty on the human spirit, with no detail spared. Some of the people who had served as his contacts in the area felt that he had overdone the squalor ("On the day when there was a full chamber-pot under the breakfast table I decided to leave") and underestimated the role of the Labour Party and the unions, but no-one could deny the power and anger behind the crisp, level prose as Orwell evoked, through his catalogue of exploitation and misery, how it felt to live without money and without hope.

His finest writing was, however, reserved for his description of going down a mine and of what being a miner actually involved. His conclusion was typical.

"Whatever may be happening on the surface," wrote Orwell, "the hacking and shovelling have got to continue without a pause, or at any rate without pausing for more than a few weeks at the most. In order that Hitler may march the goosestep, that the Pope may denouce Bolshevism, that the cricket crowds can assemble at Lords, that the nancy poets may scratch each other's backs, coal must be forthcoming. But on the whole we are not aware of it, we all know that we 'must have coal', but we seldom or never remember what coal getting involves . . . it is only because miners sweat their guts out that superior persons can remain superior.

"You and I and the editor of the *Times Literary Supplement* and the nancy poets and the Archbishop of Canterbury and Comrade X, author of *Marxism For Infants* — all of us *really* owe the comparative decency of our lives to poor drudges underground, blackened to the eyes, with their throats full of coal dust, driving their shovels forward with arms and belly muscles of steel."

(A few years later, he added a vital supplementary point in another essay: "What we always forget is that the overwhelming bulk of the British proletariat does not live in Britain, but in Asia and Africa . . . one gets some idea of the real relationship between England and India when one reflects that the *per capita* income in England is something over £80, and in India about £7 . . . this is the system which we all live on, and which we denouce when there seems to be no danger of its being altered.")

The second half of *The Road To Wigan Pier* proved so contentious that Victor Gollancz had to write an introduction disclaiming large portions of the book and virtually apologising for having published it. In a mixture of crankiness, indignation, fervour and desire to tell the whole truth no matter what, Orwell took up half the book slagging off the bourgeois socialists who made up most of the membership of the Left Book Club, telling them — in excruciating detail — that their snobbery, faddism and Russophilia were what was turning the workers away from Socialism.

In the midst of all this, Orwell also unburdened himself of an account of the various prejudices concerning the working class with which he had been instilled at home and during his education. Among other things, he revealed that he (and therefore countless others of similar backgrounds) had been brought up to believe that the working classes smell. This revelation, needless to say, embarrassed many people, not including Orwell.

ORWELL'S SOCIALISM was emotional rather than rational. He was a Socialist *because* of his anti-Fascist, anti-imperialist and anti-capitalist beliefs rather than the other way around. His experiences in the North-East strengthened these beliefs, and led him to take the most momentous step of all in his progress as a writer, a Socialist and a man.

Halfway through the completion of *The Road To Wigan Pier*, the Spanish Civil War broke out and Orwell, fired with enthusiasm and indignation, pawned his family silver to raise the money to go out and enlist with the republican militia to fight against Franco's fascists. Rather than join up with many of his fellow writers and show up with Communist Party credentials to join the International

☐ ***Continues over page***

Underlay, the POUM militia at the Lenin barracks, Barcelona, 1937. Orwell is on the extreme left, at the back of the column.

ORWELL

☐ From over page

Brigade, Orwell affiliated himself with the Independent Labour Party and ended up in a small, tight-knit Marxist group known as the P.O.U.M.

More than anything else, it was the Spanish experience which completed Eric Blair's transformation into George Orwell. "When one came straight from England," he wrote in *Homage To Catalonia*, "the effect of Barcelona was something startling and overwhelming. It was the first time I had ever been in a town where the working class was in the saddle . . . and it was the aspect of the crowd that was the queerest thing of all.

"In outward appearance it was a town in which the wealthy classes had practically ceased to exist. Except for a small number of women and foreigners there were no 'well-dressed' people at all. Practically everyone wore rough working-class clothes, or blue overalls or some variant of the military uniform. All this was queer and moving. There was much in it that I did not understand, in some ways I did not even like it, but I recognised it immediately as a state of affairs worth fighting for."

This Orwell did. He noted ironically that his experience in the Officers Training Corps at Eton and in the Imperial Police in Burma came in extremely handy when fighting fascism and training others to do likewise. He continued on active service until his career as a guerilla was brought to an abrupt end by a bullet through the throat. He described that, as he described everything else, with a dry, sparkling clarity.

"The whole experience of being hit by a bullet is very interesting," his account began, "and I think it is worth describing in detail."

Miraculously, the extent of his injury was limited to a paralysis of one of his vocal chords. His voice was rendered permanently thin and rasping, but within a short while he could speak again.

But perhaps the greatest shock to Orwell's revolutionary socialism was his discovery that the unit with which he served had been denounced and was being hunted down by their Communist counterparts as 'Trotsky-Fascists'; reactionary provocateur-saboteurs in the pay of the Fascists. In an obscene coalition of the mainstream-Stalinist left and the British press establishment, a united front was formed against any propagation of a contrary story.

After returning to England and recovering from both his injuries and his time spent hiding out from anyone who might denounce him as a member of P.O.U.M., Orwell commenced firing off a series of essays, reviews and letters to any publication that might accept them, warning at as great a volume as was possible that a great lie was being told and that if the truth were not acknowledged, then the lie would become fact.

He was told time and again that what he had to say was inappropriate, incorrect and undesirable. Eventually he combined personal memoir, political history and polemic in the magnificent *Homage To Catalonia*, which had a hard time getting published and an even harder time getting sold. Orwell's publishers, Secker & Warburg, never sold enough copies to recover the £150 advance that they had paid the author, and even as late as Orwell's death in 1950, there were still copies of the original edition in the publisher's warehouse.

IF LIBERTY MEANS ANYTHING AT ALL, IT MEANS THE RIGHT TO TELL PEOPLE WHAT THEY DO NOT WANT TO HEAR

"THE SPANISH WAR and other events in 1936-7," wrote Orwell nearly a decade later, "turned the scale and thereafter I knew where I stood. Every line of serious work that I have written since 1936 has been written, directly or indirectly, *against* totalitarianism and *for* democratic Socialism as I understand it. It seems to me nonsense, in a period like our own, to think that one can avoid writing of such subjects. Everyone writes of them in one guise or another. It is simply a question of which side one takes and what approach one follows. And the more one is conscious of one's political bias, the more chance one has of acting politically without sacrificing one's aesthetic and intellectual integrity.

"What I have most wanted to do throughout the past ten years is to make political writing into an art . . ."

Orwell managed to write one more novel before the outbreak of World War II. Holidaying in Morocco on borrowed money after yet another bout of illness, he evoked the pastoral bliss of a country childhood remembered rather rosily by George Bowling, Orwell's attempt at Joycean *homme moyen sensuel* against a backdrop of encroaching industrial 'progress' and the increasing threat of a war which would rip Europe to pieces. Bowling speaks in a very different narrative voice to that of 'Orwell', but the existence that *Coming Up For Air* celebrates and mourns is one that Orwell himself, as one commentator has pointed out, wouldn't have been able to stand for five minutes.

From Morocco, Orwell had written gloomily home of his opposition to the forthcoming war and his desire to prepare for underground anti-war activity but the effect of a dream that Orwell had (the exact contents of which he never revealed) the night before he learned of the Hitler-Stalin pact was to convince him that 'patriotism has nothing to do with Conservatism' and that "I was patriotic at heart, would not act against my own side, would support the war, would fight in it if possible."

This latter was clearly impossible due to Orwell's flimsy health, but now that he was convinced of the possibilities of 'red militants billeted at the Ritz' and 'building a Socialist on the bones of a blimp', he could so far as to envisage a socialism which would acknowledge "the spiritual need for patriotism and the military virtues, for which, however little the boiled rabbits of the Left may like them, no substitute has yet been found."

Poor Orwell! As far back as the Burmese memoir excerpted above, he had insisted on saying exactly what was going on for him even though it was calculated to offend everyone. To speak of 'patriotism and the military virtues' and 'red militias in the Ritz' in the same article was a sure way of getting up a wide and varied selection of noses.

Orwell spent the war years working for the BBC as a talks producer and supervising broadcasts to India, endeavouring to keep the propaganda as clean as possible (he eventually gave up on that last one). He served for a while as literary editor of *Tribune* under the editorship of, among others, Michael Foot (who was, at the time and for a long while afterwards, considered to be a dangerous left-wing extremist) and contributing a long-running column entitled *As I Please* as well as writing regular reports from London for the American magazine *Partisan Review*. His experience at the BBC contributed vastly to his depiction of life — and certainly cuisine — within the Ministry of Truth in *1984*.

In late 1943 he began work on *Animal Farm* (which was completed in early 1944, but which found no willing publisher until 1945). It had been his long-standing opinion that "nothing has contributed so much to the corruption of the original idea of socialism as the belief that Russia is a socialist country and that every act of its rulers must be excused, if not imitated. And so for the past ten years I have been convinced that the destruction of the Soviet myth was essential if we wanted a revival of the Socialist movement.

"On my return from Spain I thought of exposing the Soviet myth in a story that could be easily understood by almost anyone and which could be easily translated into other languages. However the actual details of the story did not come to me for some time until one day (I was then living in a small village) I saw a little boy, perhaps ten years old, driving a huge cart-horse along a narrow path, whipping it whenever it tried to turn. It struck me that if only such animals became aware of their strength we should have no power over them, and that men exploit animals in much the same way as the rich exploit the proletariat."

Animal Farm became Orwell's first best-seller, but not before he had become sufficiently desperate about ever finding a publisher prepared to take such a 'reactionary' and 'unsuitable' book that he had already found financial backing to publish it himself as a pamphlet. Unfortunately, this success came too late to solve the problems of Orwell's persistent ill-health. He was only to live until January 1950, producing during the last five years of his life some of his most important essays, and a last novel entitled *1984*.

EITHER WE RENOUNCE THE BOMB OR IT DESTROYS US

AFTER THE publication of *1984* Orwell was compelled to issue a statement to the effect that "my recent novel is NOT intended as an attack on Socialism or on the British Labour Party (of which I am a supporter) but as a show-up of the perversions to which a centralised economy is liable and which have already been partly realised in Communism and Fascism. I do not believe that the kind of society I describe necessarily *will* arrive but I believe (allowing of course for the fact that the book is a satire) that something resembling it *could* arrive . . ."

Into *1984* (the last draft of which was literally typed on what was to be his deathbed) Orwell poured his experience of how propaganda could literally change reality overnight, his horror of belief in all-powerful leaders, his linguistic ideas about the way that language shapes concept and thus perception, his memories of the dull grey corridors and awful food of the BBC, his old fictional theme of the individual whose rebellion is foredoomed, a deep cynicism concerning individual human loyalty and integrity and the knowledge of his own approaching death. It is one of the most utterly hopeless books ever written in the English language.

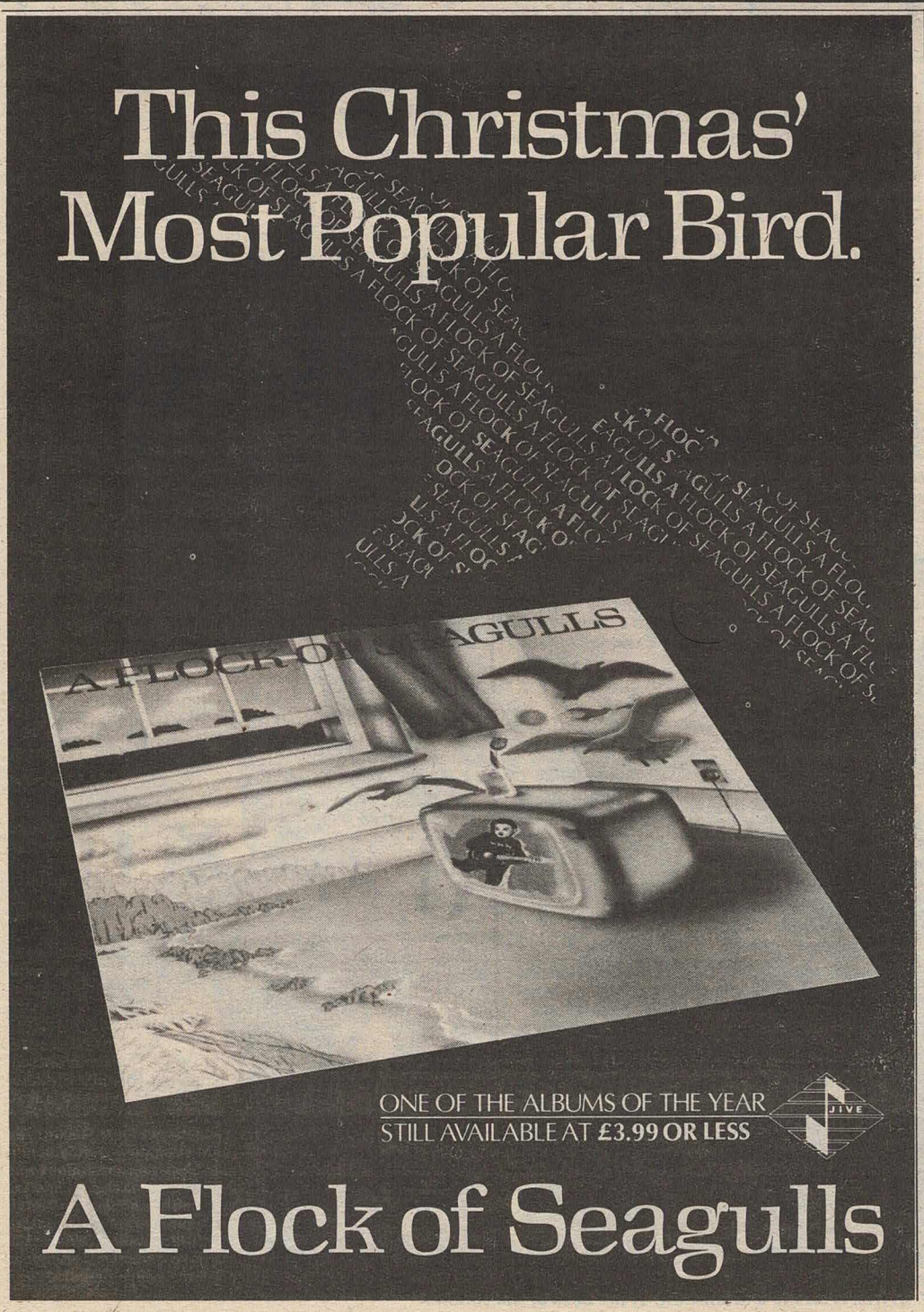
The novel's success was posthumous, and it and its predecessor created an image of Orwell which the author wasn't around to correct. Orwell himself felt that he had "made rather a balls of it".

Yet despite the fact that it is only due to the success of *Animal Farm* and *1984* that *Homage To Catalonia* and *The Road To Wigan Pier* are still in print, the purest Orwell can be found in his essays and his journalism. His essays on *You And The Atom Bomb, Politics And The English Language, The Prevention Of Literature* and *Notes On Nationalism* have not been dulled by the time or invalidated by subsequent history. The Orwell who speaks most clearly through the years from one depression to another, from Chamberlain to Thatcher, is the Orwell who describes his own atributes as an essayist to "a facility with words and a power of facing unpleasant facts", who declared his devotion to "the surface of the earth, prose style, and pleasure in solid objects and useless information," who stated firmly that "the opinion that art should have nothing to do with politics is itself a political attitude," who never forgave England for not abolishing the House Of Lords at the end of the Second World War, who declared that "I do not believe that a man with £50,000 a year and a man with fifteen shillings a week either can, or will, co-operate. The nature of their relationship is quite simply that one is robbing the other, and that there is no reason to think that the robber will suddenly turn over a new leaf.

"It would seem therefore that if the problems of Western capitalism are to be solved, it will have to be through a third alternative, a movement which is genuinely revolutionary, ie willing to make drastic changes and use violence if necessary, but which does not lose touch, as Communism and Fascism have done, with the essential values of democracy. Such a thing is by no means unthinkable. The germs of such a movement exist in numerous countries, and they are capable of growing. At any rate, if they don't, there is no real exit from the pigsty we are in."

WHAT, THEN, does this tubercular old crank have to say to us today? His record as a prophet was by no means flawless: he was convinced, for example, that World War II would have a permanent and destructive effect on the class structures of the country, and was deeply disappointed when this didn't happen. Certainly he never anticipated the degree of street violence that we experience today; he had a deep and unshakeable faith in the 'essential decency' of the average Briton that even Mosley's brownshirts could not eradicate. How would

Continues page 77



THE ESSENTIAL ORWELL

Down And Out In Paris And London
The Road To Wigan Pier
Homage To Catalonia
Collected Essays, Letters and Journalism Vols 1-4
(If these rather large and chunky volumes seem daunting, *Inside The Whale* and *Decline Of The English Murder* contain some of his finest essays, while *The Lion And The Unicorn* contains his manifesto for democratic/patriotic socialism)
Animal Farm
1984

THE DEFINITIVE BIOGRAPHY

George Orwell: A Life **by Bernard Crick**
(all of the above are available in Penguin)

ALSO OF INTEREST

Orwell **by Raymond Williams (Fontana Modern Masters)**
George Orwell: The Road To 1984 **by Peter Lewis (Heineman Quixote Press)**
The Unknown Orwell **and *Orwell: The Transformation*** **by Peter Stansky and William Abrahams (Granada)**
George Orwell: A Collection Of Critical Essays **ed. Raymond Williams (Spectrum). Includes E. P. Thompson, Conor Cruise O'Brien, John Wain, Richard Hoggart.**

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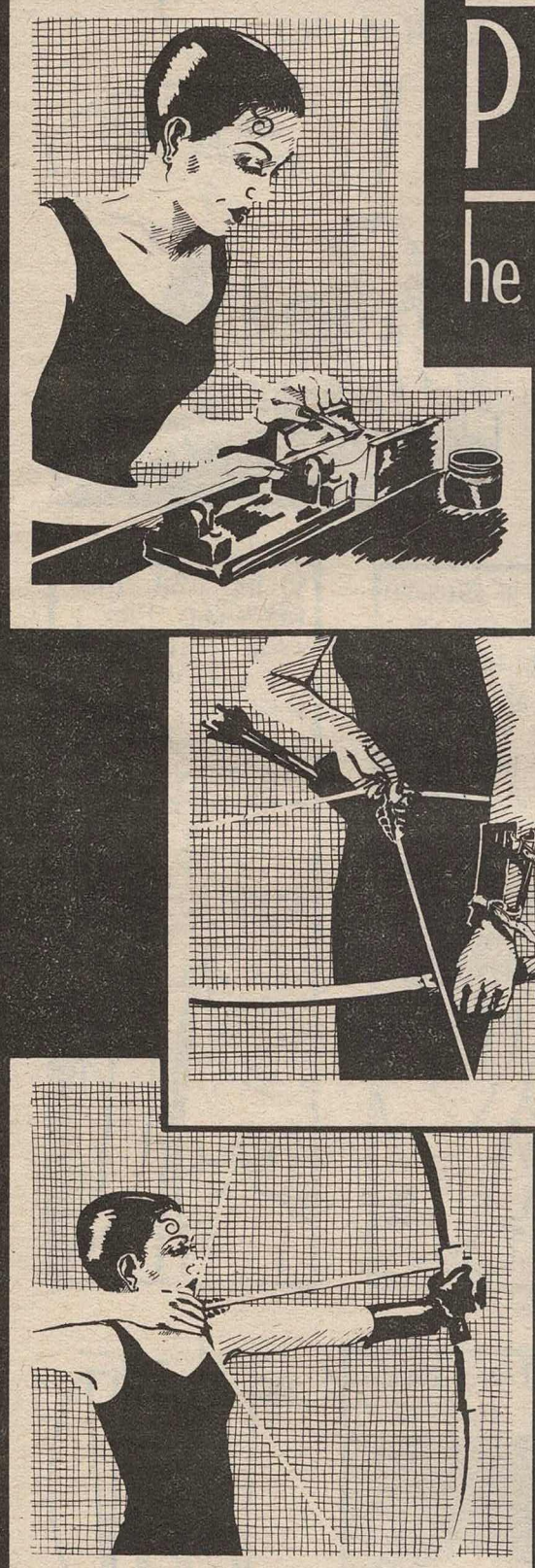

POISON ARROW

he thought she loved him - but it seems she don't care

she cares enough to know she can never love him

If I were to say to you "can you keep a secret?"
would you know just what to do,
or where to keep it?
then I say "I love you", foul the situation
hey girl I thought we were the right combination.

who broke my heart? you did, you did
bow to the target, blame cupid, cupid
you think you're smart, stupid, stupid

shoot that poison arrow to my heart
shoot that poison arrow
shoot that poison arrow to my heart
shoot that poison arrow

no rhythm in cymbals, no tempo in drums.
love's on arrival, she comes when she comes.
right on the target - but wide of the mark,
what I thought was fire was only the spark.
the sweetest melody is an unheard refrain,
so lower your sights but raise your aim.
yeah, raise your aims.

who broke my heart? you did, you did.
bow to the target - blame cupid, cupid.
you think you're smart - stupid, stupid.

shoot that poison arrow to my heart
shoot that poison arrow

"I thought you loved me but it seems you don't care."
"I care enough to know I can never love you."

who broke my heart? you did, you did,
bow to the target... blame cupid
you think you're smart - that's stupid
right from the start when you knew we would part

shoot that poison arrow to my heart
shoot that poison arrow...
shoot that poison arrow
to my ha-ha-heart
shoot that poison arrow

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LYNNE HUTCHINSON Poison Arrow

Performed by ABC
Words and music by ABC
Published by VIRGIN MUSIC Ltd

THE STOOL PIGEON

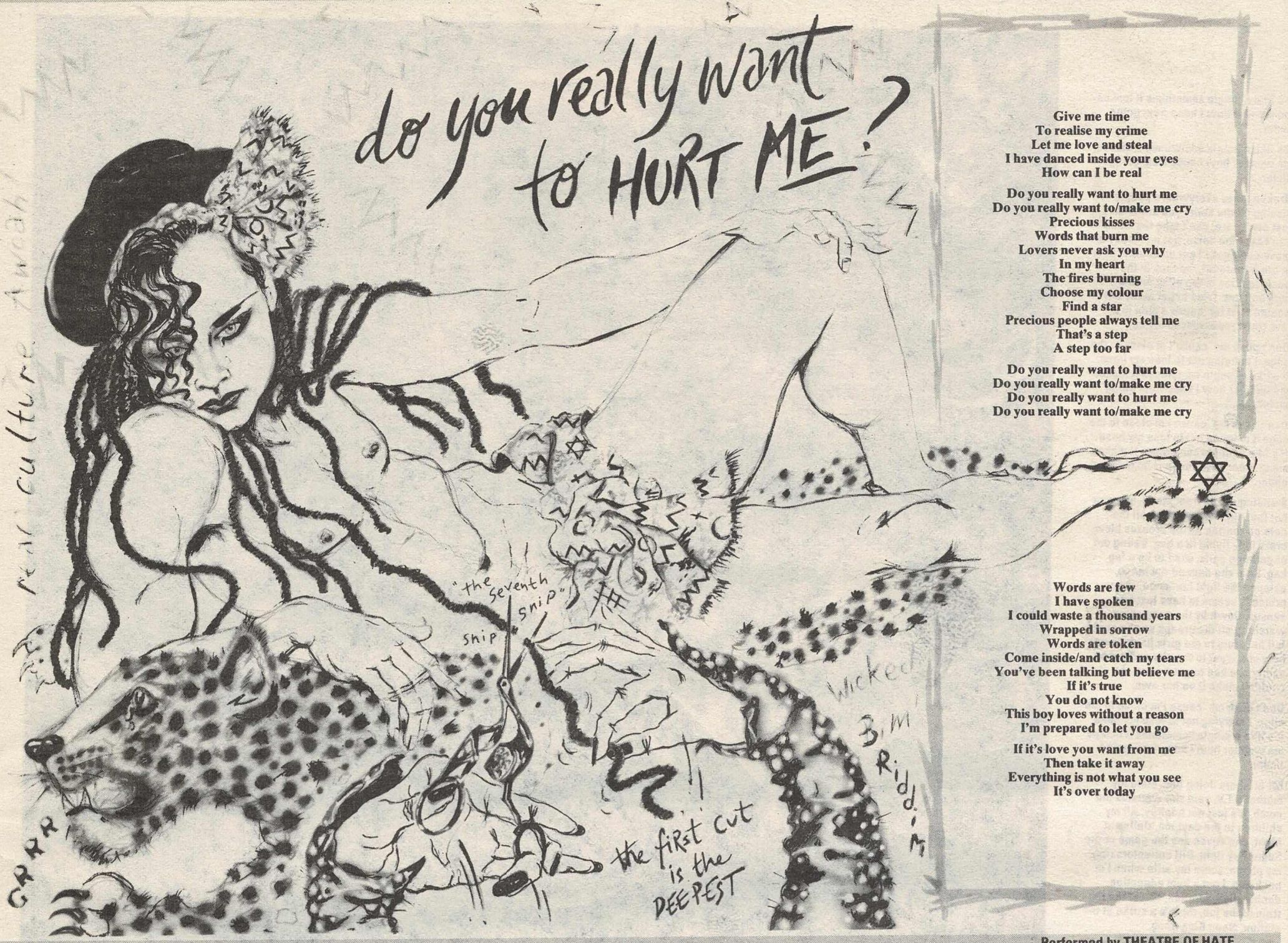
HA CHACHACHA
RECORDED ON ZE RECORDS
BY
KID CREOLE AND THE COCONUTS
DESSINS: SERGE CLERC
HA CHA CHA CHA
THERE'S A GENTLEMAN THAT'S GOING ROUND, TURNING THE JOINT UPSIDE DOWN !!!
MOCAMBO
NAVY
STOOL PIGEON HA CHA CHA CHA
MOCAMBO
HE'S AN OLD EX-CON THAT'S BEEN AWAY,
NOW HE'S BACK, NO-ONE'S SAFE !!!
STOOL PIGEON
HA CHACHACHA
IF YOU WANT TO SQUEAL, SAID THE F.B.I. WE CAN MAKE A DEAL, MAKE IT WORTH YOUR WHILE. SO HE TOLD IT ALL AND IN RETURN HE GOT A CREDIT CARD !!!
!!! AND A "THUNDERBIRD"
GEE!!
SO GO ON, AND SQUEAL SAID THE F.B.I, WE CAN MAKE A DEAL MAKE IT WORTH YOUR WHILE, STOOL PIGEON HA CHA CHA CHA
AFTER ALL THE TALK, THEN THEY WIRED HIM, AND HE TOOK A WALK WITH HIS CROOKED FRIENDS AND THEY JOKED ABOUT THE GOOD OLD DAYS !!!
ARK ARK ARK ARK ARK
AND HE RECORDED IT ON A REEL OF TAPE, HE CAUGHT THE MUG, WHO DID THE FORGERY AND THE BABE IN CHARGE OF LARCENY.
GRRR
SO THE F.B.I, THEY REWARDED HIM, 'CAUSE THEY LIKE A GUY WHO WILL STAB A FRIEND, HE GOT A SPANKING NEW IDENTITY !!!
HOSPITAL
HECK HECK
DON'T BE NERVOUS !
'LOOKS BETTER !!
HECK HECK
"AND A CONDO DOWN IN MIAMI,
YOUPEE!
HE BOUGHT A PLANE, A BOAT AND JEWELLERY BUT HE COULDN'T BUY ANY COMPANY !!
COCKTAIL BAR
BOUHOU HOU HOU
THE END
HA CHACHACHA

SERGE CLERC Stool Pigeon

Performed by KID CREOLE & THE COCONUTS
Words and music by AUGUST DARNELL
Published by ISLAND MUSIC Ltd

CONNY JUDE Do You Really Want To Hurt Me

Performed by CULTURE CLUB
Words and Music by CULTURE CLUB
Published by VIRGIN MUSIC Ltd



Give me time
To realise my crime
Let me love and steal
I have danced inside your eyes
How can I be real

Do you really want to hurt me
Do you really want to/make me cry
Precious kisses
Words that burn me
Lovers never ask you why
In my heart
The fires burning
Choose my colour
Find a star
Precious people always tell me
That's a step
A step too far

Do you really want to hurt me
Do you really want to/make me cry
Do you really want to hurt me
Do you really want to/make me cry

Words are few
I have spoken
I could waste a thousand years
Wrapped in sorrow
Words are token
Come inside/and catch my tears
You've been talking but believe me
If it's true
You do not know
This boy loves without a reason
I'm prepared to let you go

If it's love you want from me
Then take it away
Everything is not what you see
It's over today

GRAHAM HUMPHREYS Do You Believe In The Westworld

Performed by THEATRE OF HATE
Words and Music by KIRK BRANDON
Published by CHRYSALIS MUSIC Ltd

DO YOU BELIEVE IN THE WESTWORLD
THE YELLOW SUN WAS SETTING IN TOMBSTONE
CITIZENS WERE GONE, BUT NOT TO THEIR HOMES
BY A FREAK A COIN IN THE PIANO MADE IT PLAY
BUT ONLY THE WIND AND THE DUST HEARD IT.
SAY, DO YOU BELIEVE IN THE WESTWORLD
FROM THE SOUTH ON A WIND, IN WALKED A COWBOY
THE SALOON WAS DRY BUT HIS GUNS WERE WELL OILED
SOMEHOW HE REMEMBERED WHEN HE KISSED HIS WIFE
AND WHEN HE SAID GOODBYE
BUT THAT WAS BEFORE THE CIRCUS WITH THE BEAR ARRIVED.
OH THE BEAR IT ROARED AS THE GUN WAS FIRED
THE COWBOY TURNED THE GUN ON HIMSELF AS HE SANG
"NO-ONE'S ALIVE"
SAY, DO YOU BELIEVE IN THE WESTWORLD
SAY, DO YOU BELIEVE IN THE WESTWORLD

SUE COE The Message

Performed by GRAND MASTERFLASH and the FURIOUS FIVE
Written by E FLECHER, M GLOVER, S ROBINSON And J CHASE
Published by SUNBURY MUSIC/FOUR HILLS MUSIC

It's like a jungle sometimes
Don't push me 'cause I'm close to the edge
I'm trying not to lose my head
Broken glass everywhere
Liquors
Cracked glass
Your eyes will sing a song of deep hate
Keep from going under
Coe

It's like a jungle sometimes it makes me wonder how I keep from going under.

It's like a jungle sometimes it makes me wonder how I keep from going under.

Broken glass everywhere people pissing on the stairs you know they just don't care, can't take the smell can't take the noise, got no money to move out, guess I got no choice. Rats in the front room, roaches in the back, junkies in the alley with a baseball bat. Tried to get away but I couldn't get far 'cause a man in a tow-truck repossessed my car.

Don't push me 'cause I'm close to the edge, I'm trying not to lose my head. It's like a jungle sometimes it makes me wonder how I keep from going under.

Don't push me 'cause I'm close to the edge, I'm trying not to lose my head. It's like a jungle sometimes it makes me wonder how I keep from going under.

Standing on the front stoop, hanging out the window watching all the cars go roaring as the breezes blow, crazy lady living in a bag, eating out of garbage pails, used to be a fag hag. Said she danced the tango, skipped the light fandango, zircon princess seems to have lost her senses. Down by the peep show watching all the creeps so she could tell her story to the girls back home, how she want to the city and got so sadity she had to get a pimp she couldn't make it on her own.

Don't push me 'cause I'm close to the edge, I'm trying not to lose my head. It's like a jungle sometimes it makes me wonder how I keep from going under.

Mr brothers doing bad, stole my mother's T.V, said she watches too much, it's just not healthy. All my children in the daytime, Dallas at night, can't even see the game or the Sugar Ray fight. Bill collectors ring my phone, scare my wife when I'm not home. I got a bum education, double-digit inflation, can't take the train to the job, there's a strike at the station. Neon King Kong.

Standing on my back, can't stop to turn around, broke my sacroilliac. Mid-range migraine, cancered membrane, somtimes I think I'm going insane, I swear I might hijack a plane.

Don't push me 'cause I'm close to the edge, I'm trying not to lose my head. It's like a jungle sometimes it makes me wonder how I keep from going under.

My son said daddy don't want to go to school 'cause the teacher is a jerk, he must think I'm a fool. All the kids smoke reefer, I think it'd be cheaper if I just got a job, learned to be a street sweeper. Dance to the beat, shuffle my feet, wear my shirt and tie, and run with the creeps, 'cause it's all about money, ain't a damn thing funny, you got to have a con in this land of milk and honey. They pushed that girl in front of the train, took her to the Doctor, sewed her arm on again. Stabbed that man right in the heart, gave him a transplant for a brand new start. I can't walk through the park 'cause it's crazy after dark. Keep my hand on my gun 'cause they got me on the run. I feel like an outlaw, broke my last last jaw, hear them say you want some more, livin' on a seesaw.

Don't push me 'cause I'm close to the edge, I'm trying not to lose my head. It's like a jungle sometimes it makes me wonder how I keep from going under.

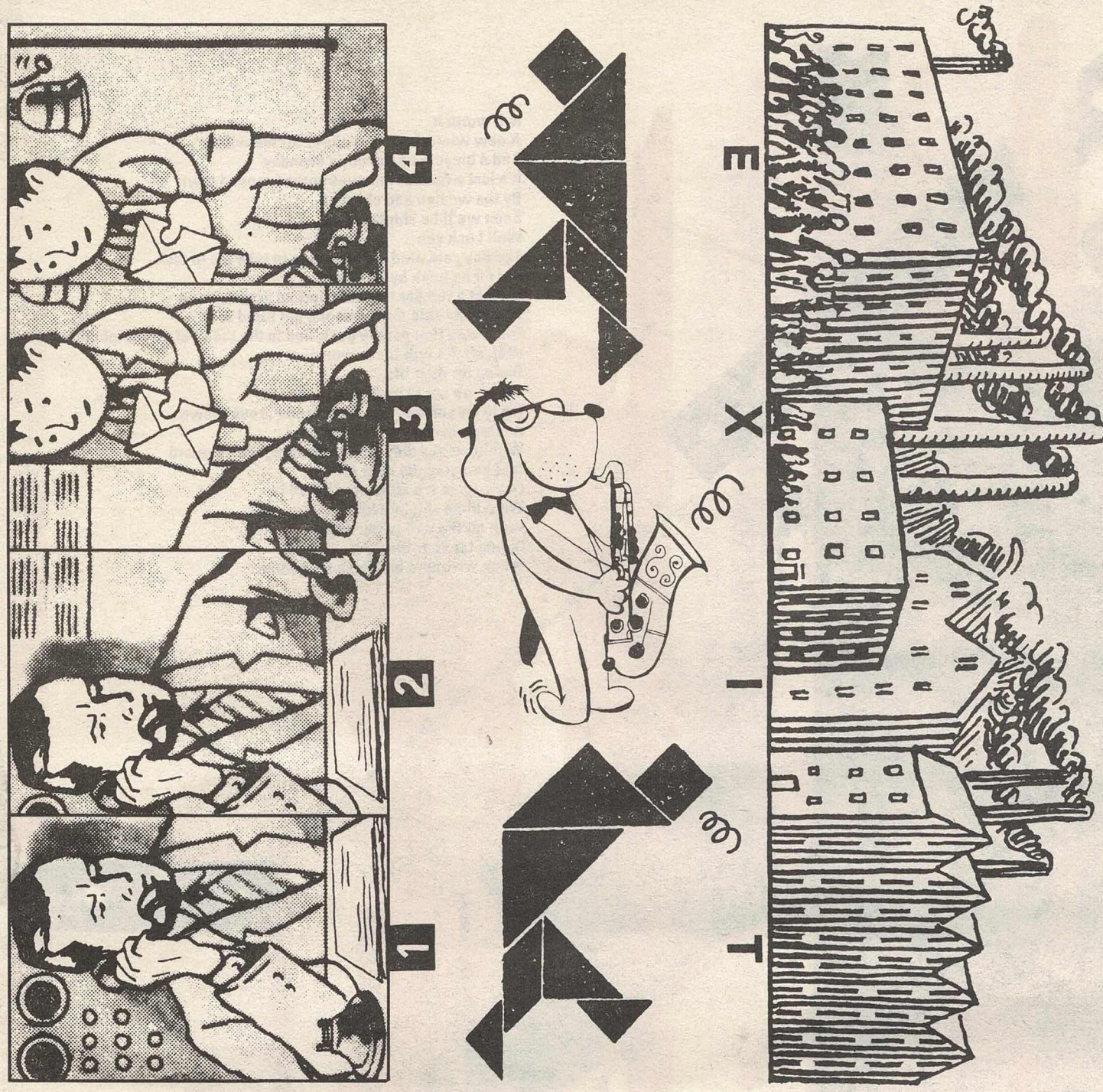
A child is born with no state of mind, blind to the ways of mankind. God smiling on you but he's frowning too, 'cause only God knows what you'll go through. You grow in the ghetto living second rate and your eyes will sing a song of deep hate.

The places you play and where you stay looks like one great big alley-way. You admire all the number-book takers, thugs, pimps, pushers, and the big money makers. Driving big cars, spending twenties and tens, and you wanna grow up to be just like them. Smugglers, scramblers, burglars, gamblers, pickpockets, peddlers, even panhandlers. You say I'm cool. Ha, I'm no fool. But then you wind up dropping out of high school. Now you're unemployed, all non void, walking 'round like you're Pretty Boy Floyd. Turned stickup kid, look what you done did, got sent up for an eight-year bid. Now your manhood is took and you're a maytag, spend the next two years as an undercover fag, being used and abused and served like hell, till one day you're found dead in a cell. It was plain to see that your life was lost, you were cold and your body swung back and forth. Now your eyes did sing a sad, sad song of how you lived too fast and died so young. So . . .

Don't push me 'cause I'm close to the edge, I'm trying not to lose my head. It's like a jungle sometimes it makes me wonder how I keep from going under.

JOHN STALIN Wham Rap

Performed by WHAM
Words and Music by GEORGE MICHAEL & GEORGE RIDGLEY
Published by MAURICE & LEAHY MUSIC Ltd



You got soul on the dole
You're gonna have a good time down on the line
You got soul on the dole
You're gonna have a good time down on the line
I said get get get on down
Hey everybody take a look at me
I've got street credibility
I may not have a job
But I have a good time with the boys
That I meet down on the line
I said D.H.S.S.
Man the rhythm that they're givin' is the very best
Folks can be a drag if work ain't your bag
And when you let them know
You're more dead than alive in a nine to five
Then they say you've got to go
And get yourself a job or get out of this house
Get yourself a job
Are you a man or a mouse
A finger in each ear you pretend not to hear
Gotta get some space get out of this place

Wham! Bam! I am a man
Job or no job
You can't tell me that I'm not
Do you enjoy what you do
If not just stop
Don't stay there and rot

On the streets in the cars on the underground
If you listen real hard you can hear the sound
Of a million people switching off for work
Well listen Mr Average
You're a jerk
Not me, you can't hold me down
Not me, I'm gonna fool around
Gonna have some fun
Look out for No. One
You can dig your grave
I'm staying young

If you're a pub man
Or a club man
Maybe a jet black guy with a hip hi-fi
A white cool cat with a trilby hat
Maybe leather and studs
Is where you're at
Make the most of every day
Don't let hard times stand in your way
Give a Wham give a Bam
But don't give a damn
Cos the benefit gang are gonna pay

Now reach up high
And touch your soul
The boys from Wham
Will help you reach that goal
It's gonna break your Mama's heart
It's gonna break your Daddy's heart
But you'll throw the dice and take my
Advice because I know that you're smart
Can you dig this thang (yeah)
Are you gonna get down (yeah)
Say Wham (Wham)
Say Bam (Bam)

CATHERINE DENVIR Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag

Performed by PIGBAG
Written by PIGBAG
Published by MISTRAL MUSIC

IAN WRIGHT Shipbuilding

Recorded by ROBERT WYATT
Written by ELVIS COSTELLO (Words)/CLIVE LANGER (Music)
Published by PLANGENT VISIONS MUSIC LTD/WARNER BROTHERS MUSIC LTD

Is it worth it
A new winter coat and shoes for the wife
And á bicycle on the boy's birthday
It's just a rumour that was spread around town
By the women and children
Soon we'll be shipbuilding
Well I ask you
The boy said, Dad they're going to take me to task
But I'll be back by Christmas
It's just a rumour that was spread around town
Somebody said that someone got filled in
For saying that people get killed in the result of this shipbuilding
With all the will in the world
Diving for dear life
When we could be diving for pearls
It's just a rumour that was spread around town
A telegram or a picture postcard
Within weeks they'll be re-opening the shipyard
And notifying the next of kin
Once again it's all we're skilled in
We will be shipbuilding
With all the will in the world
Diving for dear life
When we could be diving for pearls

ILLUSTRATORS on song

LYNNE HUTCHINSON

LYNNE HUTCHINSON has been working as a freelance Graphic Designer for about four years. She is twenty-six years old and lives in London.

"I've only recently started working on illustrations, and my main influences could probably be traced back to design from the '40s and '50s. I'm especially interested in hand drawn lettering and try to feature women, in a positive way, in my work.

"Illustrating an ABC song was an obvious choice as they were my heart-throb pop group of '82. They came along just as pop was getting very good, and they (and Mr Horn) helped to make it better. They made their references openly, never understated their style, used their record company and the music press to their advantage, aimed straight for the heart of the chart and made it.

"They made me feel like I was fourteen again — what more could a pop fan desire?"

SERGE CLERC

SERGE CLERC is a young French illustrator living in Paris and working from a tiny apartment surrounded by towering piles of old pop and movie mags, science fiction comics, Cramps and Costello records and videos.

Besides featuring in France's foremost comic monthly *Metal Hurlant*, Serge is a regular contributor to the pages of *NME*, and has recently published his third French collection, *Memoires de l'Espion*, a reference to his nickname, 'the spy artist'. Often working deep into the Parisian night, Serge leaves his apartment only to visit the supermarket, and to drink in bars and nightclubs where he draws his inspiration, sees his drawings turned into living fashion, and falls in love with beautiful girls.

CONNY JUDE

CONNY JUDE: "I'm a professional freelance illustrator working from home for magazines from *Knave* to *New Scientist*, advertisers from Levi Jeans to the TSB, teaching at Middlesex Poly and exhibiting private work in various London galleries.

"I'm presently working on a series of posters and postcards based on my raunchy girls!

"I'm a reggae and Lovers Rock fan and so 'Do You Really Want To Hurt Me' appealed to me, plus I really like George's hair."

GRAHAM HUMPHREYS

GRAHAM HUMPHREYS has lived in London and worked as a freelance illustrator for three years.

"I've worked at a ridiculously wide selection of things — you have to for money — though I'd rather stick to posters and sleeves.

"I like my illustrations to be theatrical and melodramatic, to entertain as well as communicate. A lot of the imagery I use tends to be morbid, but I use that as a vehicle for humour. I get a lot of inspiration from music.

"In this illustration I was keen to evoke the ambiguity between the wild west scenario and the apocalypse. It's a diplomatic shoot out."

SUE COE

SUE COE is an English artist and illustrator who now lives in New York City. Her work has appeared in a variety of journals, including *New Scientist, City Limits,* America's *Mother Jones,* and *Esquire,* and *NME*. Earlier this year an exhibition of her work at London's Moira Kelly gallery attracted considerable attention.

A long time black music fan, Sue gave us the following verse about her feelings on 'The Message':

"The toads of property are in a rage
For over radio prolefeed slipped — a message
The black cat spots the white rat
So — paint it red
and paint it black
picture not a suite and mortgage
but a loot and pillage
When the white witch is on the run
The mad dogs can see the sun."

JOHN STALIN

Although his speedboat exploits have become legendary, daredevil artist JOHN STALIN is perhaps better known for the amusing and instructive Doom of Youth postcards published by his company SMERSH. Unable, for tax reasons, to live on dry land, he has retreated to a secret underwater headquarters protected by beautiful but deadly French actresses in cutaway swimsuits. The Business Dome (as it has been humorously dubbed) contains a number of surprisingly elegant and airy compartments, each one almost reminding you of some half-remembered film set. Control panels and world maps; shark pools and fish tank walls, carnivorous plants, camp furniture, 'bizarre' paintings and incongruous statues, this is the sort of advanced environment that enables Mister Johnny (as he is called by his aides) to concentrate entirely on the herculean task of administering his publishing empire. He devotes every waking hour to the humdrum routine that is the lifeblood of any commercial undertaking: expensive liquid is absorbed from conical glasses, backgammon problems are solved through the the use of methanol, metal hands caress drugged kittens, cars plummet, cabin cruisers explode, helicopters machine gun fleeing journalists. Does he have a message for the youth of today? *No message* he hissed. Was there a twinkle in his eye, or did it glitter malevolently? We didn't stay to find out. Hydrofoils appeared from nowhere as we swam for our lives.

CATHERINE DENVIR

CATHERINE DENVIR left Chelsea School of Art in 1974.

"Janice Butler on *Honey* gave me my first 'breaks'. One was a full page colour illustration, the other a full-time job as assistant art editor, hence my present situation of being a 9-5 designer and an evening and weekend illustrator. I work mainly for magazines, amongst them *New Scientist, Time Out* and *The Sunday Times Supplement*.

"My first inclination after listening to 'Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag' was to set a scene in an African jungle — hot and tropical. However, on listening some more I decided it had a smart, sophisticated edge. My eventual solution was to try and keep the jungle element but to transport it from Africa to a western city-scape."

IAN WRIGHT

IAN WRIGHT hails from South London and has been a freelance illustrator for four years. His work has featured on sleeves for The Jam and Madness (and in the Nutty Boys' own comic), as well as being a familiar landmark of *NME*'s own LPs pages.

Rugged Studio One fanatic Ian says of his illustration for the *1982 Songbook:* "My piece is based round a lone figure pre-occupied with the sentiments of the song.

"I tried hard to forget the splendid painting by Stanley Spencer on the record sleeve and, as a result, became unintentionally influenced by Russell Mills, another hero."

ANNOUNCING the most supremely videotic offer of 1983! All paws to the pause buttons, please, as we reveal . . .

Illustration: Tony McSweeney

There's never been anything like it before. There isn't a pre-recorded video tape around to beat it — either for quality or for value. And it's been put together exclusively for readers of NME.

THE NME/MAXELL EXPRESSO VIDEO . . .

Because it's by Maxell, you'll get a tape of the very highest standard.

Because it's by NME, you'll get a selection of the very best film and music available — around an hour of the stuff, in fact. And for an all-inclusive price of £15.99, you could hardly get it any cheaper.

The whole show boasts something like a dozen tracks, many of the visuals being rare or even unseen in this country. But just for a start, here are five of the delights lined up:

ELVIS COSTELLO: 'Clubland'
THE JAM: 'Start!'
KID CREOLE: 'Stool Pigeon'
MADNESS: 'Madness' *(from the movie 'Take It Or Leave It')*
CAB CALLOWAY: 'Minnie The Moocher'

PLUS a Silver Screen Special, featuring extracts from DIVA and from ANGEL, two of the most acclaimed films of this year.

That's just a sampling, of course. The full listing will appear in the NME dated 8 January 1983.

SEND NO MONEY for now: we'll print the order form in that same edition, giving you all the necessary details. The tape, incidentally, will be available in both VHS and Betamax formats.

Note: The NME/Maxell Expresso Video offer is made subject to final copyright clearance. Also, owing to international copyright restrictions, NME and Maxell regret that the offer will not apply outside of the UK. Sorry — under no circumstances can orders be accepted from elsewhere.

NME
Veni, Video, Vici

MARTIN FRY, a shy but conspicuous grammar school boy from Bramall, Stockport, shuffles into the bookshop where I sell second hand records. He buys the first Dr Feelgood record.

A few years later, the roles are different.

We've both moved away from Stockport — he to Sheffield, me to London. As a top pop writer alert to new action, I interview Martin Fry in a Kilburn pub. He is now a synthesiser operator for a three-piece electro-pop group from Sheffield called Vice Versa.

Halfway through the interview — I'd been waffling on about the wafer thin techniques of techno-pop, vaguely urging him to burn the skin off Numan — Fry turned to me and said, "I think I should tell you that we're no longer called Vice Versa. We're now called ABC and we're for real."

In the 1980 Christmas issue of *New Musical Express* an interview appeared with ABC. Martin Fry said that he would shake the world to its foundations. A few people, the ones who are just *too* certain, smiled sadly to themselves at this sweet audacity.

Two years later Martin Fry appeals to me: "In this article is it possible to use some quotations from our original interview? Just a few brief pointers . . .

"People come up and say, Oh yes, you disown that whole funk bandwagon thing. But from the word go we made our statements and our intentions very clear. We weren't dropping into some kind of funk from a low height, we were going for popularity. We aimed to make the supreme pop records. We saw ourselves as an entity unto ourselves, not a part of any writer's irrelevant manifesto. We didn't want a three month flicker, we wanted a permanent glow."

In *The Face* of August 1981, Martin Fry was there saying to me, "We have such high demands and aims, and we want to compete with the great songwriters. So the stakes are high and it's hard — but ultimately it's more rewarding and more exciting.

"We are committed and if we succeed we'll succeed magnificently, and if we fail it will be a magnificent failure. The magnificence is important."

The end of November 1982, and the following four singles and one long player, the success has been — truly or not — magnificent. ABC themselves play 22 UK dates, to show all those with ears, eyes and hope that magnificence is a many levelled thing. Their single 'The Look Of Love' glides towards the American Top Ten, and their LP shows up all the company in the American Top 30.

In Britain 'The Lexicon Of Love' sold over 300,000 copies; their tour was a sell out; there were shrieks, squeals, amazement and grateful applause. Nothing any writer has written about the stage performance — except, mildly, Deborah Steels in *Smash Hits* — indicates the extent of the adventure, the scope and the presence. Recently, only the Grace Jones and Adam Ant shows have been as unorthodox, as satisfying, as definite.

ABC live is not a set list and brash sales talk. It is imagination, and everything around that. It is valuable, in ways. And we seek value, as we seek favours and as we seek understanding.

ABC: it's for real. Or is it?

THE COACH travels between Chester and Leeds: the last two shows on the tour. They fly to America the next day. At the front of the coach Martin and I disentangle the facts and the fictions, and discover inverted realities, deviating fantasies, skim the surface of strangeness. Behind us the 15 other musicians that form the ABC Show slyly implore us to *believe.*

In the Leeds hotel room Martin is acting just as he always did: carefully, boldly, like an odd version of 'the star'.

"When people talked of the pressures of being on the road, I believed in it all until I actually did it. And of course there are pressures, but they're the same pressures I felt when I had to get up at 4.30 in the morning; the same pressures you feel when you've got nothing to get up for. Pressures and pleasures never go away in your life, they're always there, and any changes are really only minor.

"It's obviously not the same thing for me to go out and buy a pint of milk and to walk out on the stage in front of 7,000 people, but in a way it's not that far apart."

Martin and I, resigned to our respective fates, assemble the last interview. In his voice, there's softness. In his eyes, there's steel. People are going to listen, so it's for real. It's certainly not a joke. Or is it?

Use your imagination.

WHAT'S YOUR favourite ABC song?

'Poison Arrow', because it comes as near to the truth as we've got so far.

But the ones I think about most of all are the ones to be written; the ones flooding around my head; the ones that are beginning to tick over. Some are reiterations, so they won't be recorded. 'Janet Versus John', 'United Kingdom', 'Zig Zag', 'Double Agent' . . . titles are usually the last thing to think of. *'If ignorance is bliss what kind of paradise is this'* is a couplet I've not been toying around with, but gagging over seriously. It's relating to my concern for all those people who sit in the sewer and cease to be amazed, the people who don't *want* or *believe.*

I know what I want. Something to believe in.

JUST WHO the hell do you think you are?

I'm somebody who gets more death threats than love letters . . . I go to the local burger shop and the girl in there gives me a free hamburger. She just says, 'Oh, we want you to have it!' And that touches me. That may sound foolish . . .

In fact, it was in a sandwich shop where I'd done a fair amount of shop-lifting in my, er, poverty stricken periods. The Poison Pie Shop, we used to call it . . . once tea-leafed a huge shepherd's pie, ate it, and got food poisoning — so you could say I believe in divine justice, I suppose.

People want to give you things, and they want to cuddle you, and they want to take your arm off. *They either want to plant a kiss on your cheek, or a fist.*

It's just part of all oddness.

Yeah, I do sometimes think it's very odd. I've always felt things are odd. I've always felt quite conspicuous. *I've always felt at odds with this odd world.*

It's odd that my hair, lips and skin should excite. It's odd that four under-nourished dudes can count for something in a glamorous way. At the same time it's false modesty to just say, Oh gee thanks. You can't excite people for an hour and a half in a show and then shrug it off. You can't just guilelessly say, Oh, why are people mobbing the coach? Why do they stand in the rain for hours for a signature? Why are they very affectionate or very aggressive? . . . I can see why people show us respect or disrespect; I can see why people want to stitch us up in the music papers; and I can see why our records climb the charts in the United States . . . but *it doesn't make it any less odd.* It doesn't make it comprehensible. I'm glad things are still odd.

What do the teenies see?

A shoulder to cry on . . . a father figure . . . ha! . . . first sex . . . um . . . a hero . . . I don't know, all of those things mixed up I should imagine.

Is that odd?

As I live and breathe it is, yeah. But . . .

But?

Just but.

JUST WHO the hell do you think you are?

Never what it seems.

Smartarse

Sticks and bones . . .

And words?

Can change our minds.

FROM THE word go I've just believed in prophesy. I believe that you can prophesise things through vaunting ambition. It's always been, if we didn't do it somebody else would do it, in a more mediocre way.

ABC — you may laugh, but it's to topple all the people I consider to be mediocre, the charlatans. Just because you have a certain intelligence, a sense of the ridiculousness of it all, doesn't mean you don't bother — because the dull mediocres will always be there, and you have to rise above them.

When we first started it was with the intention not of joining in with some weak trend, but cleaning up the whole idea of pop music. We wanted to scrub out the matt attitude and replace it with a gloss attitude that spelt out dignity, feeling, optimism and the courage of one's conviction.

What does mediocrity betray?

The power of the imagination. I think there are certain evils that exist within the pop business, inside pop music, but I still think pop music is a barometer. It's a barometer to how people live their lives. The sort of music that comes out of people's radios, or their tape machines or their K-Tel albums — it moulds people's lives. I know it moulded mine.

Mediocrity, it's the repetition of the one idea, the one trick pony, and the business is constantly geared towards people just having their one trick, their party piece . . . you can lack any imagination, and spread this lack lustre indifference through 15 *Top Of The Pops* appearances.

The Power Of The Imagination — our faith forms near there, I think, revolves around that wonder.

I still believe that if you believe in something enough, or if you want something enough, then you can get it. Without this type of belief, what have you got? You've got four walls and a ceiling. I believe you can go anywhere. People might say you need money, but money's just currency, it's not an end in itself, it's not a country; it's just a means of travel. *I think people who deny themselves imagination deny themselves hope.*

THINGS NEVER cease to amaze me. I suppose when things do stop amazing me and Mark and David and Steve, we'll get insensitive and jaded and tired of the whole caboodle. I can't see that happening for quite a while.

Paul, *I've always felt that things aren't quite what they seem.* I don't want to come on like some kind of lunatic, but we're talking about success, and you can think two things at once . . . I know there'll be maybe 7,000 people coming to see us this evening, and I know that we're popular, but it hasn't changed me fundamentally . . . it's changed the way people look at me, but I'm still staring wide-eyed at everything. It's not changed the way the four of us are. You know that; have you seen a change?

I've seen that there's been a rapid progress from fantasising the world wide pop success to belonging inside that odd-pool, and I've seen that you're reacting to the fact as naturally as you reacted to the fantasy — you just have more signs, numbers and poking fingers to deal with.

Mmm . . . I suppose my next series of fantasies will be about being totally isolated and unknown and despised . . . There are always plenty of fantasies and fantasies can come true. People dream different things and if you have a dream and you want it badly enough, then you can get it.

We're in control?

Fifty per cent of the time. We can but try. *I think you should spend your whole life trying.* You have to focus your world. You have to decide what you want.

When did you decide?

One big decision was when we formed the group ABC. As it says in 'Tears Are Not Enough', it's just a case of slamming the door on everything, on all the stupid sort of schoolboy impulses, the mistakes, all the fuck ups that happened to us when we were in a group called Vice Versa. That was one thing. But I make decisions all the time. It's like stability leading onto change . . . *we're getting off the beaten track here,* Paul.

Thank heavens.

I'm not particularly keen on taking things at face value. Our critics take us at face value. They miss out on so much. I'm not going to lay it out for them, but it's so much more than they ever allow themselves to see. They scratch at one or two of the surfaces . . .

They just see the gold lame suits.

They stop short at the cosmetics. Shame on them . . .

I'M THINKING of a couple of Cs . . . I'm thinking of Coldness, and Calculation.

People who say that we're cold and calculating have just got the wrong end of the stick, entirely. They use the word cynical when they should be saying ironical.

I'm an articulate and intelligent person, and to pretend that I wasn't would be the true fake. That would be ridiculous. When I first spoke to you, at the transition point of Vice Versa and ABC, even then I was fully aware of the cheek and absurdity involved. I was responding to that. It wasn't a case of looking into a crystal ball. You can't do that. I'm not trying to rewrite history and say it was a pure fluke and that we didn't plan our moves. Being successful is a combination of so many things, I can't help being aware of them.

Just as you can mix fact with fiction, you have to mix circumstance with chance. You have the basic talent, you place it where the public can see it, and then it snowballs, or it doesn't.

I was reading the sleeve notes to 'Tears Are Not Enough' the other day and I realised that in a sweet, strange way they've become true. We sign 300 autographs a day. But we could have released that with its flamboyant notes and it could have been in the bargain bin within a month.

Runny egg on the face?

No, it would have been a magnificent failure . . . *I'm not scared of getting egg on my face.*

The intelligence, the self-consciousness and awareness of surrounding and tradition, this can lead to a performance such as 'The Lexicon Of Love', on record and stage, that could be a synthesis, an artificialisation of the original fancy fury; a perversion, dilution, of the true showbusiness energy, a second-hand entertainment. What do you say to people who blink this way in the light of ABC?

I say one man's meat is another man's poison.

That's not enough.

We've been criticised for being seriously contrived, and there are journalists who view this as like a K-Tel compilation of the best moments of Tamla, Roxy, Chance . . . Christ knows what. *And to them I say — baloney!*

What we do is just purely alphabetical, its ABC hook, line and sinker. It's not convoluting all the show business traditions, taking bits from here and there to mix the alphabet soup, as we mockingly suggested. It's just something totally original, true to ourselves.

I want to expose all the preciousness, the bullshit of the people who just crawl up inside themselves and won't ever admit that they listen to other records, that they're somehow isolated on some deep, meaningful desert island. I say that being able to stand up and say we mix fiction with fact, we take this and do that, is much more honest than this tortured artist thing . . . especially within pop.

I don't see what we do as a synthesis. It's an original statement. It doesn't bother me when people say that the odd line I use is a direct lift, *I just can't believe that they can happily be so . . . puritanical.*

So why did 'Lexicon Of Love' end up being so . . . loud, in many different ways?

I think it was the best way to introduce ourselves. This is what it's been so far, this isn't *it.* It's our introduction. Happy to meet you . . .

If you're going to fly a flag then you have to get it noticed. Why be meek? We acknowledge tradition, control it, beat it. These days it's difficult to be noticed, but we did it. *ABC has got a massive personality.* Far greater than any of our detractors begin to understand.

Sure, we'd love to see what we do as a homage to like Sinatra meets Ferry, but we compete with those people on their terms. We're more than willing to compete with Roxy Music; we're too good to just sit in anyone's shadows. You come from somewhere and you find your bearings. We've only just begun, people forget that. And when people come to see ABC live *they see ABC, not Madam Toussaud's waxworks.*

BIGGER THAN any ego, *I've got a great sense of inadequacy.* This makes me more zealous in the mission. And it is a mission; it's not about earning a stack and getting a house in the country.

Your future isn't what it was.

Oh no. I'm beginning to be known the world over. But I don't get down on my knees every night and pray to God for making me a minor celebrity. *If anything I've just become more resigned to my fate.*

Then again, it's a good feeling knowing that if you get bored you've only got yourself to blame when you're in this position. I used to get bored, and I didn't blame my circumstances, but I was bored cos I had no money. I was waiting for three days before I could put the electric fire on. It slows your life down to the point where it's just inertia. But that fires you in its own way.

So now I know when we have an idea that it's our duty, and our privilege to carry it

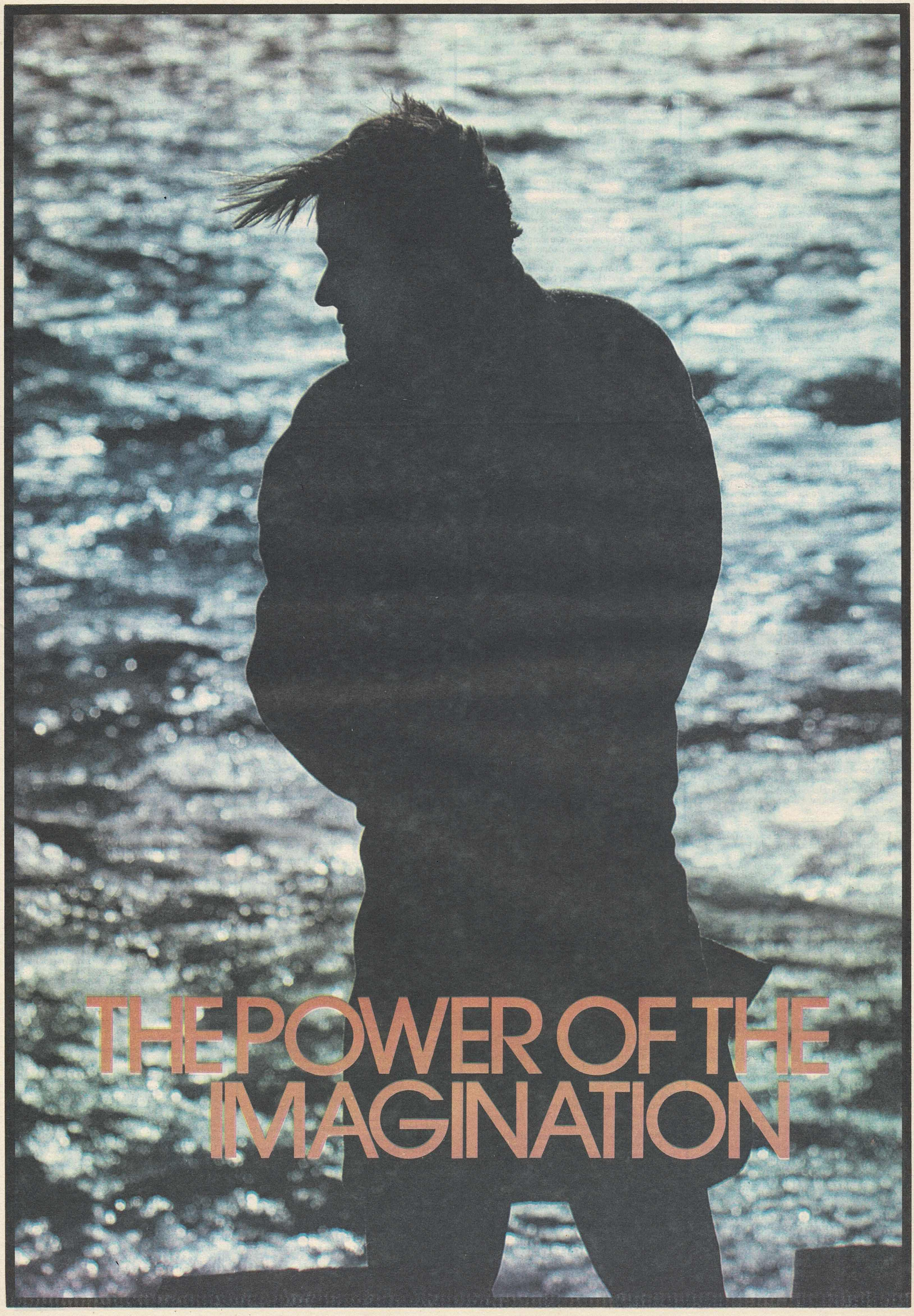
OVER

NUMBER TWO IN A SERIES OF FOUR...

Two years ago MARTIN FRY appeared in a Christmas issue and announced that Vice Versa had changed their name to ABC. He said they would be a magnificent success or a magnificent failure. To many people they are both. Paul Morley puts on a gold lame jacket and takes Fry on a journey into his past and present.

PHOTOS
ANTON CORBIJN

THE PAUL MORLEY PROFILES


THE POWER OF THE
IMAGINATION

FRY UP...

FROM PAGE 22

through to the bitter end. If we don't it's not because nobody will finance it or because there's no audience. It would be a weakness on our part.

Money is currency, and fame is currency to do other things. You forge forward, as the cliche has it.

Sure, it's comfortable for us now, but there's the new pressures of intensifying the quality, maintaining our high standards, for an increasing audience.

Sure, people say there's no room for the views of Martin Fry in this world, and that ABC have had it easy. *To them I say bullshit.* These people don't count because they give out nothing. And they'd be surprised how much energy living people are prepared to spend on our ideas.

THE CONCEPT of significance in any work must be approached with a great deal of irony.

Sure . . . it's not just a cloud cuckoo land that I live in, you know. I'm debonair and I'm dangerous, I love and I suffer. *The choices need not be gloomy.* You include all you can, and leave out the rest. All set in the testing context of personal grief. And then there's my favourite colour.

YOU THRIVE on the tension between pop being a brief gossip and yet something gigantic, yet because of the shape of the pop press you've placed an emphasis on representing ABC in a way that may contribute to the non-particular and badly invested triviality of things today.

I don't feel I trivialise anything by representing ABC as an extension of the traditional pop group. I think the name check's Gold!! It's all free publicity. I think it's ridiculous when people write about Steve Singley or Isaac White, and in the ABC alphabet W is for water which Martin Fry drinks after a hard night in the studio. *It's all beautifully ridiculous.*

We have to fight our way through the pop system as it's presented to us. Bits of what we do obviously get eroded, bits of the heart, bits get chopped off. But if you have the self-belief and the sense of the ridiculous to kick it along... if the heart and the original statement of the group has excellence then, sure, it comes out a little tarnished and bloodied, but it still makes its presence felt.

I think that's what being a strong group is all about.

Sure, there's enough obstacles . . . *TOTP* is a ridiculous medium, but it's still possible to shine through. And that's what you aim for . . .

It's a grubby network, pop, and it's not as if you can meet everyone personally . . . but there are ways to get through . . .

The great energy can exist, despite it all.

That's how I see love as well . . . not as like an academic concept to write poems about or make a fast buck out of . . . but as something you have to carry with you always; one of the important things in the world . . .

In a pretty tarnished world you want to search for certainty. *I'm going to be doing that for ever.*

I DON'T SEE how you can say anything is black and white; say that this is this and that is that . . . How can you be sure? Saying this is this never stopped anything, and it never started anything. If you just keep saying this is this, all you end up with is *a four letter word T-H-I-S, which is maybe just an anagram for shit . . .*

DID 'THE Lexicon Of Love' threaten to take you over and strangle all the ideas?

Oh no, not at all . . . because 'Lexicon Of Love' is ours. We made it, we control it, right down to the last cymbal clash. It was a record that me and David and Mark and Stephen had visualised in our head that we wanted to own. The record wasn't a complete fluke, and it wasn't completely calculated . . . it was somewhere in between . . . It's got an attitude smeared all over it, an attitude rooted in a belief in The Idea.

There's a whole new spread of cliches at the moment. The New Cliches. I don't even want to talk about them or name names . . .

You mean Bim and Wham and Talk Talk and Tears For Fears and . . .

. . . Whoever says that ABC is calculated and over-produced, nothing can take away the vitality and originality and success of The Idea and it's presence. We don't make promises, we are the promise . . .

The new cliches, they don't consider things enough. It's half-hearted; it takes too much for granted; it thinks about things too narrowly; it's too cut up with the either-or syndrome, wrapped up in the minor minor considerations of what's hip and what's not; what's right this week and what's right next week . . .

For a time we trod on a line where *we were just about to become cliche.* Around the time of 'All Of My Heart' . . . we weren't taking any chances.

This is what I was implying, about 'The Lexicon Of Love' taking you over.

It wasn't that. We just had a very miserable time making a mediocre video after our reputation for making videos had been quite high. I think that was our fault. I still believe the piece of music is excellent, but the whole single-off-the-album thing got too much . . . I just felt we had to turn away from everything for a while. 'All Of My Heart' made me realise how easy it is to get into the Top Five. After a point *you can get away with singing 'Ten Green Bottles'.*

Does this sadden you?

Sort of, but more, it strengthens our resolve to stick with the special.

Did it make you realise how frail you were, after all?

Well, it's a frailness you realise you have through being very, very strong . . . you realise that a reputation you have for making very good records can carry you through for a while regardless of consistency. The cliche of mediocrity deathlessly slips towards you . . .

I still respect the song 'All Of My Heart'. I stick by it. It's a very sincere song as a matter of fact. Oh, I know some people assume that it's not.

But after that we made a series of important decisions, and I knew that I didn't want to be a company man, except in the context of Neutron Records — that's the most important thing. And Neutron Records is ABC. But the 'All Of My Heart' episode made me realise that after a point you can get away with anything, and I don't want that.

ARE THESE over-complex times for you? And was writing about 'the love' a way for you to escape committing yourself?

The times are no more incomprehensible or complex than they've been before. As I mature perhaps I'll tackle a song that approaches things in the way of a 'Living In The City' or something . . .

By concentrating solely on love — I use the word 'solely' advisedly, of course — were you not tempting the fate of accusations of artificiality?

Yeah, but I thrive on conflict, Paul. *I don't give a damn what people say about artificiality,* or the tension between art and artifice . . . *Everything is artificial,* although that sounds a bit Proustian . . .

But Christ, the whole soap box man of the people shtick you get stuffed down your throat from so-called thinkers is definitely artificial; *it denies more truth than my very worst thinking moment.*

When I sit down with a pencil and write a song I certainly don't project what somebody in the music press is going to say, or what people are going to do at a concert when we eventually play it live. None of this concerns me. The experiment is over and people can then take it or leave it . . . you just do it, and I'm not willing to analyse it at its inception.

You see, at the heart of ABC is the belief that we can split up, or we can do whatever we want to do. If it means going our four different ways, then there'll be no such thing as ABC. We'd do that. We did it with Vice Versa on a smaller scale. Once you believe, oh Christ, we have to tour, we have to make records, we have to wear this — that's loss of choice, and that's not really part of our ethic. And neither is responding to accusations of artificiality or whatever from outsiders who have no idea of the intensity of our belief in our ideas, ourselves and ABC.

It's not — Oh, yeah, in these troubled times let me consider love, it conquers all . . . there's far more personal reasons why it has been this way.

Oh yeah?

Yes. There certainly is. In reviews people always say, Oh it's some game of Meccano or something, a careful construction . . . But I dunno. *I get quite emotional.* Maybe I've not worked out yet how to carry that through to the records 100 per cent. Yet.

AND HAVING done it, having achieved some of the fruits of fame, we realise how insubstantial they are. So we adapt. It's a lot more than making bloody records. If I believed there was some total meaning in getting a Top Ten record, then I'd fuck up pretty quickly. There are just things, attitudes, that we want to make available. We don't particularly seek meaning, *we just regret meanness.*

THE WRITING of a lyric must emerge from a curious kind of confidence.

It's arrogance. Arrogance to say, Look, listen to this time and time again . . . it has to be arrogance. Nobody ever asks questions about the lyrics. I wonder why . . .

You *choose* your words . . .

I don't use words lightly. It's why I often get uncomfortable in interviews. I don't generally chatter that much. Sometimes I do.

Words — they're what we have. I like to use ambivalent words, double, triple, quadruple meanings. But at the same time you can confuse the issue. I don't just spray words in a general direction. I write songs *using* words . . . some people just write words not songs . . .

You talk in your songs of a sense of inevitability, the moments are to be seized, but they're around whether you seize them or not.

If you feel crap, you know that *the world's going to keep spinning around.* If your dreams walk out of a door, then you'll walk through another door and find a new set of dreams.

Yeah, it's being resigned to your fate. No matter how depressed you feel or how euphoric, there's always your twin or your alter ego lurking around ready to slap your face and push you the other way . . .

So if people truly dive into your songs they'll find a bit of life?

There's a bit in there, Paul . . . some living and breathing. There's some ticking over going on. People say they're too academic, but I'm just aware that words each have a different weight. I like balancing and unbalancing, then twisting . . . things spill out all over the place, and *I spell it out.*

So perhaps you need to be just a little less self-conscious . . .

That's what I'm doing . . . working faster, so to speak. Gain a compactness . . . but not forget myself, and not forget the power of words. I'll certainly not stop thinking . . .

Thinking is frowned upon these days around here. It seems you're meant to be slight.

A lot of people sell themselves *very* short. *I wonder why . . .*

THE ONLY celebrities I'd ever considered were people like George Best, Denis Law, Bobby Charlton . . . from going to see Man United, and they were touchable, but untouchable. There were people in pop music I'd always admired, an assortment of energies and entities . . .

It's strange when you meet people who you've admired. You see them in the flesh, and *you realise how frail it all is.*

The first night at Hammersmith Odeon *David Bowie came down to see us.* He asked for his name to be put on the guest list. He came down, watched the show, and apparently politely left.

That was a curious feeling. After queuing all night to see The Who, and buying tickets to see Roxy Music and David Bowie and Elvis Costello and The Sex Pistols . . . and now the tables are turned in a way.

MAYBE ONE day you'll find true love, Martin . . .

(Sigh) *Maybe . . .*

AND SO America . . . more oddness.

Oh yes . . . I thought when The Human League got to Number One, like many other people, that the floodgates had opened; but not at all.

Theirs was a novelty hit.

Exactly. The follow up got nowhere. This makes the prize more rewarding, and we're not successful there yet at all. We're having a hit record. It's a start . . .

Will it be in any way a profound success?

I'd like to believe that strength can be taken over there. We'll be treating America as a foreign country. We share the same language, but *it's as foreign as Spain or India.* It really is. We've got our foot in the door. Like a travelling salesman.

How do the Americans speak to you?

At first they expect you to be prickly in the way Paul Weller was, to the detriment of the band. Then they think that we're going to be full of fun — *and we definitely are not that,* I can assure people.

I think maybe they're beginning to respond to our scope and vaunting ambition. But if you need one gold suit in Britain, you need 50 in America. And I'm not wanting ABC to be presented as an eccentric example of English fashion houses. I want a lot more than that. *A lot more.*

MY FAITH is grounded in the fact that people are still stimulated. You realise that outside the press houses, around the world there are millions of people who still get that *thrill.* And maybe people are only allowed 16 or even two thrills throughout their life, so you want to *make sure that any thrills are connected to great quality.*

Do you find people always want to try and explain that thrill?

Well, you cannot do it. And I don't want to talk about it with people who've forgotten that kind of thrill, who've shrivelled up into a seen-it-all-before ball. When people take it for granted you can see it in their eyes, and you are talking to machines.

That's why I don't want to do interviews again. You're talking to people who are so lost, whether through cynicism or innocence, that nothing constructive can be done. You might as well just write a Life In Your Week for *Flexipop.* These take-it-for-granted machines just worry blandly about tiny details, they nag on about coldness, calculation, self-consciousness in the most cold and calculating manner . . . it's just bullshit.

There are those who see you as fey when you should be ferocious. For these times, they say, Frys are not enough.

What are these times? I've read Elms' meek manifesto, and I'm surprised he's so slow off the mark. *What people forget time and time again is that it's never either or;* it's never a question of either it's true or it's false; either it's good or it's bad; it's not a question of whether it's fey or it's ferocious . . . whether it's hard times and sawn-off denims or night club sophistication, hard or soft. Both play their part: *people live their life in heaven and in hell.* I don't see what we do as numbingly fey . . .

You're well behaved, you're on your best manners, a gentleman at all times.

Being gentlemanly and courteous, it's just part of my nature. *I find it difficult to be difficult* 50 per cent of the time.

I don't see what we do as being particularly soft or hard. I'm not a fey, unrealistic or vain and egotistical sort of person . . . I know that much about myself.

Are you asking what the relevance of ABC is in these dark and difficult times?

Are you asking me?

I might be.

So. Well, maybe ABC do us all a favour by soaring way beyond the inhibiting boundaries of life and pop; maybe they fly to a bigger realistic less cut dried and shut place than all the wet radicals and the chic oafs. So, are they more in tune with chance and change than all the undramatic cynics?

The world changes, but it doesn't change on your doorstep; you don't see it change. As you see it, it might not change in 20 years; it might not change at all. Perhaps all that ever changes are the items to consume. But then again you cannot say that nothing changes. Everything changes, for better or for worse. They'll go softer, and they'll go harder.

The world is there to be unchained. It might not seem like that on all the surfaces, but you can do anything.

ABC is a symbol of that?

ABC is a symbol of all my strengths and weaknesses.

How seriously do you take yourself?

Well, *I think I take myself very, very seriously.* You see, if I don't respect my opinions I don't think anyone else will; if I don't believe them no one will. I'm not serious about myself in a stern, stiff-upperlip way . . . but I think I have a lot of credence in what I do. I'm serious about a lot of different things . . . *I think that's probably my root problem, and my saving grace.*

Do you think a lot about taking yourself too seriously?

When I say I take myself seriously, it's a case of, if you're going do it, do it for real. If you don't like yourself . . . well, no one else is going to like you. And at the same time as that, I think I hate myself as well.

So that's what I mean about taking myself seriously: you have to take responsibility for yourself and therefore your actions. You're serious in that you don't beat around the bush, you don't pussyfoot, you don't pretend. *But if I look seriously at myself I can't help but smile.*

YOUR GLANCING acknowledgement that everything's artificial — is this an equivalent to acknowledging the absurdity of circumstance and context, and you break through all the cheap considerations and the pointless disciplines to head for the soaring performance?

Yeah . . . everything's changing; it's a very unstable world. But at the same time, it's rock solid. Because if everything's artificial then there must be some substance to compare it with.

The world spins around on its axis, time carries you through — it's all real, and now it's gone. What was that? It's just a memory. Where does the truth lie within that? How can certainty stay put, so to speak?

It's like ideas, they're odd to deal with, it's hard to be sure about something as transitory as an idea. When people use words like 'integrity', 'tame', 'hard', 'soft', *it doesn't mean fuck all to me;* all meaning's debunked through careless use. Considerations and desires go far beyond any of that, and what's left amidst all these fleeting moments is — *I DECIDE. That's for sure.*

Some of these ideas, this way of seeing the world, I try and articulate in the lyrics, and in the way we present ourselves, the way we exist. We're not particularly intellectual, but then we're not particularly stupid. It's just knowing what's good and what's bad, what's democratic and what's fascist . . . what's small and what's massive.

Decisions, they're stable. The world's a big place and you can go from one extreme to another, and you must never deny that. It's denied a lot in the music press, but why on earth can't people go from one extreme to the other? Why can't people enjoy The Jam and ABC? The whole that some people like to paint is that you can only be one thing.

I believe you can be glamorous and grotesque. That's what I'm trying to say really.

It does grieve me to get pulled into some ridiculous arena where I'm expected to slug it out with Paul Weller. It's like Scorsese and Spielberg, you can enjoy both, and you can enjoy all kinds of different records . . . Why do people want to deny possibility, restrict choice? Me, I don't believe this world is as complicated as some people say, or as tender. It's in between. That's the abstract foundation for ABC.

Anything and everything.

Or something.

And that's odd?

Oh yes.

Martin Fry, thank you.

Thank *you.*

I WAVE MARTIN Fry goodbye at the airport. He makes his way towards the private ABC jet, safe inside the force field of star confidence. In a few hours he'll be landing in Los Angeles. He smiles grimly. In his voice, there's steel. In his eyes, there's softness.

"While we're away cheering up an entire depressed and fucked up nation you make damned sure that you don't forget me."

Hey, don't forget *me.*

©Paul Morley/Soaring Performance 1982

VICTIMS

IT'S SO FESTIVE

ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES IN THE DARK */ O.M.D.*
/ Organisation
/ Architecture And Morality
HUMAN LEAGUE */ Reproduction*
/ Travelogue
/ Dare
SEX PISTOLS */ Never Mind The Bollocks*
MIKE OLDFIELD */ Tubular Bells*
SIMPLE MINDS */ Celebration*
/ Sons And Fascination
JAPAN */ Gentlemen Take Polaroids*
/ Tin Drum

ADAM ANT */ Dirk Wears White Socks*
HEAVEN 17 */ Penthouse And Pavement*
PHIL COLLINS */ Face Value*
XTC */ Waxworks*
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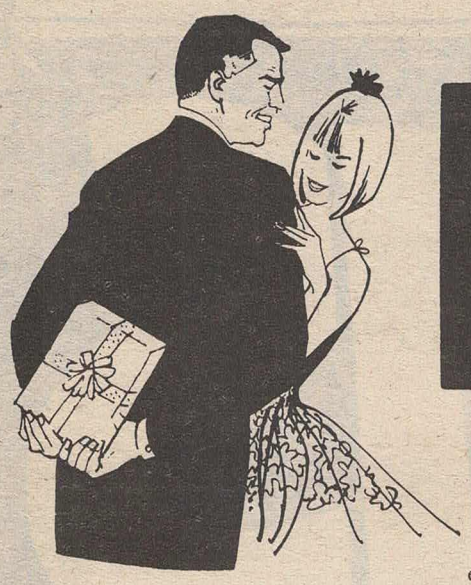


PURCHASE

A CHRISTMAS CRACK-UP by IAN PENMAN

Tomorrow
I could get myself on over to the travel agent and spend all this hard earned money on an escapade, he speculated, his well scrubbed and manicured index finger rubbing away the foam from the rim of an empty coffee cup. But no, what good would that do? Me an adventurer. No, there are dates to be kept, tiny cardboard doors to be opened, cheques to be filled out, cheeks to be kissed, decorations to be mended and arranged. The electrifying anxiety of . . . it just wouldn't do.

I am not one to chase out or seek for the pull of dangers. I am not in a position to. I will remain here seated in repose, succoured by the placatory vim of labour. I do not think twice to ask why. Why labour? Why, the plane would only stall, never get off the runway, my ticket still in hand, anyway, probably, no doubt.

Today
She is sitting under the shadow of a shiny white hair dryer, flipping absentmindedly through the pages of a racy, trendy magazine for TODAY'S woman; one foot in the flagrant world of advertising, and one in closely planed, soft centred political self improvement. And I didn't even make an appointment . . . cologne and acrylic cardigans, cocaine and viruses, napkins, someone's garden, reviews of a never never land.

He
could be THE EMOTIONALLY COMPETENT MAN. Who "already exists, but he's such a rare bird that it's futile to actually look for him. He appears out of nowhere . . . across the table at a friend's dinner party, over the net at a summer volleyball game, buying popcorn at a Spielberg movie."

She
should be "ready to change her mind-set at the drop of a mid-afternoon smile, and become the sort of fascinator who'd find herself surrounded by men even in the middle of the Sahara." A rhapsody in the blooms of a SEXUALLY COMPLETE WOMAN.

They
live in the newest interiors, go to see the correct movies, and their pursuit of happiness embraces the still current dream of a liberated relationship. Their scripts eulogise the taste of consumer choice, and they secretly believe in their characters. TODAY's consumers, who are suspicious of what they must purchase, because they are politically wise to all of its repercussions, and yet who continue to seek out the perfect commodity; the repetition of surfaces, the splendour of perfection. Believers, both.

Who
fear the aroma of imperfection, the possibility of disintegration, the flawed texture, and the assault of empty hands. Above all, they fear empty hands.

A million
ways to sustain the guarantee of perfection. "FEAR" is not a word they use much any more. A far more likely candidate is *improvement.* Constantly obliged to communicate their improving selves, the muck, the pain, the saliva of language, are filtered out of any possible exchange. Syntax is exchanged day-in day-out, just as — behind it, aiding the buoyancy of the speakers — the TV or radio is kept on even when no one is paying the least bit of attention to the programmes.

However, as yet, there has certainly been no public advertising for the latest sex-aid from America. Already in 20 cities across the US and Canada, he could be fitted with a permanent silicone rod (the companies are Rent-an-Implant, and Economy Erection), and never again have to fear the imperfection of human sexual response. And outside the home, perhaps, mix disco dancing with Zen, salt water immersion with Jung, Gestalt therapy with Ginseng roots. Is the home computer psychoanalyst very far away? How will aerobics interfere with your acupuncture? What is there to fear, anyway?

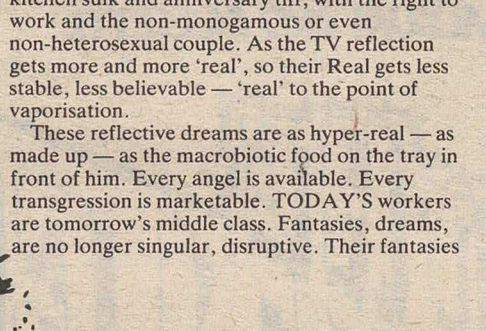
Their
apartment receives a standing variety of perfectly complementary objects. There is no margin for error in each successive arrangement, and each more finely proclaims both the fabric of a still undefined 'breakthrough' and the admonishment of domestic serenity. TODAY'S consumer — with one Fiat in the '60s, whose haunting politics speak of the inadequacy of materialistic trust — tries to settle in.

Appearances aren't deceptive.

Whose
voice trembles with a vaguely neurotic enthusiasm, perhaps for the latest appropriate appliance of statistics; who writes pseudo-critiques of the commodity society, and is constantly on the verge of making a GREATER contribution.

The finger points in the direction of all things progressive.

He
is caught in the traffic. Outside the margins of the page, everyone is going about their business, hastily preparing for that ONE day, morning, afternoon, evening and night. It is winter: painful clarity of the weather, and, almost as if in defiance, a rushing to and fro, a time of congestion and queues, a feverish circulation of money and goods. The banks have a high temperature. Xmas is, in its divine incoherency and forgetfulness, a firework of bureaucracy.



Xmash.
Xmasque
Xmassacre
Xmasochism.
Xmastication.
Xmass consumption.

Do ex-Marxists put a red star on their Xmas tree?

He
broods in front of the TV. The TV is a coldly elegant matt black hi tech model (19" screen: not too ostentatious, not too small). The channel sprays an inexorable profile of familiarity. It hisses and caresses: the advertisement of joyful transmutation under adversity, of stability and perfect survival under the terrifying dictatorship of stains, germs, dust, odour, ordure, blood, stress and stomach upset. The metronome of a beautifully banal, superbly frigid economy.

People don't fear the march of time, the assault of germs — they improve their resistance, display their defences proudly, erect barricades against the threat of imperfection. He broods, for an instant forgetful of their Lech Walesa poster and its xeroxed signature, their glass and chrome table, customised telephone, and occasional sexual deviation. The curtains are parted to reveal their Scandinavian Xmas tree, the wood of the manger, the wood of crucifixion. He glances at the programme, a family gathered around their plastic tree, grateful for what they can afford. Hung like an oasis in their air of lost connections.

If they are dreams, why should you be afraid?

They
are no longer dreaming. It is possible that the burrows of the dream are slowly being exchanged for a well designed extension of everyday living. And that these dreams will be peopled by cut-out archetypes, clear-cut cartographies of self-sufficiency. Something like the people found in TODAY'S TV soap opera, a mix of familiar kitchen sulk and anniversary tiff, with the right to work and the non-monogamous or even non-heterosexual couple. As the TV reflection gets more and more 'real', so their Real gets less stable, less believable — 'real' to the point of vaporisation.

These reflective dreams are as hyper-real — as made up — as the macrobiotic food on the tray in front of him. Every angel is available. Every transgression is marketable. TODAY'S workers are tomorrow's middle class. Fantasies, dreams, are no longer singular, disruptive. Their fantasies are common, secondhand imitations, marked by a reluctance to reveal anything that is not already on the surface. Improvement — on the analyst's couch, in the soft symbolism spreads of countless racy, trendy magazines, in the babel of media mouths — only worsens the picture.

"I
fantasize about getting whacked with a bundle of asparagus, spreadeagled over the TV set. I imagine my departmental manageress ordering me to slowly lower my trousers, push down my underpants and then drape myself across her knees for the fierce vegetable punishment she has told me I must endure. I revel in the flagrant humiliation of it all, as again and again the string around the bundle comes cracking across my upturned posterior, and tears course down my flushed face onto her oilskins."

The rest of their year is spent celebrating the unlikelihood of revolution.

This week
their motto could be: "information technology is a friendly creature." For Xmas, some countries receive arms supplies. No one thinks to pursue the question of where our Three Wise Men are, when we need them most. For Xmas, lepers amuse themselves with Red Cross yoyos. It's so commercial these days. If it wasn't for the kids we wouldn't bother. Freud and Marx would be OK, but Nietzsche would have a hard time qualifying for Third Man. Good though he was with mottoes.

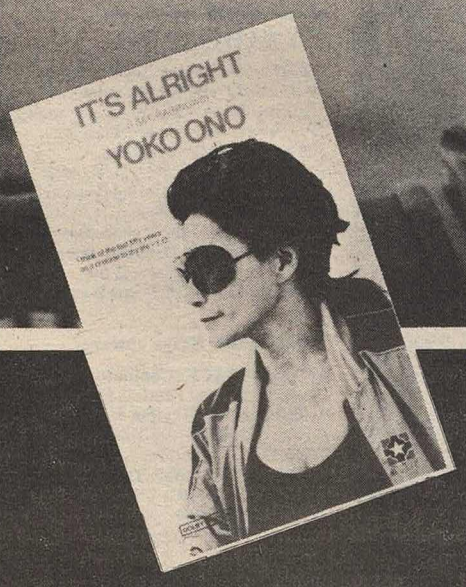
Today
as any other, they simultaneously need to embrace the security of submission and the thrill of refusal. Outside the margins of their nativity story, the SAVIOUR has returned to Earth as a partially deaf, partially blind wino without a bed for the night; one of our great disconnected. He tramps about, describing circles in the snow, clutching a shiny white pedal bin, muttering to himself: "It's so fucking depressing, so fucking funny, so . . ." No schedule, no purchase of the moment.

He
looks for the sacredness of the EVENT, and finds only order and axioms, the economisation of desire. Ruefully, he discards all hope of finding once again his memory, and resumes an unprofitable vigil.

Silent night, wholly night.

YOKO ONO

I think of the last fifty years as a prelude to my life - Y.O.



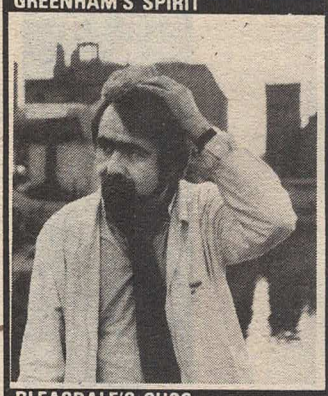
IT'S ALRIGHT

THE NEW ALBUM & CASSETTE

polydor

say hello, wave goodbye

GREENHAM'S SPIRIT



BLEASDALE'S SUSS

AVENGERS' STYLE

NUTTIN' BUT A HOUSE PARTY

YABOO YAZOO

STRUMMER'S HAIR TRIGGER

LYNN HANNA

PROS: a few more women MPs; the spirit of the peace camp protestors; the girls who run *NME* without getting so much as a mention in the paper — they are Wendy Lewis, Fiona Foulgar, Margaret Crawford, Kate Bartlett and Kathy Kelly (not forgetting the unmistakeably masculine Tony O.); *The Young Ones* and *Mephisto* on TV; *Blade Runner* at the cinema; Peter and Anton's pictures; D. M. Thomas' prose; the friendship and support of some of my colleagues; travel, stimulation, opportunity, education; love, affection and a family; John Edwards, especially.

CONS: slugs, drugs, sexism, snobbery, snails — all of which enjoyed a revival this year; the triumph of brutality and the government's success in inducing a massive, collective heart-failure in the country; the waste of potential particularly.

SOUNDTRACK: 'Poison Arrow' ABC; 'I Can't Go For That' Hall and Oates; 'Buffalo Gals' Malcolm McLaren; 'The Message' Grandmaster Flash; 'Sexual Healing' Marvin Gaye; 'New Gold Dream' Simple Minds; 'Kissing To Be Clever' Culture Club; 'Fur Immer' DAF; 'Club Country' The Associates; 'Non-Stop Ecstatic Dancing' Soft Cell; Virginia Astley; Malaria; Rhodar Dakar; 'The Apple Stretching' Grace Jones; 'I Love A Man In Uniform' Gang Of Four; 'Mama Used To Say' Junior; 'Winter Kills' Yazoo; 'Klactovessedstein' Blue Rondo; 'Let Me Go' Heaven 17; Blancmange; Bow Wow Wow; Roxy Music; Bertold Brecht, George Gershwin, Maurice Ravel, Claude Debussy, Erik Satie, Igor Stravinsky.

'83: musically — Gold Records; politically — effective opposition; professionally — a wider horizon; personally — some surprises.

RAY LOWRY

PROS: Channel 4; *The Young Ones;* everytime The Jam appeared on *Top Of The Twots;* bits of the *Arena* Eddie Cochran programme; Danny Baker's Singles reviews; John Savage/Peter York's yet-to-be-shown *Teenage* programme; Steve Bell's cartoon strips; a letter from Biff; a letter from a religious maniac stating that God would not forgive me; Simple Minds; William Burroughs; *Don't Look Back* being re-released; protest kids.

CONS: Mrs Thatcher; Michael Foot; the Sheep Shaggers War; old-fashioned values like restraint, self-discipline and bombing people; the weather; *The Tube;* post-industrialism; vivisectionists; depression chic; bills, bills, bills; Shakin' Steven's version of 'Blue Christmas'.

'83: war with Mesopotamia; collapse of the ecomomy, and the replacement of the pound sterling by bags of groats as the main unit of currency.

ANDY GILL

PROS: Sun Ra over England; Orson season on the box; *Diva, ET, Cutter's Way, Prince Of The City, Clean Slate, Diner* and *Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid* in the front row; Monty, Ian, Dan, Gav, Richard and Tony down the pub.

CONS: Some things are bad enough — why dwell on them?

SOUNDTRACK: lots of Ra, Reich, Glass and Partch; new soul zeniths from Marvin Gaye, Curtis Mayfield and Bobby Womack; thank you for talking to me Ade, Kuti, Makassy and Co; plus Devo, Woo, Laurie Anderson, Imagination, Don Fagen, Robert Ashley, Yello, Donna Summer, Grandmaster Flash, Mike Anthony, and Sharon Redd's 'Never Give You Up' — remix single of the year.

'83: will be with us soon enough, thanks.

X MOORE

PROS: The Jam finishing with style; Brezhnev playing his last gig; meeting Sir Keith Joseph at the Tory Party Conference; inspirational people . . . Steve Nichol, Lloyd Dwyer and raunchy brass-playing redskins everywhere; people to make you scream and dance and throw away the sex salts . . . Ray Lowry, Keith Allen and all the Young Ones; people to give you strength . . . Paul Foot, Paul Weller, Kenny Dalglish . . . boys from the blackstuff bruised but not beaten; soulful, upful urban rap from Little Brother and Brother D; Woodbines; red laces; Shalamar and the Newtown Neurotics.

CONS: the Falklands War; 'deterrent' theories; bad punk/bad funk; Keith Joseph getting away with minor injuries; Fascists pretending to be democrats; Liberals (pretending to be fighters) whining "uh . . . rilly greeat", on and on, when anyone mentions 'The Message' — the dreariest under-heavy-manners dirge this side of Jah Shaka; synth rock; *The Tube* (Trawler Bates); the SDP; closet Tories? Wall 'em up.

SOUNDTRACK: 'A Town Called Malice', 'B Movie', Tyrone Davis' 'Can I Change My Mind?', The Jam's 'Move On Up', The Clash, The Supremes, Stax and Charly.

'83: miners strike; Liverpool on top of the league; Tony Cliff on *Top Of The Pops;* maybe even a great band, or three . . .

CHRIS BOHN

PROS: a circuit diagram: Liaisons Dangereuses ⧫ Mute (in parallel: Soft Cell, Boy George, Bill Murray, Eddie and Sunshine) ⧫ Laurie Anderson ⧫ Boyd Rice ⧫ Z'ev ⧫ Einsturzende Neubauten (Parallel 1: Abwarts, Malaria, Butzmann, Atatak; parallel 11: Birthday Party, Lydia Lunch) ⧫ Test Dept ⧫ Foetus (Parallel: *The Thing, Mad Max 11,* Zulawski, *Querelle)* (⧫ Psychic TV ⧫ Burroughs in Britain ⧫ nothing is true, everything is permitted, even . . .

CONS: like — pop apeing nouveau riche going on nouveau biche; illustrious corpses (notably Fassbinder, D.A.F.) stillborn projects (Leisure Process?).

'83: The End, please.

(For which) **SOUNDTRACKS:** Stuff by The Above — both pros and cons. Plus 'Baal' and 'Cat People' Bowie; 'Hiroshima' Borsig; 'Nippon Samba' Lost Gringos; 'Knife Slits Water' A Certain Ratio; 'Temptation' New Order; 'I Could Be Happy' Altered Images; 'Justice' Paul Haig; 'Deadly Doris' Die Todliche Doris; 'Look Of Love' ABC; 'The Blue Mask' Lou Reed; 'Nebraska' Springsteen; 'Party Fears Two' The Associates; Not forgetting 'Wipe Out' by Z'ev.

GRAHAM LOCK

PROS: Greenham Common; Women Live Jazz; lotsa great gigs — Sun Ra, Art Ensemble, Lester Bowie Ensemble, Dollar Brand, Irene Schweitzer, Norma Winstone, Mose Allison, Etta James, Steve Lacy; African music; home taping; Bleasdale's *Blackstuff, The Avengers, Minder, Bilko* and *Barney Miller* on TV; Channel 4; Val Wilmer and Paul Gilroy, best music writers; *Collusion* and *The Wire,* best music mags; holidays, sunshine and P.G. Wodehouse books.

CONS: the loathsome, lying ThatcheReagan and their creepy cronies; Beirut, the General Belgrano and all other war crimes; the whole Falklands fiasco; IBA censorship; a Right Wing Labour Party; losing Monk, Art Pepper and Philip K. Dick; rapping; the *Sun*; the rain.

SOUNDTRACK: Lester Bowie; Ornette Coleman; Elvis Costello; Robyn Archer; Curtis Mayfield; Sun Ra; Laurie Anderson; Pinski Zoo; Art Ensemble; Steve Lacy; Robert Wyatt; Imagination; The Jam; Nina Simone; Etoile De Dakar; Art Pepper; Archie Shepp; The Silver Spoon Boy (private tape).

'83: polarisation.

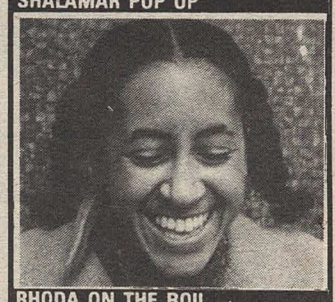
DAVID DORRELL

PROS: Northern cultural revival; Southern Death Cults; youth theatre; teaching the Government how it *should* act; Greenham women showing the world how to act; Breaker dancing/Double Dutching and scratch mixing; Flash; *The Young Ones;* being barred from Heaven; Helen — French model; tribalism; Viv and Rik for exposing us all; Glenn Baxter cartoons.

ELVIS STILL AIMS TRUE

AVID FOR DIVA

SHALAMAR POP UP



RHODA ON THE BOIL

SUN RA OVER ENGLAND

THATCHER, A HARD REIGN

CONS: Conservatives KILLING jobs, schools, hope and men; nationalism/patriotism; liking dollar; US nukes in Europe; MX system; Andropov; herpes; Circle Of Gold; Duran; Attilla; Jam split; pop sensibility/inanity; insanity; 'shipbuilding' (need I say more?); bloodlust; jingoism; kill an Argy campaigns . . . Bingo!

SOUNDTRACK: Nina Simone, Wyatt, Death Cult, Miriam Makeba, Flash, Brother D, 'B-movie', Gil Scott, Grace Jones, Coleman, Assugai, Isaacs, *Pocket Jukebox,* Dvorak's Symphony No. 9, Sinatra, King Cole.

'83: Under 2 Flags, Death Cult in at number One, celibacy, herpes, acoustic bands.

TONY STEWART

PROS: so many events that declared WE AIN'T FUCKIN' GONNA TAKE IT! not least of all the brilliant Yosser and *The Boys From The Black Stuff* — I could write this list, gi's a job!; escape from England to New York, LA, and — of course — Europe, where people can live with dignity, ambition and STYLE; Bigwig and Pauline — dear, what they've had to put up with; the Olympus XA2, Anton and Peter for showing me how it's *really* done; the art of argument and pool with Andy Gill; and The George Hotel, Kettering.

CONS: silly men in dungarees reviving folkrock; the national disgrace of the Tories' calculated humiliation of the unemployed teenage population; the insane Little Boy Soldiers drum beating of the Falklands; and if we're reduced to cap-in-hand, can you put Thatcher's head in mine, please? the economic gloom; the departure of Monty, Ian, Lynn, Paul and Phil — at least they helped make '82 a better year.

SOUND AND VISION: on the screen (big or small) — *ET* and *Diva*; music — Marvin Gaye, early Motown, Japan, Eddy Grant and 'La Wally'.

CYNTHIA ROSE

PROS: return of the jukebox; return of Richard Fell ('Smithereens' and 'Destiny Street' LP); *Stop!* magazine; 'My hero is Rick James,' Flash tells the world; *Hill Street Blues;* confrontation graphics; *Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid;* ranting poets and new rap; Rank & File live in Austin; Tom Verlaine at the Venue; *Barney Miller* continues; *The Tube* extends at least a video arm across the Atlantic; Lene Lovich excels as Mata Hari.

CONS: Lester Bangs' absence.

SOUNDTRACK: Conjunto; Gary Ponter's platters; Fearless Four; Milkshakes' '14 Rhythm & Beat Greats'; X; Okeh; '96 Tears'; 'Long After Dark'; 'Zombie Birdhouse'/'Platonic'; Troublefunk Live in DC: ROIR's '78 Television tape; Robert Johnson; Nighthawk releases; Hell's 'Ignore That Door'.

'83: John Carpenter LPs; Go Gos play anti-nuke benefit; exposure of all the inaccuracies in '82's outbreak of 'authoritative' writing on jazz; Standing Waves at last sign mega-contract; 'Tex' makes Matt Dillon a superstar in Europe and 'Over the Edge' is finally released; nobody remembers either ET or Edie; Patti & Fred Smith release an LP.

PAUL DU NOYER

PROS: Bobby Bland at Hammersmith; Bleasdale's *Blackstuff;* the *NME* cassettes especially 'Pocket Jukebox'; and that bit on Donna Summer's single where she goes *"Hey!"*

CONS: best forgotten.

SOUNDTRACK: I don't go in for much home-taping — *unlike* most employees of major record companies that I know — but if I did, an '82 compilation LP might go something like . . . Gun Club 'Mother Of Earth'; Elvis Costello 'Man Out Of Time'; Ellery Bop 'Go Forth'; Smokey Robinson 'Cruisin' (reissued); Robert Wyatt 'Shipbuilding'; Black 'More Than The Sun'; Kas Product 'Pussy X'; Doll By Doll 'Boxers Hit Harder When Women Are Around'; Siouxsie & Banshees 'Slowdive'; Gram Parsons '1000 Dollar Wedding' (reissued); Jam 'Carnation'; Hank Williams Jnr 'I've Been Down (But Not This Far Before)'.

'83: Magic and gardening.

PENNY REEL

PROS: Argentina, France, Italy, Ireland, Iran.

CONS: England, USA, Australia, Germany, Iraq, Israel, South Africa, Jamaica.

SOUNDTRACK: Barleycorn, 'Men Behind The Wire'; Dublin City Ramblers, 'Ballad Of Bobby Sands' . . .

83: "Africa must be free by 1983"

BARNEY HOSKYNS

RADIO: 1) *US kitchen:* D Williams 'Hotline', B Humphrey 'Baby Don't You Know' 2) *US car:* S Redd 'Beat The Street, Goodie 'Do Something', Vicky D 'This Beat Is Mine'. *Anywhere:* 'Jump To It'! 'Work That Sucker'! 'Let It Whip'! *UK Walkman:* 'Fireworks', 'Faithless', 'Don't Go', 'Temptation', 'Give Me Back My Heart', 'Eileen', 'Say H, Wave G', 'My City Has Gone', 'Baby It's True'.

HI-FI: 1) *Bed:* 'Sulk', 'Litanies Of Satan' 2) *Toilet:* 'Junkyard', 'Damaged' 3) *Other:* Johannessen's Animals medley, Ted Hawkins (Rounder), Johnnie Taylor, Incredible Casuals, 'The Greatest Hit', Killing Joke.

SOLUTIONS: Drive-thru' cheeseburgers; *The Transmigration Of Timothy Archer;* Charlie Rich; *Collusion;* the Inflatable Boy Clams; *Hellfire;* Blanchot's *Gaze Of Orpheus;* David Murray at 100 Club; Circle Jerks at Santa Monica Civic; Liaisons Dangereuses at Venue; Darlene Love in San Francisco; *Twilight Zone;* revised edition of Marcus' *Mystery Train;* Jack Henry Abbott; Fassbinder.

PROBLEMS: "the lucidity of the depths of torpor"; "the endless end of the longing called satisfaction"; a dreadful year for most categories besides "jazz" (ie 'Mandance', Art Ensemble); the Birthday boys have destroyed rock by eating its fickle heart alive; cheapest cons — ABC, *Diva,* noo wave in general; Anglophilia; dope fiends.

THRILLS: finally meeting Survivor; being lectured on sex by Kim Fowley, drugs by ugly winners, rock'n'roll by my grandmother; *"Out of rock / Out of a desolate source / Love leaps upon its course."*

NEIL SPENCER

PROS: plenty of tough new soul music; a welcome infusion of African sounds; the reassertion of jazz and, on the home front, a determined (if erratic) effort to construct something more durable than the glib pop ethic of '81; the grand exorcism of the peace women of Greenham Common; Germany's Green movement and Petra Kelly in particular; Sue Coe's exhibition; the WOMAD festival; Werner Herzog; *Mad Max II; Boys From The Blackstuff;* Channel 4; Bobby Robson; The Clash, Costello and PiL for sticking to their guns; nutty cutlets from Kevin Turvey, and Lenny Henry (despite *OTT*); rants and poesy from Benjamin Zephaniah and Leeds' *Equofinality* mag, the Colin MacInnes revival.

CONS: a good year for arms dealers; Government-led censorship, propaganda, and Newspeak (the year's most flagrant example being Reagan's MX "Peace Missile"); heroin becoming an easily available street drug; radio playlists and their inane DJ babble (honourable exception Kid Jensen); horror movies.

SOUNDTRACK: Curtis Mayfield's 'Honesty'; Sharon Redd's 'Specialise In Love'; 'Straight To Hell'; 'B Movie'; Scritti, Pigbag, Roland Kirk, Julia Lee and the Charly catalogue; lots of bloody expensive US discomixes; DBC broadcasts; the selections of DJs Joe Hagan (Gold Coast Club) and Dave Hucker (Dance Dive at Sol Y Sombre).

'83: more soul all round; Haley's comet; Jimi Hendrix becomes a merman.

● continues on page 31

NME scribes consider those foolish things that remind them of 1982

VINYL FINALS 1982

SINGLES

1 THE MESSAGE **Grandmaster Flash** (Sugarhill)
2 SEXUAL HEALING **Marvin Gaye** (CBS)
3 SHIPBUILDING **Robert Wyatt** (Rough Trade)
4 A TOWN CALLED MALICE **The Jam** (Polydor)
5 THE LOOK OF LOVE **ABC** (Neutron)

6 MONEY'S TOO TIGHT TO MENTION **Valentine Brothers** (Bridge)
7 ONLY YOU **Yazoo** (Mute)
8 THE BOILER **Rhoda And The Special AKA** (2-Tone)
9 THERE IT IS **Shalamar** (Solar)
10 MAN OUT OF TIME **Elvis Costello** (F-Beat)

11 WALKING ON SUNSHINE **Rockers Revenge** (Streetwise)
12 I CAN MAKE YOU FEEL GOOD **Shalamar** (Solar)
13 POISON ARROW **ABC** (Neutron)
14 DON'T GO **Yazoo** (Mute)
15 INSIDE OUT **Odyssey** (RCA)
16 PLANET ROCK **Afrika Bambaataa** (Tommy Boy)
17 YOUNG GUNS GO FOR IT **Wham!** (Innervision)
18 TEMPTATION **New Order** (Factory)
19 BEAT SURRENDER **The Jam** (Polydor)
20 STRAIGHT TO HELL **The Clash** (CBS)

21 JUST AN ILLUSION **Imagination** (R&B)
22 FAT MAN/MOYA **Southern Death Cult** (Situation 2)
23 DO YOU REALLY WANT TO HURT ME **Culture Club** (Virgin)
24 MY BABY JUST CARES FOR ME **Nina Simone** (Charly)
25 SAY HELLO, WAVE GOODBYE **Soft Cell** (Some Bizzare)
26 B-MOVIE **Gil Scott-Heron** (Arista)
27 HOUSE OF FUN **Madness** (Stiff)
28 MS FINE BROWN FRAME **Syl Johnson** (Boardwalk)
29 COME ON EILEEN **Dexys Midnight Runners** (Phonogram)
30 KNOW YOUR RIGHTS **The Clash** (CBS)

31 BUFFALO GALS **Malcolm McLaren** (Charisma)
32 STOOL PIGEON **Kid Creole And The Coconuts** (Ze)
33 SLOW DIVE **Siouxsie And The Banshees** (Polydor)
34 NIGHT NURSE **Gregory Isaacs** (Island)
35 FAITHLESS **Scritti Politti** (Rough Trade)
36 I LOVE ROCK AND ROLL **Joan Jett** (Epic)
37 JUMP TO IT **Aretha Franklin** (Arista)
38 GET DOWN ON IT **Kool And The Gang** (De-Lite)
39 MAMBO BADO **Orchestra Makassy** (Virgin)
40 PINBALL CHA CHA **Yello** (Do It)
41 MURPHY'S LAW **Cheri** (Polydor)
42 PROMISED YOU A MIRACLE **Simple Minds** (Virgin)
43 HEAD TO TOE **Elvis Costello** (F-Beat)
44 WHAM RAP **Wham!** (Innervision)
45 STATE OF INDEPENDENCE **Donna Summer** (Warner Bros)
46 PARTY FEARS TWO **Associates** (Situation 2)
47 I LOVE A MAN IN A UNIFORM **Gang Of Four** (EMI)
48 I CAN'T GO FOR THAT **Hall And Oates** (RCA)
49 TORCH **Soft Cell** (Some Bizzare)
50 I DON'T WANNA DANCE **Eddy Grant** (Ice)

Marvin Gaye pic: Peter Anderson

At their peaks: Marvin Gaye — top LP, second single; and (inset) Grandmaster Flash — top single, fourteenth LP

ALBUMS

1 MIDNIGHT LOVE **Marvin Gaye** (CBS)
2 IMPERIAL BEDROOM **Elvis Costello** (F-Beat)
3 THE LEXICON OF LOVE **ABC** (Neutron)
4 COMBAT ROCK **The Clash** (CBS)
5 TOO RYE AY **Dexys Midnight Runners** (Phonogram)

6 UPSTAIRS AT ERIC'S **Yazoo** (Mute)
7 THE NIGHTFLY **Donald Fagen** (Warner Bros)
8 JUJU MUSIC **King Sunny Ade** (Island)
9 FRIENDS **Shalamar** (Solar)
10 NIGHT NURSE **Gregory Isaacs** (Island)

11 A KISS IN THE DREAMHOUSE **Siouxsie And The Banshees** (Polydor)
12 TROPICAL GANGSTERS **Kid Creole And The Coconuts** (Island)
13 BEAUTIFUL VISION **Van Morrison** (Mercury)
14 THE MESSAGE **Grandmaster Flash** (Sugarhill)
15 HONESTY **Curtis Mayfield** (Boardwalk)
16 NOTHING CAN STOP US NOW **Robert Wyatt** (Rough Trade)
17 THE POET **Bobby Womack** (Motown)
18 SULK **The Associates** (Situation 2)
19 AVALON **Roxy Music** (Polydor)
20 KISSING TO BE CLEVER **Culture Club** (Virgin)

21 HEX ENDUCTION HOUR **The Fall** (Kamera)
22 OF HUMAN FEELINGS **Ornette Coleman** (Antilles)
23 BIG SCIENCE **Laurie Anderson** (Warner Bros)
24 THE RISE AND FALL **Madness** (Stiff)
25 THE GIFT **The Jam** (Polydor)
26 MOVING TARGETS **Gil Scott-Heron** (Arista)
27 THERMO-NUCLEAR SWEAT **Defunkt** (Hannibal)
28 IN THE HEAT OF THE NIGHT **Imagination** (R&B)
29 JUNKYARD **The Birthday Party** (4AD)
30 THE GREAT PRETENDER **Lester Bowie** (ECM)

31 NEW CHAPTER OF DUB **Aswad** (Island)
32 DONNA SUMMER **Donna Summer** (Warner Bros)
33 NEBRASKA **Bruce Springsteen** (CBS)
34 WORDS FROM THE FRONT **Tom Verlaine** (Virgin)
35 NOT SATISFIED **Aswad** (CBS)
36 NEW GOLD DREAM **Simple Minds** (Virgin)
37 LIVING MY LIFE **Grace Jones** (Island)
38 STRANGE CELESTIAL ROAD **Sun Ra** (Y)
39 MI CYAN BELIEVE IT **Michael Smith** (Island)
40 I LOVE ROCK AND ROLL **Joan Jett** (Epic)
41 URBAN BUSHMEN **Art Ensemble Of Chicago** (ECM)
42 WYNTON MARSALIS **Wynton Marsalis** (CBS)
43 MIAMI **Gun Club** (Animal)
44 MARSHALL CRENSHAW **Marshall Crenshaw** (Warner Bros)
45 2×45 **Cabaret Voltaire** (Rough Trade)
46 AGWAYA **Orchestra Makassy** (Virgin)
47 COMPUTER GAMES **George Clinton** (Capitol)
48 SUNRISE IN DIFFERENT DIMENSIONS **Sun Ra** (hat HUT)
49 DR JOHN PLAYS MAC REBENNACK **Dr John** (Demon)
50 FOURTH DRAWER DOWN **The Associates** (Situation 2)

POP VIDEOS

1 BUFFALO GALS **Malcolm McLaren**
2 PASS THE DUTCHIE **Musical Youth**
3 HOUSE OF FUN **Madness**
4 SEXUAL HEALING **Marvin Gaye**
5 ROCK THE CASBAH **The Clash**
An NME Straw Poll Special

Charts compiled by Danny Baker, Chris Bohn, Lloyd Bradley, Julie Burchill, Roy Carr, Richard Cook, Fred Dellar, David Dorrell, Paul Du Noyer, Andy Gill, Lynn Hanna, Dave Hill, Barney Hoskyns, Richard Krzyzak, Graham Lock, Gavin Martin, Phil McNeill, X Moore, Charles Shaar Murray, Richard North, Tony Parsons, Amrik Rai, Paul Rambali, Penny Reel, Cynthia Rose, Leyla Sanai, Graham K. Smith, Neil Spencer, Tony Stewart, Adrian Thrills, Andrew Tyler, Ian Wright.

REGGAE 45s

1 HAMMER **Barrington Levy** (Jah Guidance)
2 SHANK I SHECK **Ranking Dread** (Tads)
3 DANCE HALL STYLE **Sugar Minott** (Black Roots)
4 BOXING **Cornell Campbell** (Joe Gibbs)
5 EASY SQUEEZE (MAKE NO RIOT) **Sugar Minott** (Black Roots)
Compiled by Observer Station

THRASH BOP

1 MINDLESS VIOLENCE **Newtown Neurotics** (CNT)
2 VICIOUS CIRCLE **Abrasive Wheels** (Riot City)
3 ONE LAW FOR THEM **The 4 Skins** (Clockwork Fun)
4 NEVER BEEN IN A RIOT **The Mekons** (CNT)
5 FALKLANDS FLEXI **Crass** (no label)
Compiled by X O'Cet

JAZZ LPs

1 THE GREAT PRETENDER **Lester Bowie** (ECM)
2 OF HUMAN FEELINGS **Ornette Coleman** (Antilles)
3 SUNRISE IN DIFFERENT DIMENSIONS **Sun Ra** (hat HUT)
4 URBAN BUSHMEN **Art Ensemble Of Chicago** (ECM)
5 BALLETS **Steve Lacy** (hat ART)
6 LORRACH/PARIS 1966 **Albert Ayler** (hat MUSICS)
7 GARDEN **Cecil Taylor** (hat ART)
8 WYNTON MARSALIS **Wynton Marsalis** (CBS)
9 PURE GENIUS **Clifford Brown/Max Roach** (Elektra Musician)
10 ONE NIGHT IN WASHINGTON **Charlie Parker** (Elektra Musician)
11 ROAD GAMES **Art Pepper** (Galaxy)
12 80 BELOW '82 **Air** (Antilles)
13 PATHS, PRINTS **Jan Gabarek** (ECM)
14 THE VOUTEST! **Slim Gaillard** (HEP)
Compiled by Roy Carr, Richard Cook, Andy Gill and Graham Lock

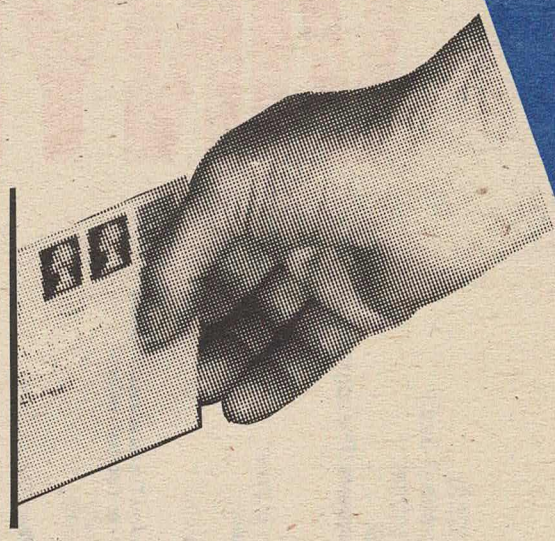
COMPILATIONS

1 COMPLETE MADNESS **Madness** (Stiff)
2 45s AND UNDER **Squeeze** (A&M)
3 SOUND D'AFRIQUE, VOLUME TWO **Various Artists** (Island)
4 LOST SOUL, VOLUMES 1-3 **Various Artists** (Epic)
5 ANTHOLOGY **The Marvellettes** (Motown)

REISSUES

1 STRANGE CELESTIAL ROAD **Sun Ra** (Y)
2 MY BABY JUST CARES FOR ME **Nina Simone** (Charly)
3 GRAM PARSONS **Gram Parsons** (Warner Bros)
4 TWO STEPS FROM THE BLUES **Bobby Bland** (MCA)
5 FERRY CROSS THE MERSEY **Gerry And The Pacemakers** (EMI)

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS READERS' 1982



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BEST DRESSED (MALE)	EVENT OF THE YEAR
BEST DRESSED (FEMALE)	SONGWRITER
HAIRCUT	BEST DRESSED SLEEVE
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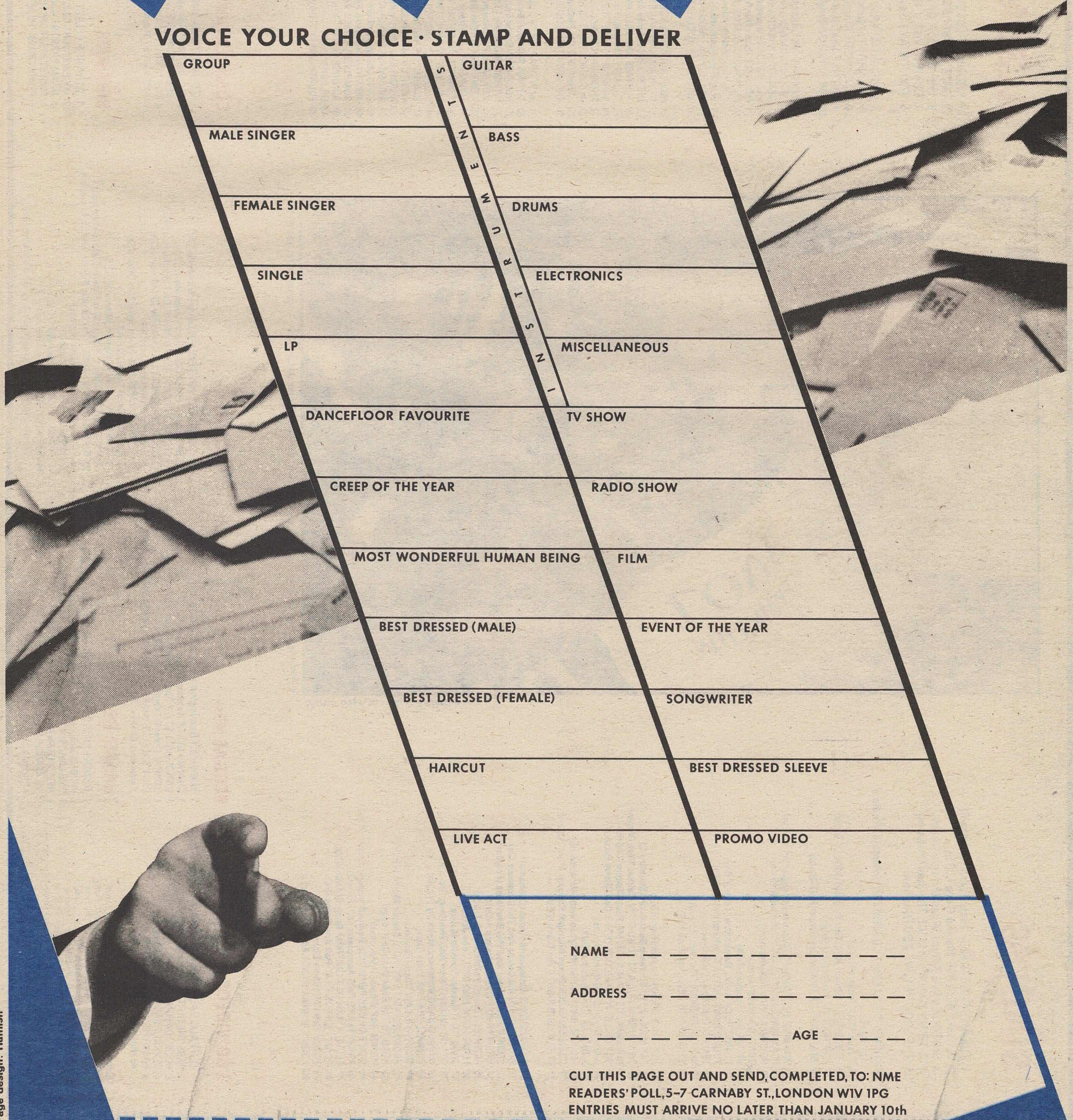

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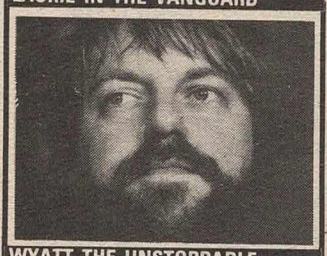
'82's LAST EXIT

from page 28

PLAYA AFRO DISC ADE

LAURIE IN THE VANGUARD


WYATT THE UNSTOPPABLE

LESTER THE GREAT

CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

PROS: '82 seemed a great deal saner than '81, at least as far as music was concerned. There seemed to be a great deal less farting about, much more passion, much more fire and much more getting on with it. Plus this year I've enjoyed reading and contributing to *NME* a lot more than I did last year; the paper seems to have sunk back to my level after its rather sophisticated '81. Praise and protect Gregory Isaacs, Sonny Ade, Musical Youth, Yazoo, Explainer, Orchest Makassy, Orchestre Jazira, Robert Wyatt and Defunkt.

CONS: Jah cripple, maim, blast and punish Margaret Thatcher, Norman Tebbit and all their foul crew. On a milder note, Duran Duran, Ultravox, Blancmange and our old friend Gary Numan have also incurred my severe displeasure.

SOUNDTRACK: Explainer, Lord Superior, Soca Explosion, Peacocks International, Afro National, Sister Nancy, Duke Ellington, B.B.King . . . you know. Anything!

'83: forward and upward with music to match. Highlife and soca are bubbling up and cannot be suppressed; they are the vital counter-point to the heavy heavy sounds and the vital answer to the heavy heavy times. Forward to a party!

LEYLA SANAI

PROS: friends; discovery of cinema; Edinburgh Film Festival; One Man Show at Camden Palace; Paris in the rain; the Heath in the wind; sunset in winter; colours; photos with hints of unknown; art galleries without analysis; Barthes, Hesse and *Cosmo;* Kathy; my brother; obscure lates with subtitles; *Coronation Street, Grange Hill* (new series please); mini wine gums (especially with champagne); leaving SDP—esque little school; Newcastle *Tube* audition; the only anti-hero hero — Costello; and . . . more friends.

CONS: blind patriotism be it to country, religion or tribe; futile directionless rage; comfy ANTI niches; bitter joyless turds; superficial chit-chat; liggers; sycophants; neatly mowed lawns; youth hostels; big dogs; all peanuts in the Revels; forced hibernation on Sundays; record players that labour round at 10rpm; records that do the same; ICA Rock Weeks; gigs; self-righteous bores; Martin Fry's jacket.

SOUNDTRACK: 'Walking on Sunshine', Rocker's Revenge, 'Penthouse And Pavement', Heaven 17, 'Allez Allez', Allez Allez, 'Pale Blue Eyes', Velvet Underground, 'Atmosphere' Joy Division, 'A Matter of Gender' Associates, '(I Don't Want To Go To) Chelsea' Costello, 'Time' Culture Club.

'83: I forgot 'anticipation' and 'fore-planning' in *Cons.* '83? Wait and see.

RICHARD COOK

PROS: breakfast in New Orleans; dancing under a Tanzanian moon; the timeless inspiration of John Coltrane and Albert Ayler; Japanese Blue Notes; Berg-Larsen mouthpieces; *Christ Stopped At Eboli* and *ET;* Sylvester Stallone's handshake, Emma Peel's outfits, Mark Springer's piano; Scribes — Gary Giddins, Brian Case; healing forces; Danny & Lindsey, Nick & Lorraine, Kate and Sharon; live — Clash, Fall, David Murray, Wynton Marsalis.

CONS: war; the continued encroachment of neo-fascism and depression in this terrible country; ignorant hacks; being too rash or too shy; the parallel of jazz and brick walls; fatigue and despair.

SOUNDTRACK: Cecil Taylor's 'Garden' towers above all else, but 'Imperial Bedroom', 'Words From The Front', 'Hex Induction Hour', Albert's 'Lorrach/Paris 1966', Steve Lacy's 'Ballets', 'The Nightfly' and 'Kiss In The Dreamhouse' were all magnificent LPs; singles were far weaker — 'Shipbuilding', 'Slowdive' and 'Know Your Rights' (as 'real' as 'The Message' and damn rising inner city chic!) cut deepest.

'83: Norway.

ADRIAN THRILLS

PROS: Spurs winning The FA Cup Final.

CONS: Spurs losing The Milk Cup Final.

'83: Spurs winning at Wembley again.

SOUNDTRACK: *45s* — 'Walking On Sunshine', 'Only You', 'Money's Too Tight', 'The Boiler', 'There It Is', 'Wham Rap', 'The Celtic Soul Brothers', 'Town Called Malice', 'Study Long You'll Study Wrong', 'Shipbuilding', 'Night To Remember', 'The Message', 'War Crimes', 'The More I See', 'From Head To Toe', 'Love Is Just The Great Pretender', 'Flash To The Beat', 'Dib-Be-Dib-Be-Dize', 'Klactoveesedstein', 'Pass The Dutchie' and, of course, 'Tottenham Tottenham'; *LPs* — Dexys, Shalamar, Kid Creole, 14 Karat Soul, Tracey Thorn, Yazoo, Funboys, Odyssey, 'Rapped Uptight' and the Motown anthologies.

FAGEN, STEALING BACK

SIMONE, THE MIGHTY MOANER

ET FOR TWO

REAGAN, MX—AS TURKEY

RICHARD GRABEL

PROS: travel (broadens the mind); good friends; street singles; Friday nights at The Roxy; African Connection at Danceteria; Black Uhuru at The Palladium; REM at Maxwells; Dangerous Birds in Boston; Chain Gang at Folk City; The Clash in Jamaica; Flipper at Danceteria; *Missing; Smileys People, Hill Street Blues,* Mary Tyler Moore; the anti-nuke rally in Central Park; Tony Stewart trying to make a speech at his book party; nights out with Carol; Joe Stevens; songs that pull the strings of the heart.

CONS: the Beirut massacre; wars in Central America, Africa, the Middle East; unemployment; homeless people; Reagan's cabinet, criminals all; 'Don't You Want Me Baby' on the radio till we're sick of it; Joe Strummer's mohawk; Lester Bangs dead; *Soho News* dead; Peppermint Lounge dead; the Mafia still running New York; Jim Fouratt in court instead of holding court.

SOUNDTRACK: 'Temptation', 'The Message', 'Sexual Healing', 'Sex Bomb', 'Planet Rock', 'Poison Arrow', 'Lorraine', Flipper, Fela, Flesh Tones, ABC, Trouble Funk, Costello, Explainer, Roxy Music, 'Lost Soul', Simple Minds, Yellow Man, Van Morrison, Bongos, REM.

'83: CIA secret wars make a comeback.

AMRIK RAI

PROS: just a couple of people I'd like to say hello/wave goodbye to — The Clash and The Boss for being alive and kicking harder than ever, The Jam for . . .

CONS: hackneyed acne cases in leaky lame jackets orchestrating passion with castrated Buggles and Yesmen; the post-Oakey modernist romance fringe, shampoo and computer set is no way to have your hair done; cover versions aren't an excuse, just an apology, boy.

SOUNDTRACK: Gil Scott Heron 'Reflections'; Tracey Thorne 'A Distant Shore'; Spandau Ballet 'Chant No. 1'; Cabaret Voltaire '2x45' and Bruce Springsteen

'83: Better have your 3-D glasses ready for the fury of The Box; dance the chart-topping cabaret with The Secret Seven; burn the blinkers, clean your ears to the sound of Hula and Chakk

ROY CARR

PROS: Marvin Gaye — it's good to have you back, likewise, Curtis Mayfield; the rediscovery of the Oxford Dictionary's only true rival, McVouty himself — Slim Gaillard (Slim's 'Opera In Vout' on French Verve has been '82s ultimate anti-despressant); reader response to *NME* cassettes — especially, 'The Pocket Jukebox'; Danny Baker's singles columns; Paul Weller conducting his career with dignity Grandmaster Flash in the charts and at The Venue; Blue Note and Verve reissues from Japan; Carr Junior learning to speak; Wynton Marsalis throwing open the door for a whole new generation of jazz buffs; Elvis Costello and Madness for their continued excellence.

CONS: the record industry still looking for easy scapegoats to take the blame for its own shortcomings; attempts to divert attention away from the sad state of the nation with bulldog breed delusions of militaristic grandeur following The Falklands farce — nobody should have died on either side.

SOUNDTRACK: the year's output by Costello, Madness and The Clash, Slim Gaillard 'Opera In Vout', The Valentine Brother 'Money's To Tight', Marvin Gaye — past and present, Curtis Mayfield 'Honesty', Lester Bowie 'The Great Pretender'

'83: A continuation of universal madness; ET — the real thing.

ANDREW TYLER

PROS: Rudolf Bahro; Lester Bowie; Russell Means, indian chief from Yellow Thunder camp; Sara and Davy; embracing the base; green reasoning; jokers, optimists, and passionate fools. . .

CONS: real tough guys and sleepy women. . .

SOUNDTRACK: Mae Brussel's conspiracy tapes; 'The Great Pretender'; Gram Parsons' 'Grevious Angel'; Pavarotti doing 'Beggar's Opera'; Tomita doing Debussy's 'Snowflakes Are Dancing' plus a host of radio pop songs that quickly came and went.

'83: we can lick this thing.

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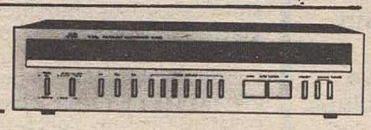
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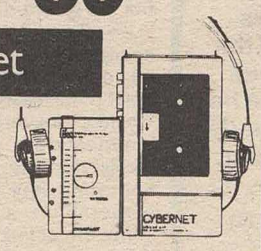

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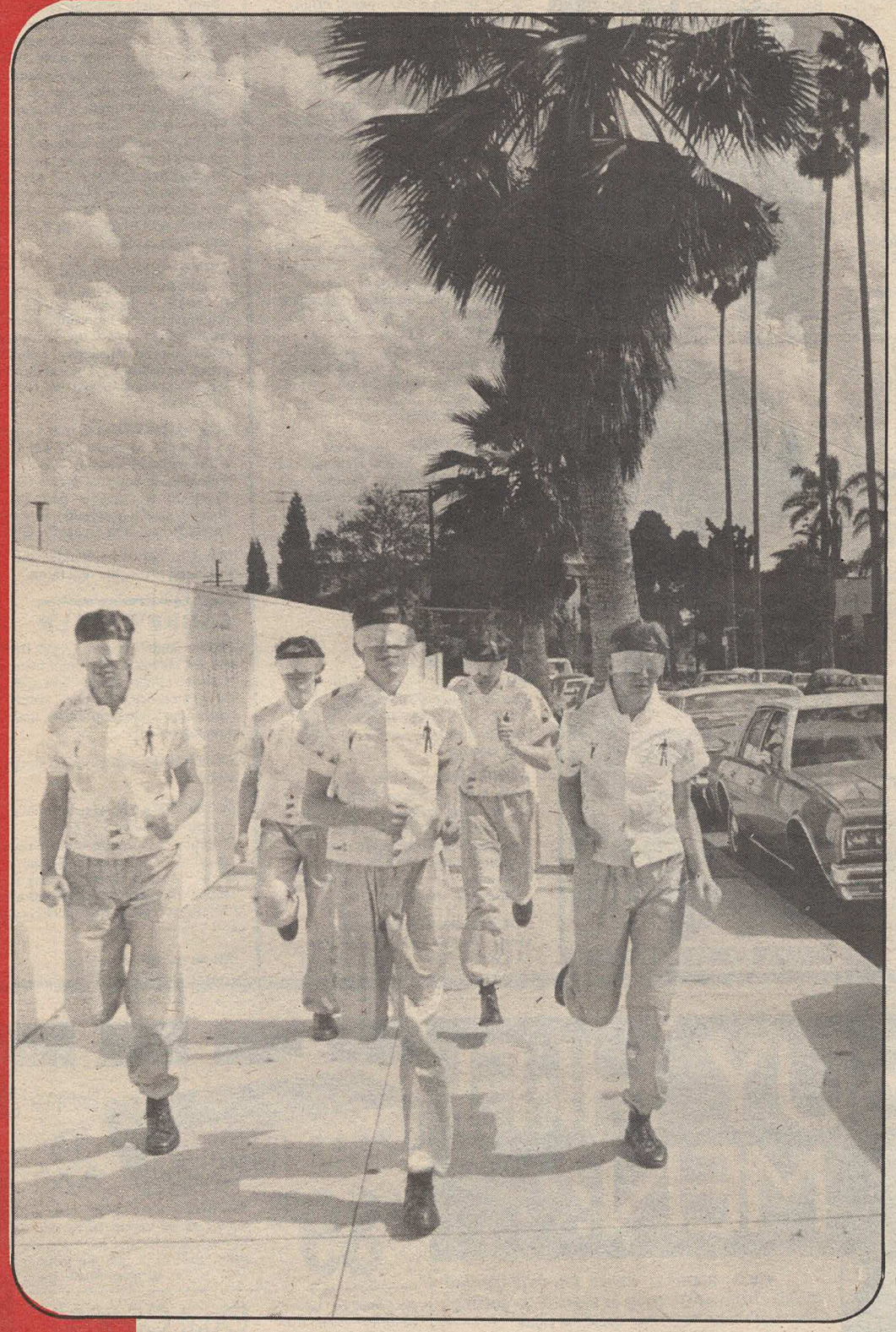


Devo before they mutated into The Eagles. Pic: Pennie Smith

An underview of Hollywood through pampered Anglo peepers by BARNEY HOSKYNS

Bangs' *Rock Gomorrah* before deciding whether rock'n'roll Hollywood can match Anger's Babylon, but the fact stands that it was the principal target of punk's sabotage.

BACK HOME IN DAMP LONDON basements we personified Hollywood not as a sex goddess but as a session muso so wired on Peruvian flake he's snorting his own dandruff. Or at least we did until the suburbs, a curious amalgam of *CHiPs* and Calvin Klein jeans, started closing in, until Black Flag sparked a "riot on Sunset Strip" ten years after a gloriously inane teen rebel movie of the same name.

Here I must briefly pause: my deliniated terrain on this assignment *is* Hollywood and *not* greater Los Angeles. A considerate teenager recently said to me: "With L.A., you've got the beach, you've got the Valley ... and you've got Hollywood." I do not pretend to know the Valley *or* the beach — as for all angloid moths, Hollywood was the flame that drew *my* wings.

London is a long way, tomorrow is a long time. For the majority of semi-aware angloids, Hollywood reached a symbolic nadir of creative life with the transatlantic crossing of Rod Stewart. When Rod (even he of the fantabulous 'Sexy') set up house with that sow Ekland in Beverly Hills — a name that sends one into a sub-opiate doze before it even reaches the lips — that was all we needed to know about the Strip, the smog, and the sleaze. Wilson, Sly, and Spector became phantoms of another age.

Perhaps there were once a few weird scenes in *somebody's* goldmine, but they never opened many doors of perception. As Albert Goldman said, the "misty littoral" of Southern California did not conceal the fact that The Doors were wholly imbued "in the American grain", as indigenous to it as Walt Whitman or Charlie Parker. If it's a degenerate Hollysood you want, go back to Fatty Arbuckle; for the '60s, I used only quote a post-gonzoid like Joan Didion to the effect that, when the news of Sharon Tate's murder spread around town, "no-one" *(in her italics)* "was surprised". Oh yes, and The Doors were "The Norman Mailers of the Top 40 ..."

Nothing is surprising in a town that is like *Crying Of Lot 49* compares the freeway system to a battery circuit.

"Where would the '40s private eye have been without laurel shrubberies to lurk in?" asked Reyner Banham, but the hills will fall, the turf will shrivel and the smog smother. As Hugh Honour commented of Hockney's "brand-new world", "everything can be thrown away with the prodigality of nature herself".

Above: LA after 'Cease To Exist': mass murderer Manson as TV celeb.
Below: terminated Germ Derby Crash

THERE'S ALWAYS ROOM FOR another Angloid in Hollywood's hungry heart. She loves us for The Psychedelic Furs, Duran Duran videos, and Olivia Newton-John's headband. She even loves us because we're so bored with the USA. After all, you'd never catch The Clash supporting The Who in England.

We should not spurn Hollywood's open arms, for we too have colonised here. Her clubs throb to our drum machines and vintage Bentleys cruise the Strip. You'll find dapper cockney boys trading coke for blowjobs, you'll trip over Human League clones from Sheffield throwing up at the Fake Club. We've even used our impeccable suavity to infiltrate her soaps: it seems we're tailor-made for scheming, snobbish, stuck-up villains.

Perhaps she'll even fall for me, an intrepid Americophile from a publication which still can't take her seriously. In the mid-'70s Nick Kent, original wasted youth and Iggy Pop's Sancho Panza, left a lot of bad tracks behind him, but he gave us the definitive saga of Brian Wilson, and at the end of the decade, Paul Morley offered a Devo epic starring Jerry Casale as the Dr Mabuse of teen dreams. Others too have been and gone, have tried to peer through the glass darkly. Of late, however, our tabs on tinseltown amount in toto to a couple of features on the tasteful but tedious X, and very little else. So I came to soak up this sprawling unreality for its *real* worth.

I'll concede I didn't know Hollywood had its own Kings Road on Melrose, but from more than one angle Hollywood is still dolled up to the nines in red leather pants and a candyfloss bouffant. Unfortunately that never meant The Raspberries, but only the forlorn archetype we know and loath to this day as the "glitter faggot", the rubber mannequin mirror-parodied on the other coast by The New York Dolls. It means hygienic sleaze, deodorised squalor. If Tony Bennett left his heart in San Francisco, today's new wave Myra Breckinridge still dumps hers in some Bel-Air waste-disposal unit.

Like Todd Rundgren said, sooner or later everything winds up on Sunset Boulevard; all popular art eventually surfaces on the crest of its trash. Hollywood is still the world's junkyard laboratory of entertainment, still spewing out half of civilisation's facile and retarded dreams and when they're both owned by the same corporations, it's impossible not to make some direct link between the movies and the muzak. Not content with feeding us Bette Midler as Janis Joplin, Hollywood stretches the point and serves up *General Hospital's* Rick Springfield as a new wave hybrid of Billy Squier and David Cassidy.

In England, it's hard not to lay the lumbering mammoth of 70s rock at Hollywood's gates. L.A. is still the Rome of the biz, and all contracts still lead to her. Despite the Movie Brats, Hollywood remains guilty of an insidious cultural tyranny, visually, aurally, and most all ways else. We may have to wait for Lester a mirage of rational existence. Hollywood is nebulous because it is where all the stereotypes and institutional mythologies of American life are created and perpetuated. Like the "riot" on Sunset Strip, Hollywood is an endlessly self-repeating movie in itself — a movie whose specific goal it is to pump dreams and platitudes into, say, Wichita Falls, Arkansas to ensure that its citizens do not turn on their mayor and crucify him. It is inconsequential how many bands play versions of Charlie Manson's 'Cease To Exist' (as Redd Kross do), for Hollywood cleans up after its own marginal messes, incorporates them into further fictions. That is why, in the shadows of this giant movie lot, in the airless twilight of Bob Seger's Hollywood Nights, some awful weird sins get taken for granted.

How can people express surprise, outrage, even horror, when scandal takes care of all three? How can the idols cry out from their limousine prisons, their petite Spanish-colonial fortresses? Bacharach said a house is not a home, Arthur Lee said a house is not a motel. Now X tell us there's a motel room in your bed (in the house that you call home). The L.A. Woman's Hollywood bungalow has turned into a hi-tech condominium, a cable video cage.

No man may burrow beneath Hollywood — only the earthquake that bides its time, waiting to blossom into a John Martin apocalypse. (While others dream of *Blade Runner* coming true, I ask myself: do angloids dream of electric sheep?) L.A. has no subway, no underground. In its relentless interspersion of concrete and palm trees, the endlessly extending network of freeways, the filling of lots and the building of boxes, everything is on a level. In contrast with the more humanistic metaphor of "arteries", Pynchon in *The*

HOWEVER, YOU'VE HEARD ALL THIS before. You want more local, more immediate details? Well, for one, I never see any cabs here, and that makes me uneasy. Where the streets of London and New York are moving veins of black and yellow, L.A. is a stream of domestic transport — hot rods and pick-up vans. People can't hail, can't jump in and out of slamming doors. Hence a further depletion in the already lacklustre quality of nightlife. When the stores close, a bleak sub-lunar emptiness descends on the city. There's no concrescence of energies, no Times Square, no Piccadilly Circus. Street life is reduced to sex traffic.

Yet: this is the very key to Hollywood's improbable greatness, that it's the only genuine version of The Cramps' 'Lonesome Town'. As Paul Morrissey put it when the Warhol mob was in town, "the degenerates stay in their separate suburban houses and that's wonderful, because it's so much more modern — people isolated from each other." In Hollywood, loneliness is the only appropriate state of mind. Meet the family: me and my apartment, me and my car, me and my TV, me and my dog. Me and my one-nite stand (who stood me up). Star-spangled editions of me, my lux interior.

And when you hover through the hushed demi-zone of Hollywood at smog-set, you're finally at one with the stars, the lonely Olympians studded into their hills — popping Valium, jacking up dope, drowning in booze. You think of wizened Rita Hayworths, of tombs in Forest Lawn. This is the meaning of romance! Finally, you comprehend the fanatical narcissism it

Note conceptual red, white and blue layout

must take to lead such a travesty of life. Those creatures are surely the truest servants of the state.

Hollywood, then, is not so much laid-back as laid out to rest, with her smog for a shroud. The maggots may wriggle, but the little girls understand! When John Boorman decided San Francisco was too cute for *Point Blank*, he hit on hazy, dazed Los Angeles as the only point where the blank, anonymous gaze of corporate America could momentarilly be pierced.

★★★★★★

"I don't think Hollywood knows any kids anymore, because by the time they get here, they aren't kids anymore."
(Dick Clark to the *L.A. Times*, 1969)

IF LESTER BANGS WAS RIGHT WHEN HE said that Suicide, even more so than the Dolls or the Velvets, were "sound of NYC" — the sound of subways, of sirens, of non-stop street hustle — then what for heaven's sake is the "sound" of Hollywood? What, pray, is today's most toxic tincture of white trash? Missing Persons? Van Halen? Glen Frey?

Obviously, as a practising journalist of sorts, I have arrived too late to pick up on any kind of "scene" — a relief, to say the least, since one only leaves London to escape such things (rather as Cyril Connolly said one moves to New York to get over the heartbreak one appropriated in Paris.) So I'm too late for Darby's last crash.

But if I've missed the party, there's one consolation: when the music's over, the End begins. And that could be fun / interesting. We are just beginning to see the mildly catatonic innovations of '76/'77 putrefy into such hideous sub-strata of teenage acculturation as electrovideo and heavy metal punk. As master catalyst of the first, Devo became a toothless shark in a bowl of goldfish, because, as Don Siegel well knew, there's no need for an invasion of bodysnatchers to turn Californians into pods. And as to the other, Metal Mike of The Angry Samoans put it most succinctly when he described Social Distortion as "the Grand Funk of hardcore".

From the remote realms of my foresaken homestead, L.A. seemed fairly cool before *Rodney On The Rot* set in, before Donna's Sunset People mutated into the walking dead of some foetid Jon Jost flick. Now, thanks to the influence of such stable societal elements as the "it's all we've got" KROQ fort, the current Hollywood "scene" consists of hundreds of vile leather-headband types scurrying down to the Florentine Gardens of a Sunday evening and gorping idly at videos of — ugh! — Men At Work. If it wasn't for this new wave filth, this abhorrent and terminal dross, we might be granted more mainstream masterpieces like Toto's 'Hold The Line' or Foreigner's 'Waiting For A Girl Like You', or symphonic suites of disco fantasia such as side two of Summer's 'Once Upon A Time'. Or come to that, The Angry Samoans.

There are, in short, precious few sounds of the present moment which capture the nature of life in this grotesque citadel as poignantly any one of the following:

***Dionne Warwick: Do You Know The Way To San Jose?**
***Donna Summer: Sunset People**
***The Stooges: LA Blues**
***Richard Harris: MacArthur Park**
***The Circle Jerks: Beverly Hills, Century City**
***The Fifth Dimension: Up, Up, And Away, or Magic Garden**
***The Angry Samoans: Get Off The Air /**
***Simpletones: California**
***Love: You Set The Scene**

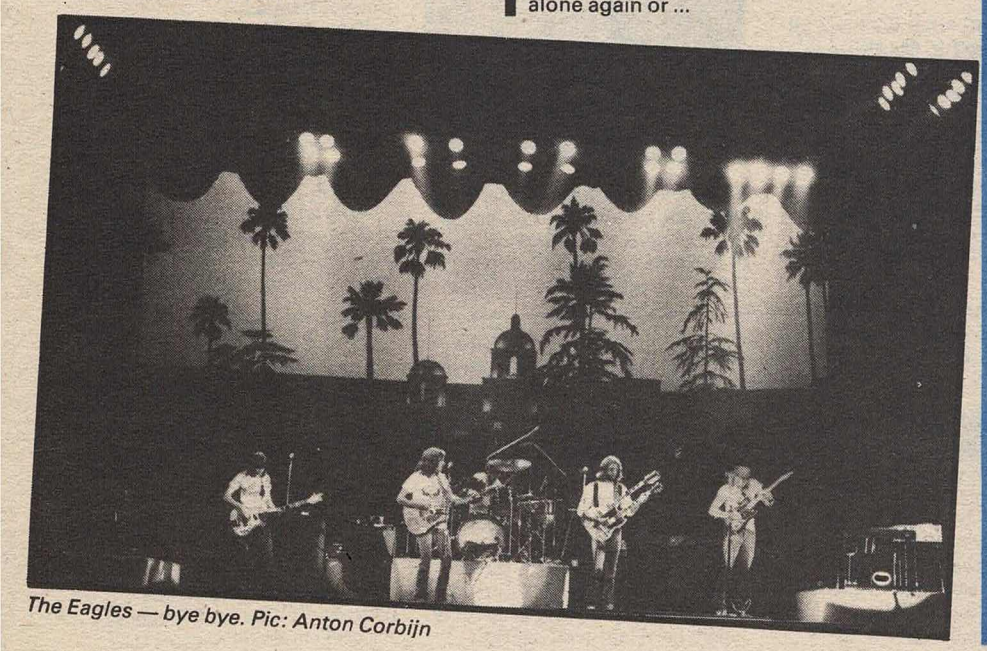
Above: Rod and Britt — pigs at the trough?
Below: Donna Summer before she saw the light.

***Rod Stewart: Young Turks**
***Rick James: Ghetto Life**
***Red Cross: We're A Cover Band**
***Nina Hagen: Alabama Song**
***Heatwave: Posin' Til Closin'**
***Los Microwaves: TV In My Eye**
***Kim Fowley: The Top, or Sunset Boulevard and**
***The Eagles: Hotel California**

Of course, none of these awesome creations alters to the slightest degree the pitiful truth that the ideal noowave soundtrack for Hollywood would probably be a discomix of 'The Wall'. Or to put it another way: no clubby Hollywood brat will ever be too old to audition for a Cars video.

You might reasonably argue: who cares? Indeed. Still, it's saddening in a tiresome, petty sort of way to have exiled oneself here only to find The Psychedelic Furs and A Flock Of Seagulls at the top of some banal, so-called "alternative" chart. It makes you wonder whether The Germs' 'Germicide' possibly *was* a last word of some kind. Meanwhile, one continues to flail about in apparant contradictions like: isn't 'I Can't Stand Still' actually superior in every way to Devo? But then again, wasn't Olivia Newton-John always cooler than Cabaret Voltaire?

By way of driving this meditation into a digressive cul-de-sac, let us just say: there's too many duff sub-Iggys in this town, too many jim-jams and too many creeps. I've only been here a month and ... well, "I don't go out much anymore." If Hollywood (indeed, greater Los Angeles) could deliver one post-punk, post-pop brigade as radically new as The Fall or The Birthday Party — or even just some kind of futuristic Seeds — maybe I wouldn't need to auto-induce a homesick blues for Battersea. Because when you've run the gauntlet of metal queens and hardcore marines, lame horror vamps and battered muses of slease, there's only bedtime. And if that's all there is, my friends, I'm just alone again or ...



The Eagles — bye bye. Pic: Anton Corbijn

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IN ITS OWN WORDS

. . . OR THE YEAR as seen by the stars.

Y'know, every year about this time we look back over the past 12 months. Our writers sharpen their pens, scratch their memory cells . . . and write another variation on the theme they've been airing all year.

But not this year. This year, we've decided to get other people to do it for us — people who've been making the news themselves in 1982. And while our guest writers were working on their contributions, our own scribes fought for a line out of the office in order to consult additional oracles and a whole galaxy of other heavenly bodies — well, basically anyone who sprang to mind as a quotable commentator.

Musicians are well represented of course, but our writers come from many walks of life, and most of the articles arrived in a manner which reflected some of their author's personality. Boy George's manifesto was breathed huskily on to cassette, while Melly Mel and Duke Bootee rapped up '82 in an hour spent on the transatlantic telephone. Julian Cope's anguished scrawl spoke eloquently of its creator's sweat and tears; in contast Nick Cave nonchalantly delivered his in person, coolly affecting not to notice our compliments.

Penny Rimbaud penned his keynote piece under the headline "Anarchy Is Another Word For Got 10p?" — changed by us to match the section format — and all-purpose pop saboteur and ethnic enthusiast Malcolm McLaren was overjoyed to be asked for his views on a subject in which he frequently lectures (both in and out of an auditorium).

Then there was the stylish — if somewhat illegible — script of ex-police chief John Alderson, Mikey Dread's copy deposited in note-form before he jetted to the Japan, and the photo which accompanied sci-fi writer Maxim Jakubowski's piece which looked, frankly . . . alien. Midge Ure and Chris Cross shared their thoughts with Chris Bohn in the breaks between recording the backing tracks for their *TOTP* appearance.

Finally there was the *TV Times'* own Monty Smith, who fulfilled a lifelong ambition by finally getting to write for *NME*.

Oh, and out of over 25 pieces commissioned, only two failed to materialise — a better average than you'd get from most professional journalists.

Many thanks to everyone who contributed — but it does leave us with one big headache. How the hell do we top it in '83?

OVER A THOUSAND DEAD AND THE BANDS PLAYED ON

THE DEBATE continues — is punk dead? Was it ever alive? Who the fuck cares anyway?

Punk rejected media lifestyles, exposed lies, upset tables in the temple of youth market. Tired of exploitation by cynical elders, punk discarded the Jagger/Bowie mafiosa and reclaimed rock 'n' roll revolution for itself; the godfathers could sod off.

Punk was do it, make it, take it, yourself. It never was a style, three-chord thrash was a media misrepresentation, there was always more to it than that. Punk was an attitude, "this time round we're all Elvis and fuck the King".

Punk was about personal politics. The right and left wings tried to exploit it and failed. The music business tried and succeeded. Cash speaks louder than conviction.

Punk made many promises, few were kept. Critics of stardom became stars, independent became another word for subsidiary, anti-fashion became radical-chic, mohicans bobbed with bouffants on *TOTP*. Those who only played at revolution were devoured by the sharks and excreted as commodity. Bought out, cleaned up and wrung dry, 'pop punk' became a sideshow in the media pantomime, another social joke. They deserved everything they got . . . But did we?

Illustration supplied by Crass

Penny Rimbaud is a member of the anarchist group Crass, whose single 'How Would You Like To Be The Mother Of A Thousand Dead?' prompted questions in Parliament this summer. The group also released a double collection 'Christ — The Album'. We asked Penny to write about punk in a year of revived patriotic fervour and the Falklands War.

1982 was 'Falklands Year', over one thousand dead, but Thatcher was "proud to be British", proud to be a part of that pointless slaughter, proud because pride's a glossy surface that hides the guilt, shame and lies. The media reinforced the lies. The dailies pumped out hysterical, heroical crap. TV toed the party sham. Business was as usual and the bands played on, superficial escapist drivel to cover the pain.

However, beneath the tinsel and stardust punk lived on. Not 'pop punk' — that remained at best silent, at worst supportive of Thatcher's barbaric little war and was as dead as those who were sacrificed for her mean arrogance. No. Punk lived anywhere that people got together to demand peace and sanity, that's the real gig. Sometimes there was a band, sometimes nothing but people and that was the crux of the matter, people, not musical fads or transitory fashion, just people, people who care — and that's something the music business could never buy.

Rather than ignoring the death and mutilation by turning up the stereo, the real punks were out protesting against Her Majesty's government's murder-machine. The music means no more than any other form of protest, it should offer information and inspiration, not escape. The charts are brainwash for the suckers. Punk's protest lives in the hearts and actions of ANYONE with the courage to stand against the authorities who oppress us ALL.

1983 is 'Cruise Missile Year'. Thatcher and Reagan, naively believing that "the threat of war is prevented by the threat of war", plan to make Britain into a giant launch-pad for their nuclear armoury.

The Task Force was Thatcher's international mask, Northern Ireland is the face beneath it. Her national hand-out is three million unemployed, recession and depression; the SPG and SAS are the fists she uses to deliver it. Do you really trust this megalomaniac with your future? Are you prepared to see life destroyed by the insanity of her and her government?

The world is a very precious place, FUCK THE MUZAK, let's get on with the REAL job, there may not be a second chance.

SUMMARY . . . Crass's Top 10 selection for Xmas 82 . . . You've got the keys, find your own fucking door.

— PENNY RIMBAUD

Pic: Syndication International

"Looking at the student intake of the last three or four years — you can't separate just one year out — there has been a general trend towards more seriousness and harder work. The main reason, of course, is a greater concern about future jobs. There has been a lower level of more extreme types of political action. The student union at the LSE is now more concerned than in the past with general issues of student interest and less with wider political issues.

"This is not to say there is any unnatural curbing of instincts. There are all sorts of vigorous groups. In terms of the political centre of gravity, however, I would say it was now located at the middle, with the SDP."

— Peter Reddaway, lecturer in Soviet studies at the London School of Economics, former hotbed of political activism.

"Music as revolt has been been notable in its absence this year; it is dead; I think that death can stand as an excuse for non-attendance."

— Tom Fawcett, singer and creative force of South London jazz vandals Design For Living.

"1982 has been a year of great adventure. The Fun Boy 3 and Bananarama pranks, the year of musical and visual trash, people still hating people and the year when I went to Tunisia and discovered the true meaning of sand."

— Terry Hall of Fun Boy 3, and national spokesman for rhubarb hairdos, 1982.

"We will fight them on the beaches, on vinyl and on stage . . ." Macho man plugs on, here in the guise of ambidextrous David Coverdale of Whitesnake.

"Very extreme. A good year for the common or garden British person, i.e. the Falklands, royal babies, etc."

— Beki Bondage, of Vice Squad, real punk's leading lady, '82's alternative Lady Diana.

Pic: Peter Anderson

"The Falkland Islands crisis was not of Britain's making or choosing. But our firm response to the Argentine invasion, while it may have surprised the Argentine, was widely acknowledged by others as the only principled and correct one. When negotiations finally broke down in the face of total Argentine intransigence and persistent defiance of the United Nations Security Council, we were obliged to remove the aggressors from our territory by force. Our purpose was achieved at no little cost. But our determination and resolution in upholding vital principles of freedom and democracy have served to strengthen internationai respect both for ourselves and for the rule of law."

— Foreign Office spokesman.

"At long last, what we have all been waiting for, Marlboro in tens and a ginger-nut royal baby. For us personally: signing off the dole, posh restaurants, Top Of The Pops, America & Europe, three silver discs, still skint. Cheers then!"

— Bananarama, this season's Shangri-Las, still looking for a Shadow Morton to call their own.

1981 IN ITS OWN WORDS assembled by Phil McNeill, Lynn Hanna and Andrew Tyler. Additional research by Wendy Lewis, Chris Bohn, Dave Hill, Leyla Sanai and Adrian Thrills. Chronology compiled by John May and Amrik Rai.

JANUARY

The year of the TV explosion begins with the launch of three new ITV stations including Central, later responsible for the *OTT* disaster●Soft Cell set the theme for 1982 — The Year of The Split — with the release of 'Say Hello, Wave Goodbye'●Vince Clark is the first to take the hint, leaving Depeche Mode●Unemployment figures top three million and Mark Thatcher gets lost in the desert●The first of many train strikes begins while Abba top both albums and singles charts●*Reds* launched, Lands End is sold for £1,750,000 and Ozzy Osbourne is rushed to hospital for a rabies injection after biting off the head of a bat in Des Moines, Iowa●Entertainment in Brixton takes a new turn with the opening of first the Fair Deal and then the Ace, both converted picture houses, another sign of the decline of the cinema●Lightning Hopkins dies aged 69 as does Hoagy Carmichael, composer of 'Stardust' which attracted over 1000 cover versions●'Life In The European Theatre', the anti-nuclear compilation album featuring The Jam, Beat, Madness, etc, is released to unenthusiastic response●Nigel Eastmond (18) of Finsbury Park, convicted of entering Parliament with intent to inflict grievous bodily harm on the Prime Minister; he is jailed for three years●John Coghlan disturbs the Status Quo by leaving after sixty years hard labour●Nigeria's leading rock musician Fela Kuti released from jail after a month of internment for various heinous offences including possession of a Nigerian Fire Services beret●The Great Japan Exhibition hits London and triggers off a wave of Japanese style●Tom Baker vacates the Tardis and a nation mourns●Fun

The end of an era? The Jam, Blondie and Squeeze all split in '82, while numerous other '77-style new wavers either disbanded (Teardrop, Japan, Tenpole Tudor), vanished (Police, Dury) or struggled (Ramones, Undertones, Rats, Altered Images, Adam, Costello).

DO DURAN DURAN SLEEP AT NIGHT?

I USED TO BELIEVE in a shared liberty. The wanton in me screamed "come on boys, be a part of this, we have this." If you tell it loud enough they'll understand. No they don't. They mishear, misrepresent.

The purist punk ideals belonged to a group of us — a small group it was, in Liverpool. Not The Vibrators and Nazi jackoff. I understand, now, how the hippies felt. Punk was betrayed the day the word "punk" was openly used in anything other than the press.

Punk? What's punk? we would ask incredulously. The dickheads would pose in corners of Eric's for *News Of The World* photographers. The Clash inadvertently did it. "This is for punk rockers." No, no. *The dream was, is, the thing.*

Julian Cope broke The Teardrop Explodes after a short tempestuous career spanning punk, psychedelia and pop idolatry. As he's one of music's most passionate and articulate observers, we asked him to write about the eclipse of punk in the year The Jam died.

As a fan you could be precious with your favourite group. As for the new artists, you forfeit. The artist forfeits from the beginning, from the very start.

If I wrote a song about love, it could be interpreted as a song about death, anything. And with validity.

I've got all sleep's secrets hidden in my bag, but a lot are leaving . . . they were making tentative steps into the real world. The ritual suicide of The Teardrop Explodes, probably the same as the Weller purge, the Dammers purge, the inquisitions go on. Do Duran Duran sleep at night? The people who care don't sleep.

This is commercial art but that doesn't mean we have to glorify money, it just means we have more money to glorify art. That flagrant, repulsive period is back. 1960 meets 1973. Producers, technique, studios, dog-wank, jerk-off. Morality is either forced upon you or created out of your own desire for order. The latter only works if you have barriers. Only if you know.

The feeling anyway is gone.

The purge from within eventually has become a purge from without.

Then conflict. The ego as the artist remains fragile, will crumple, needs to crumple. Irony.

Who could listen to Arthur Lee's Love and want to make music like Bacharach and David? The bitter swells, the twists of sweet melody and *"the snot has caked against my pants"*. The lurking doubt, that's all we can have, no yes or no.

Listen to Bryan Maclean's Love and you understand the listless, vacuous malaise that music finds itself in. Without the abrasive, the sweet is not sweet, merely sugary. With the abrasive, conflict gives the polite credence. The greatest love songs have a cancer in them. Take out the cancer and they're merely polite. Even punk's two-minute hate songs have no attack without it.

The desire is no longer there. The goal was to produce something special. There is no longer any point. Between thought and expression lies a lifetime. Great art is everything. Watertight but delicate. It will give you the real truth.

But not nothing but the truth.

— JULIAN COPE

THE GIRLIE IMAGE IS STILL BEING REINFORCED

IN A YEAR when "rally round the flag" has been proposed as a serious solution to Britain's problems (don't mention the Malvinas), recession rock (funk/disco/reggae) has metamorphosed. Accessible anarchy to inaccessible traditionalism. Our heroines aren't "just like us", more "nothing like us".

One exception is the brilliant Alf Moyet who, as half of Yazoo, proved that exceptional talent will always break out of whatever constraints may exist. And as a real woman she is, of course, more "sexy" than Kim Bananarama or Natasha Tight Fizz could ever be. Mari Wilson, Siouxsie Sioux and The Coconuts also spring to mind as being "attractive women" rather than "tasty birds"; you either like their music or you don't.

Rhoda Dakar began the year by releasing 'The Boiler', a graphic, chilling dissection of a rape tensely orchestrated by The Specials' Jerry Dammers, that made the charts despite being practically banned by the BBC. She began working with the newly reformed Special a.k.a. in July and sings on their new single 'War Crimes'. We asked Rhoda to write about girls in pop and women in music.

Women as musicians have also made a brief appearance via Helen O'Hara (Dexys), The Ravishing Beauties, Kim Clarke (Defunkt) and the strange performance artist Laurie Anderson. I should also mention The Belle Stars here, but being emotionally involved am naturally loath to do so. I feel quite sorry for them, really. They seem like the prettied-up Go-Go's — who've become the new Beatles in America although they didn't get away with it here. And yet I feel The Belle Stars wouldn't be bland enough musically for the American market. (Did The Slits give up in disgust, I ask myself?)

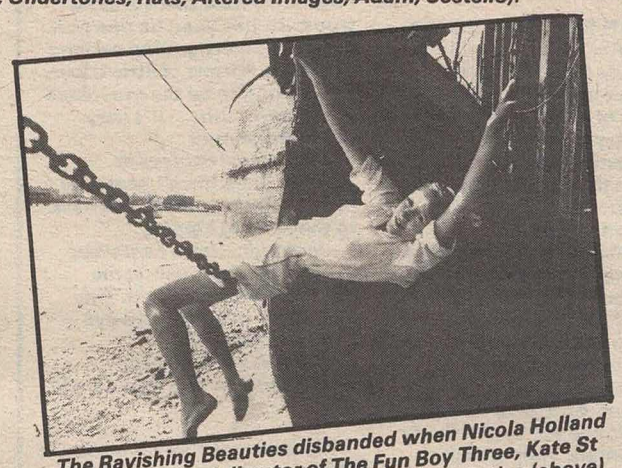
I began by saying that women in the music business have become less representative and more like a parody of themselves; but thus far have done my best to disprove this.

However, there have been so many examples of the "unreal" variety this year, it hardly seems worth giving them a(nother) mention. So I'll go onto the black women in this business. I feel we deserve a separate critique because, expressed or not, there is a common belief that black people are more sexual beings, and there's still plenty of mileage left in this myth, especially for men. However a Thereze Bazar or a Jay Aspen are hardly a match for a Diana Ross or a Donna Summer, and everyone knows that Bananarama are only girls, whereas Raw Silk are definitely women. But I'm not making a case for aggressive sexuality.

There is hope on the horizon, though. I wasn't embarrassed by the girls in Shalamar or Wham! or by Evelyn King; and I was positively uplifted by Kim Clarke, Neneh Cherry (Rip Rig & Panic); I have faith that Pauline Black's efforts this year are only a stop-gap until she finds her feet, and Asian women made great headway in the person of Sheila Chandra (Monsoon); and Nona Hendryx pushed the frontiers of funk (and the message was brilliant). Tanya (Sweet Tee) Winley's three-year-old contribution ('Vicious Rap') still sounds good. But, alas, we haven't seen any female toasters exported from Jamaica and the idea has not yet caught on with our own daughters.

In conclusion, I'm almost convinced things will get better. Although the "girlie" image is being reinforced from all directions, more women are realising they have a valid contribution to make through their talent, rather than their looks. I rest my case.

—RHODA DAKAR



The Ravishing Beauties disbanded when Nicola Holland became musical director of The Fun Boy Three, Kate St John returned to modelling and Virginia Astley (above) took some adventurous steps towards an electro-classical ambient Englishness.

"It's been an exciting year for me in boxing, and a nice time outside of boxing too. Otherwise, well it's been a bad year for some people, but that means it's good for somebody else. It's got worse for the poor, but that's made it very good for the rich. As for the young unemployed, I still don't advise them to take up professional boxing; maybe amateur boxing. But I think darts is a better bet, you don't get injured so much. I don't know about any British titles next year; you'll have to ask my manager about that. I've just got to concentrate on knocking people over."

— Frank Bruno, the young heavyweight hope of British boxing.

"1982 was the year of the clap trap, that bloody clapping sound that you get on all those Soul Sonic Force and Rocker's Revenge singles. I swear if I hear another drum machine I'll . . ."

— Rusty Egan, DJ, The Camden Palace.

"In 1982 I finally came to terms with fashion. I saw that it wasn't entirely pointless and fatuous if it could draw attention to certain things that would otherwise be ignored. I'm thinking of jazz from the 1940s or Malcolm McLaren's *Oklahoma* view of country and western. As for the area of music people would consider my own, it's been rather drab but in the pop field, fun."

— John Peel, BBC jockey of the waves.

"It was the year that Jackie Wilson said, da da da da da, da da da da da. And Mari Wilson said, Why is the European Theatre of War on my doorstep?"

— Mari Wilson, queen beehive, who got just what she always wanted: a support tour with Roxy Music.

Pic: Anton Corbijn

FEBRUARY

Boy Three singer Lynval Golding attacked by Coventry stormtroopers, three of whom are eventually charged with assault●The Delta 5 become 3 and The Fire Engines run out of steam●Once again The Jam sweep the *NME* poll and announce a major tour●The Mighty Errol returns to stir up some action on that dance flaw●The Human League declare war on poster pirates●First video jukebox installed●Alex Harvey, Britain's oldest punk, dies of a heart attack and Thelonious Monk plays his last chord●Laker Airways goes into receivership resulting in The Police playing a benefit concert in LA●The Human League go platinum and the De Lorean car company goes into receivership●St Saviour's C of E school in Toxteth forced to close due to vandalism, wrecked classrooms and assaults on teachers by 9 & 10 year old kids●The BPI do us all a favour and battle cheap imports (sarcasm)●Pete Murphy tests out an easy chair for Maxell Tapes and Adam Ant's dad is discovered to be one of seven people on the dole●Billy Bremner awarded £100,000 damages over *Sunday People* allegations of "fixing" matches and Wayne B. Williams is sentenced for two of the 28 murders in Atlanta●Marvin Gaye leaves Motown and Ramona croons her last with The Modettes●Geoff Boycott leads a rebel cricket team to South Africa and the government announce

MARCH

that two-thirds of Britain's 30 million elm trees have died due to Dutch Elm disease●Kraftwerk top the singles with 'The Model'●The SDP hold their first convention in London●*Chariots Of Fire* wins four Oscars while The Jam raise hell for JOBS NOT YOPS at Central London

PLASTIC BULLETS WILL NOT BRING LAW AND ORDER

IF PEOPLE do not learn and profit from their experiences they have to go through them again.

1982 has witnessed an important debate on the future implications of our inner city riots which took place during the previous year. Lord Scarman's Report on the Brixton and other disorders throws much light on the subject and makes many recommendations.

John Alderson is former chief constable of Devon and Cornwall constabulary. He spoke out against the heavy-handed tactics employed by the police in quelling the '81 riots, proposing instead better community policing. The Liberal Party is keen to snatch him up as a prospective parliamentary candidate, but meanwhile he is lecturing on the college circuit and pursuing his studies at Oxford. We asked him to write about policing Britain after the riots.

In the first place the disorders arose out of many complicated social issues including relative deprivation and racial prejudice, both real and imagined, and a belief that, by increasing the repressive function of the police, order could be established.

The riots were not racial, religious or political but were spontaneous and largely directed against the police. Over the years the gulf between the police and the public in the affected areas had widened to dangerous proportions. Young people and particularly young black people grew up to regard the police generally not as their friends but as their enemies.

To improve this situation to more harmonious proportions will take many years of patient work. Not only do many young and unemployed people living in deprived areas become alienated from society generally but one of the most powerful symbols of that society, namely the police pose a special and additional threat.

Lord Scarman recommended amongst other things, improved police training, recruitment of police from ethnic minorities, conciliation and objective methods of dealing with police complaints. Some steady progress is being attempted in these critical areas. He also recommended that racial prejudice in police operations should be specifically prohibited by police discipline regulations. No progress has yet been made in this direction. But one of his key recommendations was that community consultation between police and public should be established in law. The Police Bill now before Parliament proposes to establish such practices. It now requires that communities should become active in a constant dialogue with the police.

The future of law and order in our society will not be enhanced by plastic bullets (a lethal remedy) or C.S. gas, but by creating community arrangements to prevent crime and alienation going out of control. A police force and its citizens have to reach a better understanding if we are to avoid a repetition of the anti-police riots of 1981.

— JOHN ALDERSON

. . . AND THE FINAL RIOT FIGURES

OF ALMOST 4,000 people arrested during the riots of July/August 1981, only about 280 (8 per cent) were female. Of 25 police areas affected, those with the largest proportion of female arrests were Toxteth (almost 20 per cent), Brixton (15 per cent) and Moss Side (about 10 per cent).

Of all the arrests of both sexes, a fifth (about 800) were under 17, and a further 47 per cent were aged between 17 and 20; making a total of two thirds (67 per cent) aged under 21.

Of those arrested roughly one quarter (946) were classified as "being of ethnic appearance other than 'white' ". However, this proportion varied according to area, being predictably higher (about two-thirds) in Southall, Wood Green and Brixton, but very small in Merseyside outside Toxteth, Manchester outside Moss Side, and Humberside.

In the majority of areas, a half or more of those arrested had a previous criminal record. The proportion of those who were unemployed at the time of the incidents was also about a half in the majority of areas. However, the overall proportion of those unemployed classified as 'West Indian/African' was 46 per cent, compared with 29 per cent of 'Asians' and 35 per cent of 'Whites'.

Although most people were charged with public order offences, the proportion of females charged with burglary, theft, etc (45 per cent) was much larger than for males (19 per cent).

The sentence most used was the fine; this was so for most police force areas, all types of offences and most types of person arrested.

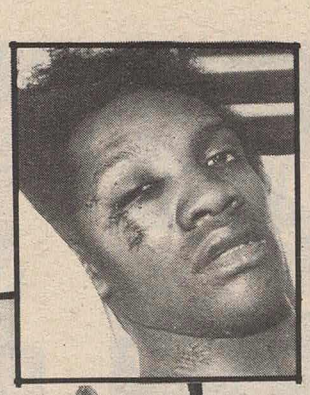
About 700 (30 per cent of those sentenced) received a sentence of immediate custody and a further 150 (6 per cent) got a suspended sentence, making the proportionate total use of custodial sentences 36 per cent.

By the end of July 1982, the cases of only 106 persons out of the 3,500 charged remained to be heard. Of the 3,500 about 550 were found not guilty and a further 300, mostly charged with public order offences, were bound over to keep the peace.

— HOME OFFICE

(Precis-ed from the Home Office statistical bulletin titled ***The Outcome Of Arrests During The Serious Incidents Of Public Disorder In July And August 1981).***

The Fun Boy Three's year began in tragedy when peace-loving Lynval (right) was the victim of an unprovoked attack in a Coventry night club. However he and his companions went on to form highly successful liaisons with Bananarama, The Swinging Laurels and Nicola Holland. Terry Hall (below) initiated the country's most prolific haircut.



Pic: Anton Corbijn

"1982 CAN BE labelled the Year Of Mass Action for Animal Rights; Life Science; Porton Down; the explosion of activities of local groups across the country; the civil disobedience which many took part in on the Huntingdon and Bristol demonstrations; the succession of three documentaries on animal rights on national TV, culminating in the censored screening of *The Animals Film* on Channel 4. These are all indications of a massive increase of public interest and support for our movement. And does this indicate for us the beginning of the vast public support which CND presently enjoys?

"Using force to stop animal abuse is about directing the anger we feel in our hearts, balanced with our organising abilities, to conduct a skilful and professional campaign — with public support — to out-manoeuvre the opposition on every front. 1983 stands to be the turning point for our movement. There will be even more demonstrations next year. More arrests. More TV programmes. More political action. And are we only just beginning to understand the consequence of real animal liberation? No war? No nations? No hunger?"

— Editorial from ***The Liberator,*** *journal of the British Union for the Abolition of Vivisection.*

"It's funny how there was no true faith this year, no one part of music that is getting acclaim. There are dozens of little tribes, all claiming to be the guardians of the new faith . . . it's very fragmented now . . ."

— Paul, Haysi Fantayzee

". . . but there hasn't been any musical development. It's back to the fucking hippies . . ."

— Jeremiah, Haysi Fantayzee

". . . The worst music came from looking backward. The best from looking sideways — and globetrotting."

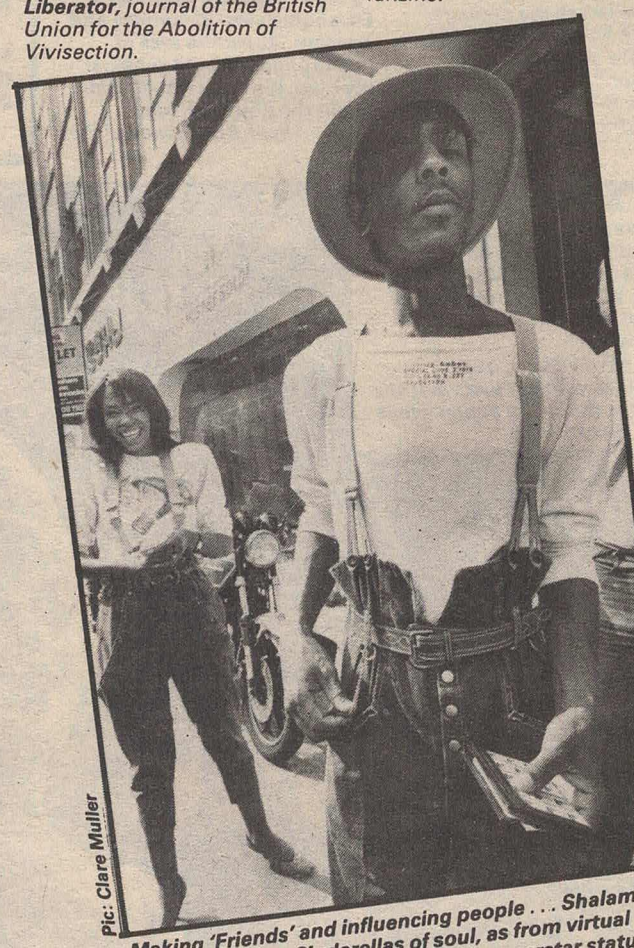
— Kate, Haysi Fantayzee . . . over John Wayne's dread body.

"The hair scene's a bit boring at the moment. I think hair's over-rated. All these trendies are just hippies with short hair."

— Roger, hairdresser at Antennae.

"I've never seen so few fanzines as this past year. It could be Rough Trade are simply not getting them out or, because of printing costs, there just aren't the same number around. Next year it's going to depend very much on extremely localised sales since fewer shops seem prepared to take them on."

— Lindsay Hutton, editor of ***The Next Best Thing,*** *Edinburgh fanzine.*



Pic: Clare Muller

Making 'Friends' and influencing people . . . Shalamar were this year's Cinderellas of soul, as from virtual unknowns they achieved Wembley superstar status. Jody and Jeffrey here demonstrate the perfect partnership of sharp dressing with snappy contemporary soul.

MEANINGLESS SPECTACLES ON THE 22-INCH

MUSIC ON TV: 'tis pity she's a whore, and even worse that the clothes are always out of style.

In this year of '82 I have felt little motivation to watch the insides of television studios rubbing up against the world of popular music. Oh, I see them, *Tube, Roadshow,* the Appleton Empire, *Pops* and the rest. But I watch with little sense of expectancy, and less desire to remember.

Tony Wilson is founder of Factory Records, manager of A Certain Ratio, and the whizz kid behind the pioneering pop programme ***So It Goes.*** *In real life he works for Granada TV. We asked him to write about pop on television.*

In the last year the turntable has moved on, the moment of music veering away from the live performance ethic that created the '76/'77 explosion. Today's music lives its real life in the space between the studio desk and the club floor; there the only flash, and music is to be *listened to,* the music is to be danced to, the music is to be loved to. It is *not* to be 'watched'.

And yet watch is all that TV can offer. Another band on another sound stage; the boredom of performance, the performance of boredom.

The only band to raise the temperature on air in recent months, Flash and the Five — the street cabaret acts can do it anywhere. Together with The Stockholm Monsters (not ABBA) the five are the only act to have made my Hacienda watching worthwhile — it is definitely uncommon these days for anything to actually Happen on stage.

Of course, you can't blame TV for peddling a spirit that is so out of date. Have cameras, will shoot bands playing. Tough. Have one camera and you can do an interview and that's still a useful role. But it's arbitrary, McLaren on Cheggers taking all the awards of past weeks, and screw the up-market venues. Let's have an old chat show with old clips.

Have programme and let's see the presenter. Don't worry ma I've stopped bleeding from *So It Goes* and no need to index the various levels of archness to which today's brightly dressed egos can think. Veritable turkeys. But they try hard and I do quite like Ellen & Hepworth whom I always assume are being unassuming. But those bloody bands standing there playing guitars. I'm as sane as hell and I don't need it.

Turn on the radio — at least dream of turning on the radio. For contemporary pleasure in an era of pure sound and beat, radio is once again the prime communicator, the angel of excitement. You'd hardly know it from our moribund airways but lock into the R&B station war in NY and all comes clear. I hate jerks like this who start saying that it's all happening, over there, without offering free air tickets to all subscribers to "over there', but it's the only way to make a point. The big three — Kiff, WBLS, and WKTU (they call them R & B in the tiff sheets, but you're so hip you can say black) — fight for top listening figures in the five boroughs by being maddeningly alive. BLS and Crocker were tops, but Kiff's just dethroned them and part of Kiff's counter-drive was selective playing of English bands (when I was there, the Yaz 'Don't Go' re-mix). Fix your three selector buttons appropriately and drive and push . . . and hear . . . and watch the streets, don't watch no stupid bands.

So the times are not my times for TV. The best of it would be Four's Rootster, where that channel's tendency to rambling inconsequentiality creates a fine low-level visual background to the bass swell when you turn the sound right up and get things into their correct place.

There is no place in my world for pop TV. Though I say yes to the subliminal dancefloor screams and the adjacent imagery of the video tape; but sitting by the fire watching meaningless spectacles on the 22", no thanks. Please Lord give me good radio one day and for now a good DJ for this fine and pleasant evening. As for the telly, plug in the Sinclair and run a programme of your own. The future is interactivity and *"dance, dance . . ."*

— TONY WILSON

"1982 saw a significant improvement in relations between the police and young people. In 1983, we look forward to that improvement continuing."

— Scotland Yard spokesman.

"It's been a pretty good year for me. A lot of pressure, yes, but I can deal with it. It gives me plenty of experience. My best moments have to be playing in the World Cup, with the game against the host nation the high spot. They're a good bunch of lads back at United. We seem to be doing OK too."

— Norman Whiteside, 17-year-old Manchester United and Northern Ireland phenomenon.

"Well, it was a continuation of 1981. There was an advent of octogenarian DJs. I had a great sex life and hope that that continues for always. I also discovered that I liked spinach, so my eating habits went upmarket (cause everyone eats turnips in Scotland)."

— Billy Mackenzie, singer with The Associates, still a cult despite the sweet stigma of success at last.

"It was pretty bad this year because of Reaganomics, and because of the 'Rent-A-Record' in America. For us it was a wonderful year because Shalamar has been a great success in '82."

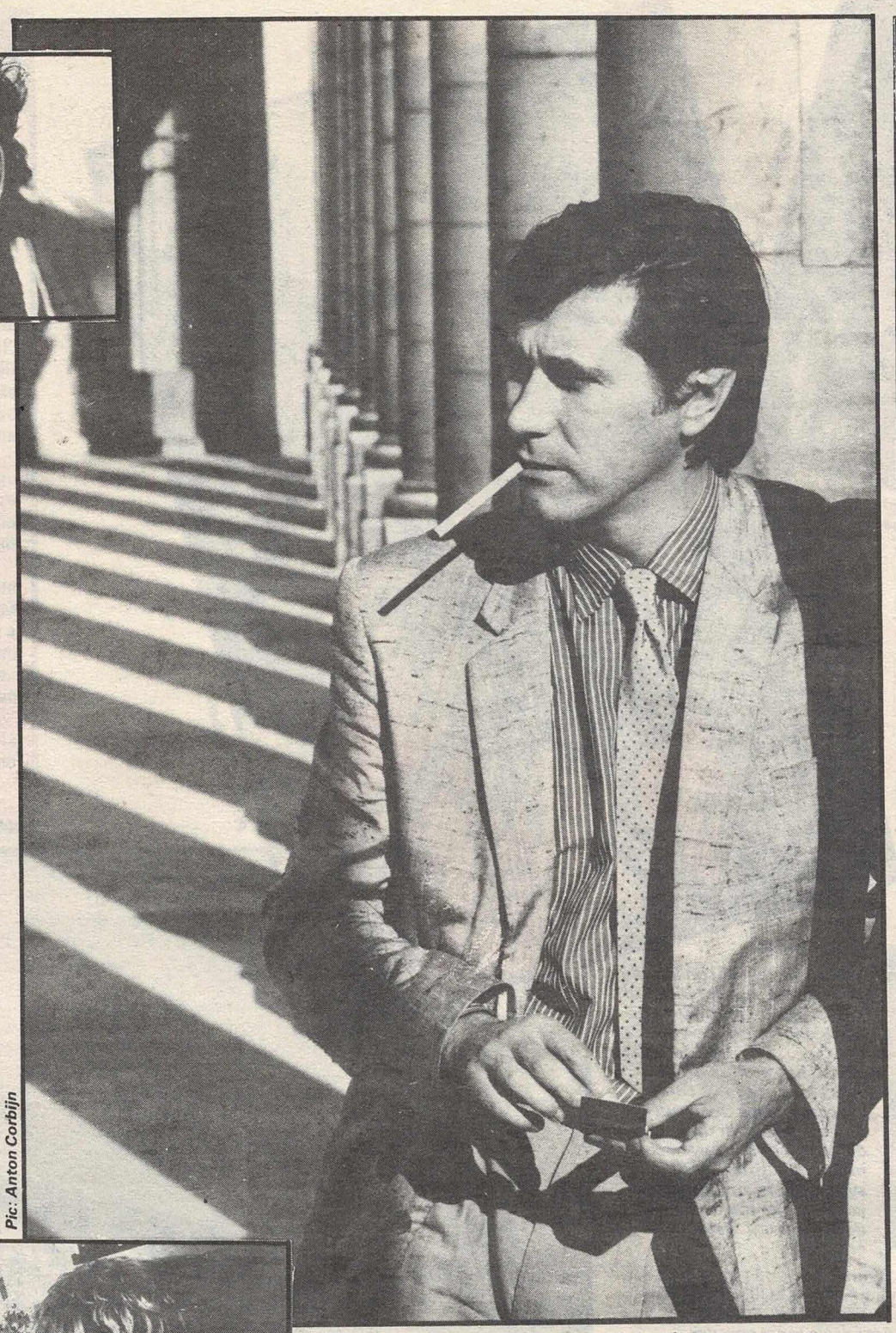
— Howard Hewett, lead singer with Shalamar, four hit 45s this year.

Poly●Simon Frith succeeds Derek Jewell as rock critic of the *Sunday Times*●*NME* celebrates its 30th anniversary●Lou Reed rises from the dead to hold a press conference and Bowie gets his teeth into Brecht's *Baal* (not a pretty sight)●Five Moslem fundamentalists sentenced to death for the assassination of Sadat and the *Washington Post* claims Reagan has authorised a $19 million undercover operation to destablise Nicaragua●The Space Shuttle successfully completes its third mission●Roy Jenkins wins Hillhead for the SDP●Neville Staples is fined £150 for noisy sex while the feminist alternative to *Jackie* — *Shocking Pink* — makes its voice heard●Mary Whitehouse's case against *The Romans In Britain* collapses●Nott announces plans to buy the US Super-Trident D5 missile system at a cheap rate of £7,500 million●Toyah stars in the *Dear Heart* TV fiasco and *Mad Max II* establishes the style for New Punk●No longer with us: Philip K. Dick, Alan Badel, Harry H. Corbett, Carl Orff and John Belushi●Linton Kwesi Johnson refuses to play the Rock City in Nottingham, alleging it to be a racist venue●Gerald Tuite, the IRA bomber who escaped from Brixton, is recaputred and Claus von Bulow, Danish aristocrat, is found guilty of trying to murder his wife with insulin injections●Holly drives out the Italians and fails an audition for the Michael Schenker Group; Graham Bonnet gets the job●Foot launches 10-point plan to reduce unemployment to less than a million in five years●Simon & Garfunkel reform and Jerry Lee Lewis returns from the near-dead●Government announces approval for satellite TV●Tight Fit take the chart top

Pic: Peter Anderson

Pic: Anton Corbijn

Pic: Anton Corbijn



Pic: Anton Corbijn

The year of doomed romance, gentlemanly glamour and smoochy lost-soul music . . . Bryan Ferry, the new pop crop's prototype and father-figure, topped a particularly successful year professionally by marrying a beautiful — and pregnant — heiress. Billy Mackenzie crooned his way into the charts at last — then jeopardised his new-found fame and fortune by lover's tiffs with his long-standing Associate Alan Rankine. Japan made melancholy into a popular pastime, and the fragile Sylvian walked on alone with only ghostly memories for company. And Crooner-Of-The-Year Captain Sensible brought back Rogers and Hammerstein and proved that even hopeless failures can score silver discs.

COMMERCIALITY, ONCE SCORNED, IS NOW EMBRACED

IN 1982, it seems more artists than ever from the most diverse walks of the music scene have striven for the 'hit single' and many have succeeded.

Fashion has changed. No longer is it unhip to achieve commercial recognition, indeed, where once commerciality was scorned it is now embraced for, after all, what artist would not choose to reach a wider audience (if only for mercenary reasons)?

The music press followed closely on the tails of such bands, gradually giving more and more coverage to the now successful pop groups and itself becoming almost chart-orientated as opposed to 'alternative', as was the case at the turn of the decade.

The 7" and 12" singles-buying public seemed to be getting younger. 1982 heard a collection of unabashed fun and colourful (if not forgettable) products that catered for this potentially flourishing market with its obvious casualties. Many groups still suffered from the one-hit-wonder syndrome and faded as quickly as they appeared.

Pic: Peter Anderson

Alison Moyet is the blues singing Alf of electronic duo Yazoo, whose 'Don't Go' and 'Only You' put emotion back into the charts. We asked her to write about a pop year of many passing fads.

Production alternated from 'over-the-top' to the barest essentials. Do-it-yourself production did very well. Artists with lots of ideas and very little experience or skill were producing their own records with often successful results.

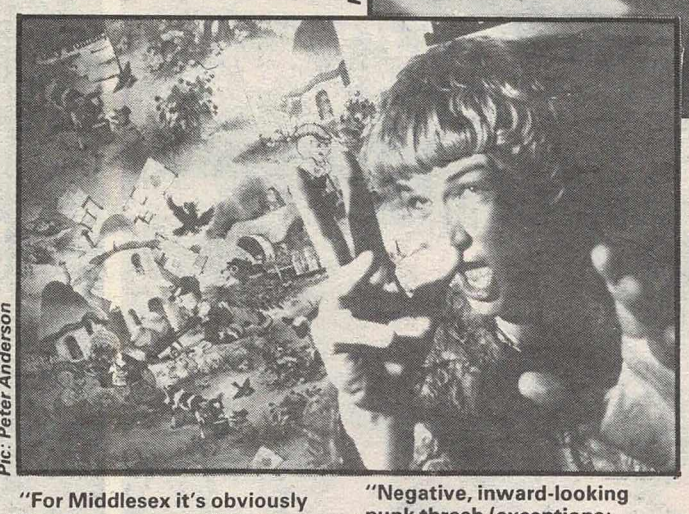
1982 was the year of the independents.

The synthesiser became a major aspect in the development of pop music in 1982. It became a featured instrument as opposed to a fad gadget or a versatile effects unit, and is now to be heard on most records in one form or other causing much controversy amongst Musicians' Union members and musos alike.

Whilst trends appeared however to be pushing on for new sounds and never developments, many groups such as Dexys Midnight Runners, Musical Youth and Fun Boy 3 were enjoying considerable success and scoring huge hits with their interpretation and development of the earlier ethnic styles of music, adding to them a new commerciality that exposed this music to a far greater audience than it had ever achieved in its original form.

Pop music in 1982 — in my opinion — has on the whole been unremarkable; it has been fun and exciting but often drab and repetitive. I doubt that any of it will be long remembered.

Perhaps 1982 has been slowly moving towards a musical revolution that will not become apparent for years. Perhaps on the other hand it has done nothing and will be forgotten. I confess I have already forgotten it. — ALISON MOYET



Pic: Peter Anderson

"For Middlesex it's obviously been a good year while in general things have been disrupted slightly by the guys going out to South Africa. Test cricket has missed people like Geoff Boycott and Gooch. But it's been a year for the young, really. Norman Cowans has gone out to Australia and proved a good advert for multi-racial cricket and Derek Pringle came straight out of university into England. The sport is going through what you might call a young phase with England at the crossroads."

— Mike Gatting, new captain of Middlesex, top county run-getter last year but not invited along to the Australian debacle.

"The Jam split up, what more can you ask? Still, for us it was the best year of our lives! There is life after Geoff Deane."

— Robbie James of Modern Romance, popular travelling salsa salesmen.

"Negative, inward-looking punk thrash (exceptions: Action Pact, Newtown Neurotics, Dead Kennedys, Adicts, Redkins and about five others). Bland, unchallenging pop dross, empty in both spirit and performance, and apologised for and even elevated by self-indulgent music hacks (exceptions: Dexys Midnight Runners, Wham!, Grandmaster Flash, Brother D And The Collective Effort). Worst bands of '82: Duran Duran, Simple Minds and Modern Romance.

"Enjoyment and pleasure-seeking are very much a part of life, but should never be elevated to a manifesto or an ideology, because there's a lot of people in this world who don't get the chance to enjoy themselves very much. And we shouldn't forget that."

— Atilla The Stockbroker, punk ranter, secretary of the Norman Tebbit Hate-Mail Society.

Right: Atilla and SWells — the terrible two (in more ways than one).

Pic: Tony Mottram

POETS TRAILING HAVOC AND CHAOS

THIS WAS THE year before the Year Of The Poet. The year when you began to hear names like Seething Wells, Little Brother, Benjamin Zephaniah (voted Poetry Pin-Up of '82), Atilla the Stockbroker, Mark Miwurdz and many others.

They did turns everywhere, rock "gigs" (?), the erupting New Cabaret circuit, festivals, political rallies, youth clubs and the occasional guerrilla raid on straight poetry circles. Whenever they struck, they left a trail of Havoc and chaos behind (well I wear Havoc, sweeties, and S. Wells is chaos . . .)

The term "ranting" was born, the circulation of Molotov Comics exceeded 5,000. The lads made records and a certain music paper That Dare Not Speak Its Name had a Ranting Poetry chart. They stormed the radio; every time you switched on the telly a poet popped up.

The '60s survivors attempted to fight back with the Poetry Olympics, but were totally blown off by Benjamin, and the limp ones slunk back to Hampstead. Highbrows of Literature appearing on *Book 4* whined that poetry was in a decline. They'd never heard of *us* of course, poor simple creatures.

But what of the future? I gaze into my crystal ball and see — S. Wells becoming World Dictator, Little Brother shaking hands with the Queen (a knighthood), Mark and Benjamin teaming up to become the most athletic duo in the history of music hall. Atilla becoming a Born Again Christian and going to work in a Home for Retired Nanas. Me, well, I get to be richer and more famous than the Pope.

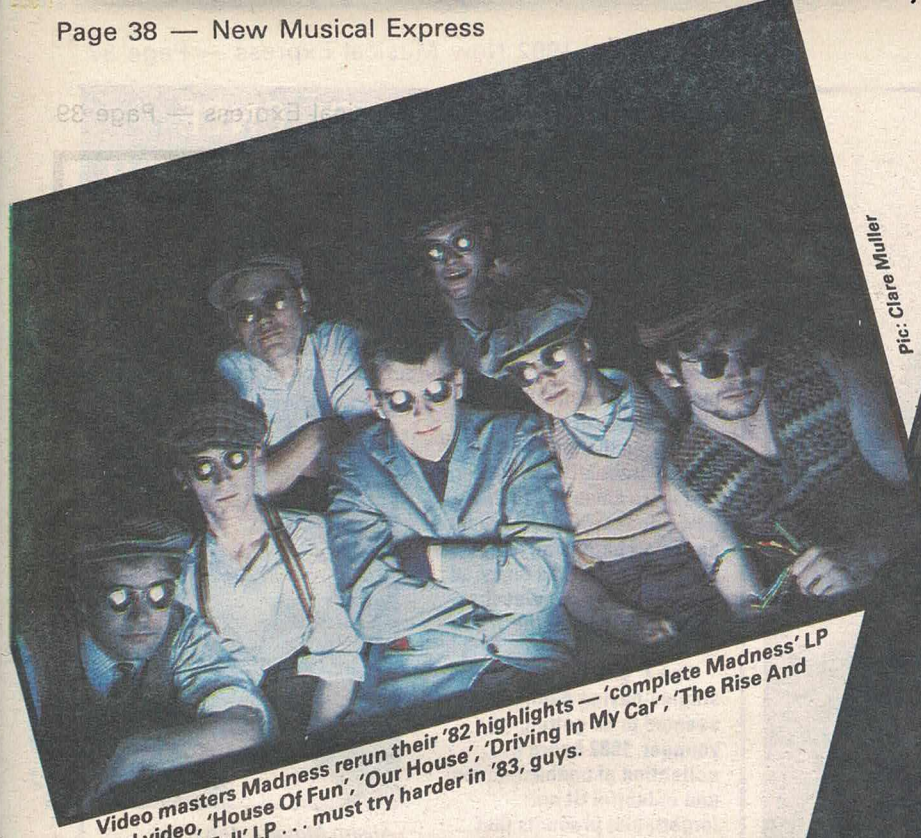
A tinsel Christmas to you, times, and an EMPLOYED New Year. — JOOLZ

Pic: Kevin Cummins

Joolz is a Bradford poet — a little less known than her colleagues S.Wells and Atilla The Stockbroker, but that's only because she can't shout so loud. We asked her to write about the swelling ranks of ranters who are currently disproving the proposition that poetry is powerless.

APRIL

spot●Jaz vanishes mysteriously and the Killing Joke is on; the surrogate Eskimo is found knelt in prayer before a psychic leyline in Iceland●34 arrests at Greenham Common peace camp●The Battle for the Falklands begins, as does the *Gasbag/Tzers* conflict●Britain's first test-tube twins born●South Korean policeman goes ape and kills 56 people during eight-hour drunken orgy●Teddy Pendergrass breaks his back in a US car accident●Adam sacks his Ants and goes solo●Arthur Lowe dies and violence breaks out in Notting Hill with eight policemen injured and 24 people arrested●Sheffield indie label PAX release anti-war punk album 'Wargasm' while Macca and Stevie blow each other kisses and fall over piano keys in 'Ebony & Ivory', a Woodentops idea of unity●Prince Charles falls off another horse and, in a concussed state, names Status Quo as his favourite band●Alex Higgins pots black and becomes the world snooker champion●Warren Oates dies in Hollywood●The National Union of Teachers votes overwhelmingly for the abolition of corporal punishment in state schools within two years●Rank outsiders Liverpool walk away with the League Championship●Lester Bangs, rock critic, dies at the age of 34●Rusty Egan's hedonist cooperative open the Camden Palace while another famed dilettante Errol is found dead in Brooklyn●The ten young blacks involved in a night of violence in Thornton Heath, which leads to the death of Terry May, receive sentences ranging from eight years to Borstal●Accusations of Jam bodyguards injuring an English fan in Sweden are followed by denials all round●Saxa retires from The



Video masters Madness rerun their '82 highlights — 'complete Madness' LP and video, 'House Of Fun', 'Our House', 'Driving In My Car', 'The Rise And Fall' LP . . . must try harder in '83, guys.

Pic: Clare Muller

Pic: Peter Anderson

ESCAPISM IS A R MIRROR OF SOCIET

WEARING A CAMERA has been very fashionable in '82. Journalists / sociologists, the "odd" (as in hip) rock'n'roll anthropologists buzzed the metropolis on a quest for fire, and the smoke cost £12 a quarter.

A wild bunch of motions and movements ground to a halt, so the "label'n' file it away brigade" attempted to fill the gaps between the lines with birds of paradise and strange do-dos collected on pseudo-street expeditions to Chelsea and South Moulton Street!

It *is* an eclectic age. Stereotyped street uniforms are disarranged and dismantled as youth steps in'n'out of all the wardrobe doors with respect for all the colours in the social/musical spectrum.

Ripped and torn denim, for example, has more to do with *Mad Max* than Mad Maggie, and that cinema-style escapism is a more relevant mirror of society's state than tearing the arse out of a pair of jeans and putting them on a Hard Times pedestal.

Name, rank and number, the language of armies and corporations, should be very unfashionable/unpalatable in 1983.

—PERRY HAINES

OVERBLOWN FILMS AND VISUAL GIMMICKRY

THE WHOLE point of making a promo video is to sell a single, which in Britain means trying to get it on *Top Of The Pops*. It's a funny position to be in, unlike in America where music channels like MTV allow you that much more artistic freedom.

Because video is basically a young medium, most of the people involved in it still come from TV or film and they inevitably compare it to what they've done before. They look to Benson and Hedges or Gordon's Gin ads, at films like *Raiders Of The Lost Ark* for ideas. But you simply can't do anything to match on a £10,000 budget without it looking cheap and shoddy. What you can do is come up with very simple ideas, effective ideas. Use your imagination. It's not the instrument you use, it's the ideas behind them . . .

Midge Ure and Chris Cross, of Ultravox, are keen video makers who this year branched out from filming their own group's promos to work for The Fun Boy 3, Bananarama and Monsoon. We asked them to talk about the state of video two years on from 'Vienna'.

Mind you, we're fine ones to talk because we've contributed quite a bit to everyone being stuck in their ways. We set a certain style and standard with 'Vienna', everybody saw it work and tried to copy it. They all tried doing dramatic overblown films as opposed to three-minute pop videos. They were all using the same imagery, burning paper, lights casting long shadows through windows . . . it's all very boring now. That style inevitably ground to a halt. How many bands can go out and spend £40,000 to £50,000 — almost twice as much as we did — for something that might be seen twice on TV? You can't justify it.

On the other hand there's the cheap, arty video, made by people like Talking Heads in which pictures dissolve, change through the spectrum of colours, wipes and so on. We saw one the other day on a Saturday morning show, the new Imagination video, and it was obvious that whoever made it just looked at the mixing desk and used everything! Flipping the picture, reversing it, putting it through spirals, sending it negative . . . no ideas at all, just visual gimmickry.

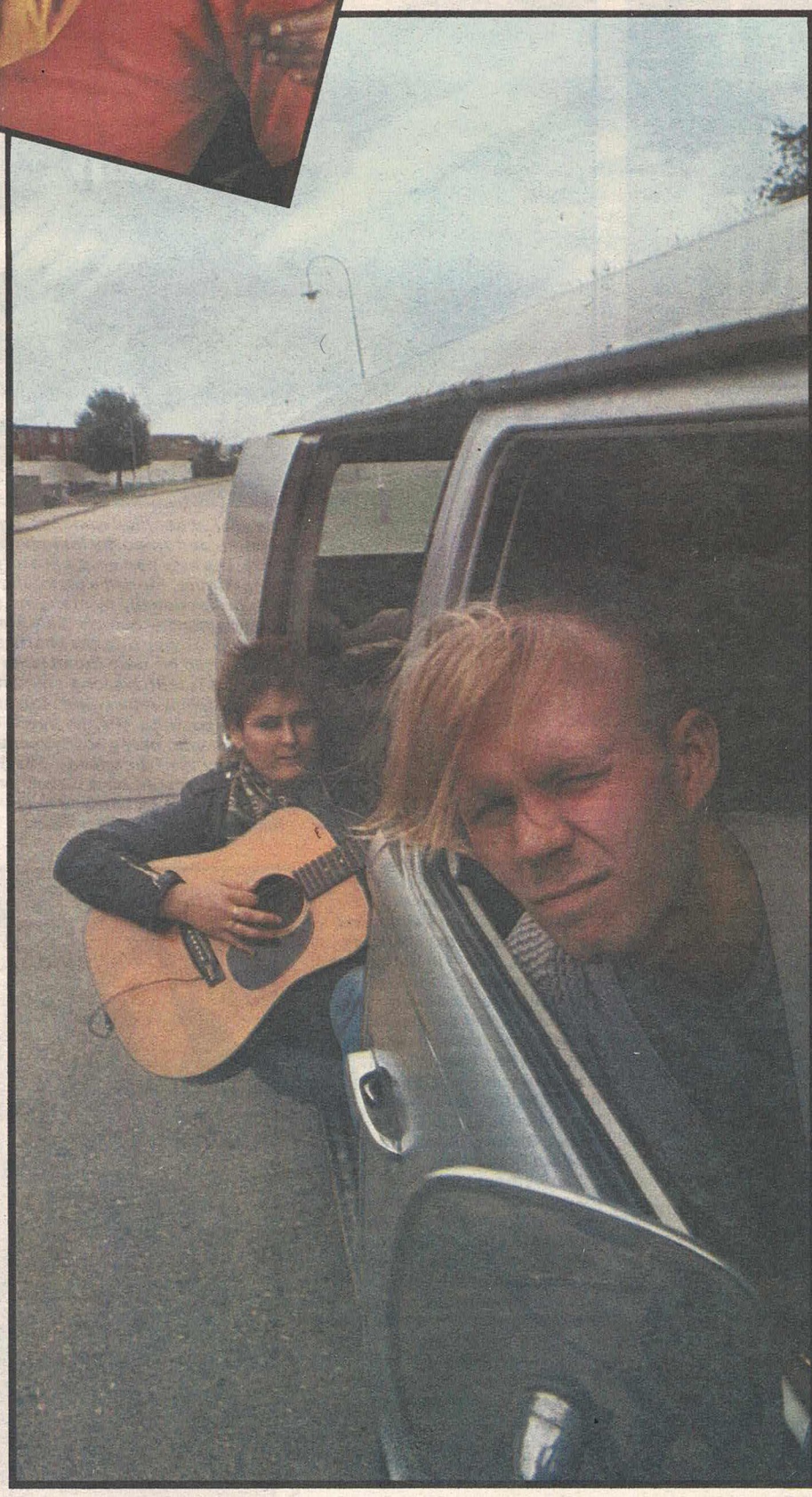
Far better is something simple. Madness are perhaps best at merging the visuals with their music. They always do really funny videos, they've always got something catchy, a silly little dance or whatever, which you'll go back and watch again.

Saw something on *The Tube* the other night and that was good, too. It was done by the guy out of Jilted John, Graham Fellowes, something he did in his house for his new single. The record's nothing much, but the video was quite stunningly simple. Using one camera his head was filmed close up, in front of which cut-outs of Prince Charles and Lady Di popped up and down. It was incredibly simple, must have cost him about £500, yet it worked. It sticks in the mind far more than the Imagination video, which would have cost a small fortune.

Eddie and Sunshine, too, they're characters who can actually do it. We see them doing more what we're doing now, working on 8mm and a low budget, obviously amateurish, but they capture something of themselves. They're inventive!

It's basically about putting your limitations to work for you.

— MIDGE URE & CHRIS CROSS



Odd couples?

Marvin Gaye and son Marvin Jnr (above); Alf and Vince of Yazoo (right); Marc Almond and video snake-charmer (far right) . . . What those artists all had in common in '82 — apart from massive chart success — was their musical odd couplings, in their different styles, they each mated great singing to synthesisers, providing the year's major musical development; electronic emotion.

"Work on your do in '82 and set yourself free in '83. Yo Adrian."

— Daryl Hall, 50% of America's most popular pop-soul act.

"I spent the year thinking it was 1983. One year passes very quickly when you're living in the future."

— John Oates, Daryl Hall's other half.

"1. In '82 we had the unique phenomenon of Ken Livingstone emerging as a GLC leader who is actually working to represent the people he was elected by.

"2. The peace movement is pointed in a clear direction by the action of the women at Greenham Common.

"3. Robert Wyatt puts out his single 'Shipbuilding', reflecting a different view of the Falklands War.

"4. *City Limits* — London's only co-operatively owned alternative magazine celebrates its first birthday against the odds."

— Julie Christie, Lara to Omar Sharif's Dr Zhivago, narrator of 1982's eye-opening documentary ***The Animals Film****. She is currently making* ***Heat And Dust*** *with director James Ivory.*

"Despite all the blows I'm still strongly in favour of independents. I find the thought of Mute being part of a multi-national corporation totally untenable. Though it's not very hip to say it, I think it does matter who you record for, just what it is bringing your record out and how they go about selling it."

— Daniel Miller, of Mute Records, this year's most successful independent label.

MAY

Beat●The anti-nuclear SCRAM offices burnt down by arsonists, *Oi For England* by Trevor Griffiths gets its TV debut while Madness, Kim Wilde and Michael Jackson are busy making Japanese TV adverts●The Killing Joke saga enters its exciting 27th exciting instalment with the news of Geordie visiting Jaz in Iceland●The Falklands War continues and Joe Strummer goes missing●Thousands run in the London marathon●Sophia Loren begins a 30-day sentence in an Italian jail for tax evasion●Right-wingers wreck an Attila gig while the London Mayday rally rocks to the sound of Eastwood and Saint●Spurs win the FA Cup and Gilbert O'Sullivan wins the copyright to his songs●MPs vote 357 to 195 against the restoration of capital punishment and the Pope visits the UK and Argentina on a Mission of Peace●Nine Below Zero split, Thompson Twins disintegrate despite USA success of 'In The Name of Love', Eddie leaves Motorhead and madcap John Otway hospitalised●The Rev. Sun Myung Moon is convicted in New York of tax evasion●The Yorkshire Ripper loses attempt to have his 13 murder convictions reduced to manslaughter on the grounds of diminished responsibility●Bardo fail in the Eurovision Song Contest and the Musician's Union try to ban synthesisers●Two police officers are acquitted of the manslaughter of David Moore during the Toxteth riots and Tam Paton, former Bay City Rollers manager, is jailed for three years after admitting various acts of indecency with underage boys●The Hacienda opens with Bernard Manning●Romy Schneider found dead in her Paris apartment●A YMCA survey claims that the experience of

"The responsibility you must bear
When it's your own future in your hands
Maybe a hard one to face up to
But at least you will own yourself!"
PAUL WELLER
"'TRANS-GLOBAL EXPRESS"' 1982

the Paul Weller interview

the Return of the Avenger

by TONY STEWART
photos PETER ANDERSON

BRIGHTON IS damp and dreary the day before The Jam play their final concert. But there's a mischievous smile on Paul Weller's face as he visualises the final frame of their six-year story.

It would be like a Hollywood B-movie, he imagines humorously. At sunset he would walk out to sea, leaving only a discarded parka lying forlornly on the pebbled beach.

"Some of my friends had some good ideas," he continues, unable to suppress his enthusiasm for the comic irony. "At the end of the gig we should all go down to the beach. You know the end of *Quadrophenia,* and he drives along the cliff on his scooter? Sort of go down there and jump off with all our equipment. I quite like that idea."

Thrown up by punk in the mid-'70s and carried along on the heat and the beat of politics and modern music into the '80s, it would be unfair to allow Paul Weller's Master Mod persona to be the epitaph of The Jam. With six studio LPs and a long procession of invariably classic singles to their credit, their *effect* and success has been nothing less than colossal. Simultaneously, they have been a political focus for Britain's youth, and a musical inspiration for the way they remained true to their original philosophies.

So much so that their last single, 'Beat Surrender' rocketed straight to number one with the same predictability as almost every one they've released this decade. That they should have announced their disbandment only weeks earlier proved that their own intense convictions were far stronger than their commercial intentions.

Rock'n'roll immortality died in '76. And we've just been reminded of that again. Even the most callous cynic can only admire Paul Weller for that.

If anything, it seems a relief to him: a catharsis that absolves the painful conflict within his own mind. Should he keep The Jam going out of loyalty to his fans, Bruce Foxton and Rick Buckler, or snap the lifeline to prevent himself (and them) becoming a tarnished icon in what he regards as a despicable industry?

The pressure drops and now he is more personable, relaxed and good-humoured. The abrasive defence mechanism has been disarmed and he is willing to discuss his music, politics, career and future with an undoubted passion — but one of belief rather than insecure aggression. After all, he has proved himself *to himself* — is there anybody else that matters?

Even agreeing to this interview shows how comfortable he now feels. For over a year he has adamantly refused to compromise himself by appearing in *NME* because he felt it was *wrong.* A lot of it, he's made clear, stemmed from what he regarded as a meaningless and trite cocktail set image of '81 — we were wankers. There was a feeble metaphor of rock rebellion, and a condescending attitude towards the readers.

They're views that I've strongly rebuked — to the extent that earlier this year we had a heated row in The Jam's dressing room at New York's Palladium.

His opinions haven't radically changed. For instance, he makes the point of saying several times during our interview that "*NME* should drop all this intellectual crap". Perhaps he is more tolerant, less dogmatic, rarely as verbally violent on what is simply a complete difference of opinion.

Even his familiar press image as the surly, angry young man is seldom evident during our conversation. He's articulate, candid and frequently humorous. He is also eager to put a perspective on The Jam's career, to explain his politics and defend his position in a business and entertainment world that has again been poisoned by hypocrisy and greed.

Paul Weller can be just as blunt, offhand and abusive as ever — but then isn't that what we need? The return of the Avenger.

1982 SEEMS TO BE the end of an era, especially with The Jam now splitting. Probably the only groups still surviving from a similar period are Siousxie And The Banshees and The Clash. Do you see it as that?

No. Cos I think we were the only group to ever carry anything from that time. I thought The Clash should have called it a day years ago.

No, I don't see this as a specific point. Obviously from our own thing — The Jam thing — it is, but I don't know about the punk thing. I mean, all them other bands, I thought they shit out years ago . . . To me that whole thing was dead by about . . . at least by '78 anyway. Once you took it out of the clubs it was halfway to being dead.

The last four lines of "'Trans-Global Express"' seem to have an ironic ring now: how 'hard' was it for you to split The Jam?

I think it was quite a hard decision. Really, it was the thought of us continuing that I found more frightening; you know, the thought of all that security, just being that secure indefinitely.

It's like when you leave home for the first time, like *that,* because it's such an insular family thing — can you make it out on your own? What'll it be like when there's no kind of protection any more? At the same time, I think that's why a lot of groups carry on.

Isn't it also very insecure being in a band like The Jam? You've had a lot of success, and 'Beat Surrender' goes straight to number one; isn't there an insecurity involved in whether or not you can 'do it' with the next record?

Well, I don't find that. It's never really bothered me whether I can follow things like that — number ones and all that. I'm more concerned with the quality of the records.

Is it then the financial security rather than, if you like, the emotional?

It's not even finance. Because if it was finance I'd just carry The Jam on. It's like that family thing, do you know what I mean? I can't really explain it any better than that.

The thing that frightened me most was that it could go on that long. Because I'm only 24; people forget that as well. I thought to be *that* secure at my age, I found that a bit frightening as well.

Did it make you feel guilty?

What? Splitting it up?

No, no . . .

The security?

24 and set up for life.

I don't know if it made me feel guilty or not. I suppose it's a bit easy; I like to have a bit more of a challenge, I think. Sort of start again and try and build something else up.

I'm not ungrateful for what I've had, because I think it's good, I really believe in what we've done, *and I still do.* I think I'll always believe in what we've achieved. I think it's really important. But as a person I need more challenges to try and do something else.

See, the other thing is . . . you get into this thing of an LP a year, then a tour and a single, and so on and so on. And that kind of goes against my principles a little bit. It gets a little bit like a production line, Even though we keep this quality control thing, I just feel like a fuckin' machine. It's the way you're expected to churn things out as well. That gets on me tits.

The decision surprised me. Last time I saw you was when you came up to the office to get those Small Faces pictures and Danny Baker and myself were there. I think you had a cassette of 'The Bitterest Pill', and you were really enthusiastic. At that time had you seen an end?

Yeah, we decided . . . I'd told the others before that, before 'The Bitterest Pill' came out.

But that's what I'm saying: I'll always be enthusiastic about what we've done. It's like these concerts we're doing, I've tried to make them really sort of UP! It's not like a big fuckin' wake or something. I don't want it to be like that.

For me, what we've done, I want to carry on anyway, that same sort of thing. And all our fans, I'd still like them to carry on believing in all the principles of it. So I don't really see it as a past tense.

I mean, it's the end of us as a group, but I don't see it as an end to what we stood for. I still believe in all those things, I still want to carry on doing them, just in a different way. That's really what it boils down to.

There's that dichotomy, isn't there, of what you stand for — your principles — and then The Jam becoming like so many other successful bands, just an institution?

Yeah, I think age does that. Time. The longer you go on it's just got to become dissipated after a while.

I think another thing as well is that people get used to having you around. You become institutionalised because you become just a bit too reliable, *you're always there.* There'll always be like a Jam tour this year, they'll always be a Jam single or LP. People don't mean it to be that way, it just *happens* that way.

If you want something to be good and carry on being creative, you've got to break it up and start again.

But for those loyal Jam fans the yearly album, or the tour, or the singles, were the highlights. What happens to them now? Are they just stranded?

Well . . . At the same time I hope people have got something more from it than that.

All those people who've grown up with us or are 17, 18 now, it really depends on what they're going to be doing in the future. I always thought that The Jam went a little bit beyond *just being a group,* and *just being music.* I think there's certain qualities about what we've done that people could use in their lives.

I suppose the obvious thing would be if there were some new groups coming up who were influenced by what we've done. I don't mean necessarily musically; just like the ideals behind it. Maybe if they could use it that way. But even in other walks of life.

Out of all those thousands of kids, some of them have got to come into some sort of power at some time, possibly they'll come in to some position of power. If in some way they could use that, use like these principles . . .

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The Gentleman Mod takes his John Steed image lying down.

Paul Weller pull-out

Paul Weller

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So what you're saying is those fans don't need anyone to replace you if the point of The Jam has had any effect?

I don't think it needs another group to replace *us,* you know, to give them something in their lives. If I thought that then I would feel we hadn't given them anything.

Above all what I'd like to see is that people have got out of all of it, a real independence, a real sort of self-dignity. Speaking to a lot of them, and the letters that I've had, I think that does come from it quite strong.

But I do think the music scene in general needs some new groups. But that's got to come from young people, teenagers, to really shake it up.

You didn't feel threatened by any new groups coming along?

No. I'm all for it. I wish there was; I wish there was more. But I like to see sort of teenage groups. One of the things I've always been proud of is the fact that on our first record I was only 18. Just think it's so important. I think it'd be great if there was a big new boost of groups of that age.

Do you feel you're too old now?

No, not really. I mean, I wouldn't like to be going out on the stage singing 'When You're Young' when I'm about fuckin' 30 or something. That's just a joke, I think. Doing 'Eton Rifles' or 'Down In The Tube Station'.

I don't know how some of these old groups have got the gall to do it; to go out there. They must either be stupid or really don't care. Cos I couldn't do it. I wouldn't able to look people in the face.

But I'll have to make records and write songs, because it's just in me to do it, and I wouldn't want to do something else. But just do it in a different way, I suppose.

But I don't think I ever tried to set myself up as being some kind of youth leader, anyway, and I certainly wouldn't try and do it now, cos that sort of thing's got to come from young people.

Is 30 some kind of age threshold for you?

No. I think 25 is. *(Laughs)* For that sort of thing anyway.

If it's going to be young, teenage music, I think you've got to keep it that way. I think you've got to have some kind of limit on it. It doesn't mean to say, that's it, you're finished. It just means you've got to move on and do something else. You've got to move with whatever age you are. I can't stand these people who write teenage songs when they're over 30. It's just a travesty.

Did you know that Shelley was 30 when he died?

No. Would that be significant?

I thought it might have been.

I didn't know that. I'm not into all that anyway. It's not I hope I die before I get old — one of them.

BUT YOU FIND the spectacle of Jagger, for example, pretty pathetic?

Yeah, I think it's *depressing.* The most depressing thing about it is that all them young people go to see him, and flock to fuckin' Wembley to see him. *Ridiculous!* I couldn't believe it. It's nearly as bad as the fuckin' Falklands thing. People still believe in fuckin' dinosaurs like that.

And you know, I'd hate to end up like that. I just think it's so embarrassing. Can't really have respect for themselves, these people that do that. I suppose the other thing is they don't give a shit, do they?

Your attitude seems a bit ambivalent towards The Jam's effect: you want a lasting effect, but I've also seen quotes from you where you've said rock doesn't change anything. Was that just at times of disillusionment?

Yeah, but I've never really seen us as part of the rock thing. I see us outside of that, anyway. I think I have done for quite a long time.

I think it's a whole lot of bullshit that's talked about it and written about it — this rock rebellion thing. And your paper's one of the fuckin' worst for it. All this: the new face of rock rebellion. It's a fuckin' joke, because all these people are just full of *shit!* Even if they don't mean to be; they all fall into the same old traps.

One of the biggest disappointments I ever had was in early '78 when I saw Mick Jones outside the Music Machine with a bottle of whisky in his hands, staggering around. Someone I really believed in, like The Clash, hanging around with Mick Ronson and *some old rockers.*

So I think it's got to be done in a different way. It's hard to really describe it. I believe in . . . like . . . if you can get some kind of new trend in music which is really clean cut; not Cliff Richard clean cut, but *clean culture, real culture.* Not all this bullshit; this *rock fuckin' image* and the crap that goes with it. All these elegantly wasted wankers, like Keith Richards. Not even that lot, all the new set as well.

People who should have known better should have learned from it. All the groups that we started with, *our so-called peers,* you see them and you realise that's it's such a drag, they never meant it, and *they're just the same as all the other old wankers.*

It's a real disappointment.

Do you regret that picture of you and Paul McCartney, I think taken by Linda McCartney, wasn't it?

I think that's funny. He looks fuckin' younger than me in it. I look really ill in that. *(Laughs)*

You don't think that's a similar thing to Jones hanging out with Ronson?

Well, I didn't really think it'd get . . . thought it was for the private archive. But I don't really care now, about that.

Paul's OK, you know. *(Laughs) Macca* — as I call him.

Nah, I don't give a shit about that. I don't see it's the same thing really. I'm only pointing it out because that was someone I really respected. Just to see them following the same old rock traps and that.

You've got all those old idiots to learn from, to see the ways *not* to do it. I don't really mean to come across that self-righteous about it. I just find it . . . more disappointed about it, if anything. Disappointed with rock.

That's one of the dangers because of the way the whole machinery works: people get separated from reality. Did you ever feel that?

Not particularly, no. It's a lot easier to get separated from reality if you've got fuckin' cocaine stuck up your nose, or you're stoned out your fuckin' head. I mean, I've had that a few times when I've been pissing it up or stoned.

You know all these rock casualties, don't you? They fuckin' deserve it. Do you know what I mean? I don't give a shit about them; they don't deserve to be written about or felt sorry for, or anything. It's tough shit. The trap's there to be seen.

It all depends on your general character; it depends how much you care about what you're doing. So I've got no pity for any of those people, particularly.

Some junkie dies down the road, right? Like Jimmy Brown. Some one nobody's ever heard of, there's no sort of full pages written about him.

It's the glamorisation of excess.

Yeah. It's a lot of bullshit. I'd really like to destroy it all. Unfortunately my sort of stance on it is a bit unfashionable at the moment. Some of the press things are quite against what I'm doing. But it's only a matter of fashion for the papers. People who really matter I think I'll get through to; that's all I really care about.

The *NME* really glamorises it. And all the papers do, but *NME* in particular . . .

Your opinions are not really unfashionable. Phil Oakey is very anti-drugs.

Yeah. That's true. And Adam. Perhaps I'm more trendy than what I thought.

This sums up the culture that I really hate, in one statement. You know that group Fashion? They did a thing for you a few months ago, and there was one quote in that which you lot put as the headline statement — our music's all about screwing and taking drugs. It was really fuckin' corny; I couldn't believe it. They're all about 36 and 40. Pathetic.

I mean, I'm not even doing an anti-drugs thing anyway. I don't even mean that. I'm just talking about the whole image of rock: the rock lifestyle. I'm not particularly trying to do an anti anything, anti-drink or anti-stoned, or whatever. The point is the whole myth behind it, which still exists. Which it shouldn't do after punk. I really thought punk was going to blow all that crap right out of the window. It didn't.

Yes, but one of the things about punk was cans of beer and amphetamines.

Yeah.

Of all the drugs speed is a horror, isn't it?

It's alright at the time . . . *(Laughs)*

When did you come to that personal realisation to give up drugs and drink?

(Laughing) I think it was when I joined Friends Of The Earth. You better not put that in; people'll think I'm fuckin' serious.

I just got fed up with it; really bored with it. I got bored with seeing all these faces, all these people — like I said — *who should have known better.* And after seeing them I was seeing myself, really.

An' it just does you in after a while, as well. Now I just prefer to keep myself together and become more determined and just achieve more. Cos there's just so much time gets wasted, fuckin' around doing nothing really. So I'd sooner just use what I've got.

WHAT DO YOU think is the significant of The Jam's career? You talk about what "we've achieved", but you're not really very specific. Is there anything where you can say, Yes, we've achieved *this.* Maybe it's a political thing.

The main things to me, which probably to some people might be trivial, are like sticking to my ideals; and us in general, trying to stick to what we said. You know, things that we said we were gonna do.

Whenever I start talking about it I always imagine people'll think it kinda trivialises it. But just little things, like . . . . the way some groups just get record companies running all over them, releasing the whole LP in fuckin' instalments. Obviously we're just more committed to what we've done. I find it a little hard to explain really, because it's a kind of feeling as well.

One way I feel about it is: *we fuckin' meant it,* and a lot of other bands *don't.* And I just think that if there's any kind of significance, it's just that we're one of the first groups to ever do that. I don't think there are any other bands that have done that.

DID YOU READ Townshend's *Time Out* piece about you in March? What was your reaction to that?

I didn't really understand it, but the bits I caught I thought were a load of bollocks really. Dunno what he was on about. What did you make of it?

Some of the points he made I thought were quite good. For example, where he says, "Weller takes on the whole of British society without a blink. The Jam are a small army dedicated to the awakening of a sleeping nation." I would have thought that was something you'd agree with.

Yeah . . . *(Thoughtful)* . . . But big deal. You know what I mean? Just because it comes from Pete Townshend.

With the last quote I'd probably agree, but I don't really understand the first one. I don't know whether he means I do it in a very naive way or not.

No. I think he meant it as a compliment.

Cheers, Pete. *(Laughs)*

You're not very fond of him?

I think he's OK. I don't really know him well enough to sort of comment, but from the few times I've met him he seems quite a nice geezer really. I think he regrets not splitting up sooner.

That thing about "the sleeping nation", I do agree with that. I tell you the stuff I really like is some of the things I've read by people like Shelley and Blake. They was always into that thing about *stirring the people up;* this emotional stirring. I really like that a lot.

It's quite a romantic notion, possibly a bit naive, but I think it's really powerful that. Some of them Shelley poems.

You also admire George Orwell, who was more practical in stirring up emotions. For example, I was re-reading *The Road To Wigan Pier,* and I found it really depressing. I took it on holiday with me, and regretted it.

There are some better books than that, though. *Homage To Catalonia* is really good. There's some really stirring bits in that. And — what's the other? — *Coming Up For Air.* Have you read that? I think that's good.

Have you read *Homage To Catalonia?* About the Spanish Civil War. I thought there was a brilliant bit in that where he describes when he gets to Barcelona for the first time, and like egalitarian society, and it's working then . . . I thought that was *really powerful.* Cos you get all these cynics who say it can never work; just to show that there actually was a place where it did exist. Really powerful. Really caught the enthusiasm in that.

What about *1984* and *Animal Farm?*

I think they're good. Clever books, I think.

Did they give you more of a political awareness?

Yeah . . . but they're both sort of cynical, aren't they? That's why I like that passage in the *Catalonia* book, that opened me up a little bit more politically. To actually see things in practice, things that have been done, I find that more positive, cos it's easy to be cynical about politics, and the cynical fuckin' people who deal in 'em.

That's the other thing in that Townshend bit, where he says I brush off all politicians and Jam fans do. Remember that bit? I thought that was *crap!* I mean, I think all politicians are fuckin' scum . . .

"Jam fans are thinkers and musical reactionists, who tend to reject all politicians pretty much out of hand," Townshend wrote.

Yeah, well, I think people should. How many *good politicians* can you name?

Don't you have a political hero?

I tend to see Orwell in that vein. I really like his politics even though he's a public schoolboy. There's probably a contradiction in that, in some of the things I've said; but I still like a lot of his attitudes and a lot of his politics.

I think Tony Benn's got some good ideas. The thing that pisses me off is that most of these people always come from, like, those backgrounds. All come through that system. It'd be great if we had political heroes who just come from working class backgrounds. It just never happens.

That's the main thing that pisses me off: it's the same old people in power, always goes round, and just stays in the same places. Never ever seems to change. And every now and again you'll get someone who sort of slips through. But . . .

That's why I hate them all: they're just like shells of people. All they're full of is just bullshit, and their own kind of manifestoes, which are like nothing at all anyway, really.

That's what's needed, someone who fuckin' means what they say; someone who gets a bit more emotional about it. I don't think there's been any politicians — not in my generation's time anyway — who've been like that.

Do you think The Jam have had a political reaction? When Townshend says you "reject all politicians pretty much out of hand", he was also talking about your lyrics: how you weren't afraid to address them to Lords and Peers and MPs.

I suppose, yes. Obviously the fans who really do read the lyrics, then I'd imagine so, yeah. Unless it's just they feel the same way anyway. A lot of people *do*. Especially a lot of young people.

But all them things do need someone attacking them, not just a pop group doing it. Publicly they need to be attacked anyway. *It is crap!* It's the same thing that's been going on for years and years.

"'Trans-Global Express"' seems to be a really strong political statement.

Yeah, but it's also common sense. I don't find it particularly radical or anything like that. To me it's obvious that people want to live, not in a perfect society but make things better. It's obvious that people should want to work together, work towards a cause. I don't even think that notion's naive, either. To me, *that's just the way it should be.* The fact that isn't is just down to conditions. I don't think it's down to any human conditions. I don't think you're born *greedy.* I think a lot of it's down to conditions you grow up in, really.

You don't think that political statements in pop music are like pissing on a burning building to try and put it out; as ineffectual as that?

No, I think they are important. They wouldn't change the world, but I still think it's important because it's part of our *culture.*

There's always been a theme of "honesty" in your songs, and one of the things Townshend said in his *Time Out* piece was: "I have never come across another artist or writer so afraid of appearing hypocritical." Was that one of the reasons you split The Jam? You didn't want to be hypocritical and go against your principles by continuing?

I think that's part of it, yeah.

See, I like really *pure* things. I like really *pure* ideas. I think it's great you've got something that's like, not necessarily flawless . . .

I'm not sure, really, because you can talk round in circles about it. Basically, I just like people to mean things, right? Whether we're talking about politics, music or whatever, it's just so much better when you know someone *means* it; it just has so much more impact.

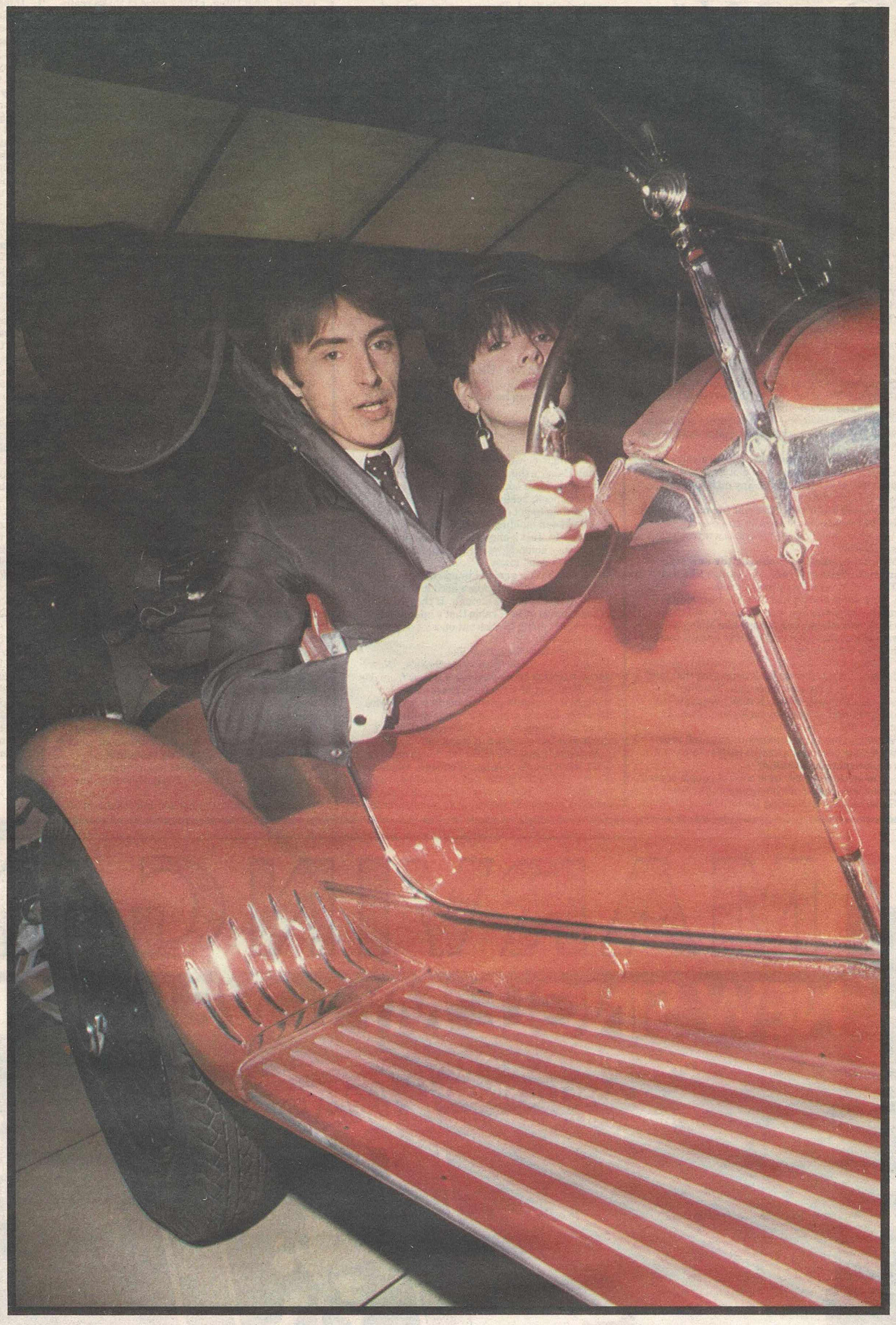
I always wanna keep that in what I do.

The more you go on, and you do six LPs and then you do your seventh and your eighth and your ninth, I just don't see how you can keep that commitment, and that kind of *intensity* up. At some point in time it's got to drop.

Some people might say that'll be a good thing cos it shows like the human side, shows like a bit of the human face of you. But I don't see that.

If you count on doing it for 20 fuckin' years, it's not gonna work.

I suppose people just either get greedy or they just get *complacent* about it. If you're enjoying something that's good, then obviously you want it to continue, but it's not always the best idea.



A dedicated follower of Steed, Paul arrives for the interview in his new Bentley. 'Emma Peel' warns our journalist of the consquences if it's a bad write up.

ARE YOU SATISFIED with 'Beat Surrender' being The Jam's last musical statement?

I didn't think of it that way. If I'd have thought like that I could have written a special one or something. The same with the gigs as well: I'm just treating the gigs as gigs as with any ones we've done before.

It's got some lines in it, 'Beat Surrender', like the Biblical line, *"As it was in the beginning, so shall it be in the end. The bullshit is bullshit just goes by different names".* I suppose they could be like closing statements.

At the same time, they're quite optimistic as well. Like the chorus, which is just a kind of call to young people to get out and fuckin' do it themselves. I think it's probably a mixture.

I didn't particularly think about doing a final statement, though. Bit dramatic, innit? A bit Hollywood that.

You seem to want to keep emotion out of this.

I don't think *that.* I don't think that at all. The only thing I want to keep out of it . . . like I say, I don't want it just to become like a big sort of wake, cos there's still the future. All the things we've done, they'll still carry on; they're still good things; they're still *really positive* things. Now it's just expanding on them; do it in different ways. Not just us, I mean the other people as well. All those kids now who're coming to see us, it's also up to them to pick up and do it — whatever they're going to do.

So, I find the whole thing optimistic. I wouldn't try and keep emotions out of it.

'The Gift' is a very curious last studio LP for The Jam, because I wouldn't have thought from listening to it that musically The Jam were complete. It's such a mixture: lyrically it's partly pessimistic with a song like 'Running On The Spot', and then very optimistic with things like 'Ghosts' — a familiar theme in your songs about there's more in you, bring it out of yourself. Musically, there were so many different elements there, as if you were changing style.

It just didn't fuckin' come off; that's what it was really. *(Laughs).*

It wasn't as if there was something there that was heading towards something, *it just never fuckin' happened!*

I don't know if the others would agree with me, but I don't think we could have got any further musically. We'd reached it and that was it. So it's best just to say, fair enough. I think we'd peaked as a group anyway, but that doesn't mean to say individually.

At what point do you think you peaked?

'Sound Affects', I thought, was a fuckin classic LP. Possibly, that was the peak. I thought there was something that was *really, really* good there.

But there's been other things since that time. I thought that 'A Town Called Malice' was a really good pop record. There are some good things on 'The Gift'. *There's some great things on 'The Gift'.* I thought 'Ghosts' was good. 'Precious' I thought was good.

The more separate ways you go, obviously the different things you get into, so sometimes it's hard to bring it all together. That is really one of the good things when bands are starting off, that they're always really matey and very close. They nearly always go through the same experience at the same time, which really does bring things together.

Was there a sense of frustration musically, with 'The Gift'?

Yeah, there was a few things. Like 'The Planner's Dream Goes Wrong'; I thought that was a good song, but it got really slated. I suppose there are a lot of different rhythms going on there.

I think Rick felt a bit restricted there, with some of the songs. I just tend to see things very simply and that; why complicate things if you haven't got to? So a lot of my songs are very, very simple, really very basic and they really call for a simple playing, a backing.

But lyrically they've changed quite a lot. 'Malice' seems to consist of single, impressionistic lines — very different to something like 'Tube Station', which was a story. Do you feel that there's been changes in your songwriting very much?

Yeah, I think so. I hope so. I'd hate to carry on doing the same thing.

There's a lot of them story type songs, very complete songs, from like 'Tube Station'. . . a lot of them singles — 'Strange Town', 'When You're Young', 'Eton Rifles', up to 'Going Underground'. After that I really wanted to change, because I'd just exhausted that. 'Setting Sons' has a lot of them songs in there, I thought.

Those story songs I found really easy to write.

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Paul Weller

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To me, they're very simple to do; I think sometimes a little too easy possibly. And the other thing is that a lot of my ideas I see in terms of images and that. Things like 'A Town Called Malice' come out that way, because that's the way I see them in me head.

Once I can lock into them, they're very easy to write, cos I've got all the images anyway.

You know that 'Precious' is very like Pigbag.

Yeah. *(Laughs slyly)*

Were you aware of that when you wrote it?

Yeah. . . well, I was really influenced by them. I though the first few singles were great. I liked the way they played. I really like the rhythm section. Yeah. . . that is influenced by them. . .

You say how much you like 'Precious', and that does have a very different sound. Do you think The Jam sounded old-fashioned?

No, not really. That's been levelled at us before. I think the so-called *new groups* sound old-fashioned. Like Talk Talk, Simple Minds, Flock Of Seagulls are all using the so called *new* technology — right? — but I just think it sounds really old-fashioned. An 'orrible synth droning away in the background.

The only reason we sound *different* is because we still use basic instruments, guitars and *proper* drums.

It's like the '60s thing that people always go on about. . . I mean, that's just a style of writing. I don't see how I could write any different really, which is why I do it.

You could put it in a different format — which is what you seem to want to do now.

Yeah. . . but I ain't gonna do it with a bleedin' synthesiser.

Was it you solely introducing the new style of music? 'Malice', 'Precious', things like that. They seem very black influenced.

But we've always had that bit, haven't we? I mean, like years ago when we were still in the clubs, half our set was always like Motown covers and Stax covers. So we've always really had the R&B thing.

Really with 'The Gift' I just wanted to go back to that. I wanted to go back to playing that kind of music, getting a bit close to it. Stuff we started off doing. Which is really enjoyable to play. Overall, it's my favourite sort of music; most types of black music.

Were you having to compromise much then with your personal musical tastes, to have a recognisable Jam Sound?

I'm not sure. Well, what a lot of people regard as our best period, all them singles like from 'Tube Station' and 'Going Underground', I never particularly liked. They weren't my type of music. They're not the sort of things I'd personally play at home.

In retrospect, I think they are classic singles, and they've got a certain kind of *classic* sound about them. . . So, I like 'em for different reasons, I think. I see them a little bit outside myself.

But there's other types of music, other songs we've done which are a bit closer to what I like; a little bit more closer to the sort of music that I play at home.

Which songs in particular?

Well, 'Precious' I really liked. Actually, it's really gone down well live. It's always been a really good live number since we put it in the set. I really like me vocals on it, because I put a lot into them. A lot of songs on 'The Gift' actually. It's just a bit closer to that R&B thing.

'Beat Surrender' I think is a good song. I don't know if it come out as well as it could have done . . . It's a little bit like a modern sort of R&B.

PAUL DU NOYER suggested I ask you why the lyrics of 'The Bitterest Pill' were so trite and so uncharacteristic. Did you feel that?

Yeah, but you see that was how it was fuckin' supposed to be. I wasn't really sure whether I should . . . Well, I found it all quite amusing, a lot of them reviews around that, especially Danny Baker's thing about me getting into this introspection, or something. I thought it was a load of bollocks really. I really just wanted to write a song to get away from the kind of thing that had been building up with 'The Gift'. Completely. Just a one-off thing. And it is a sort of trite love song. How people could take it seriously, I don't know.

Well, you have a general image of not. . .

Yeah, well, that's people's hard luck for fuckin' not looking into things enough. If they just want to take things at face value that's up to them; they're just going to miss out on a lot of good things possibly.

Some of those lines were like . . . *(Laughs)* . . . in the third verse there's, *"Now autumn breeze blows summer's leaves from our life"*. Real sort of sixth form prose stuff. I thought it was quite good; thought it was quite amusing. It's my sense of humour really.

I was just going to say, a lot of people don't think you have a sense of humour.

(Laughs) I just like different things anyway. I don't think people look into it enough. Obviously it's my own fault for the way I sort of portray myself. I don't mind really. I find it all quite amusing, especially me being a real miserable bastard. That thing. I think some of that's really funny. Especially when some of the dailies pick up on it. Like there's the geezer on the *Evening Standard* who picked up on that strong.

Why did you decide to nurture that image?

Well, I dunno . . . I think sometimes you've got to do things as a kind of reaction to what's going on. So when people start peddling all this fun crap, as if it's some fuckin' commodity, then I want to go against it. Anything that I think is bullshit, I'll try and go against.

It really pissed me off when all the music papers . . . At one stage, they were all sort of really hard line, getting there with Strummer, then the next minute they're all fuckin' cocktails and Martin Fry.

So I just find it amusing all these different fashions. In some ways they're amusing, but in other ways it pisses me off. Cos to me it means they don't take it *seriously*, and I guess I do.

You don't have to be serious all the time.

Of course not, no, but . . . I just don't like the way people play with it. That's one of the things I've got against some of the music papers, they just toy with it a little bit. That shift in attitudes that quick seems to me they tend to just toy with it.

It was good when you'd got people who'd take a bit of a stand; some people who you can . . . I dunno . . . *trust*, I suppose.

When I've read you being serious and intense in interviews, and when we've had one of our frequent rows about *NME*, I find it hard to come to terms with the fact you like the up music of early Motown, and also you like certain parts of the '60s a lot. They were very hedonistic . . .

Yeah . . . but I don't really like those parts.

But you're very critical of the '70s. There was an article in *The Observer*, based on Channel 4's *The Sixties* programmes, which made the point that the '60s were a loud decade with lots of protest, but it was actually in the '70s when things like the anti-nuke movement, women's rights, ecology, animal liberation, achieved something.

In that case, I suppose I don't look into it that deeply. I mean, a lot of the things of the '60s that I also like, which always appealed to me, is mainly like the style — the clothes, and the music. If you put it against what you're talking about, it's trivial things, it's quite superficial things. . . but *that style appeals to me.*

The other thing that I like about it, is just the way that there just seemed to be more *holes* for people to get through. That people, just ordinary working class people, just got out and just *made it.*

I mean, I've never really thought about what it achieved. I never particularly thought it achieved anything — you've got all them *crappy* people around, in charge of radio stations, and record companies . . .

I like the idea of 18-year-old DJs; that sort of thing.

Something like *punk* was much more important in terms of things having a lasting effect, or something a bit more solid.

A lot of them '60s people are still around. They're all in the fuckin' TV stations, and radios, and — like I said — record companies. And they're a real fuckin' drag, a lot of them. Some of them are in music papers an' all, aren't they? *(Sniggers)*

But it's going to happen again. The present youth generation are going to be out of sync with the next youth audience.

Dunno. Well, that all depends how strong their principles are. Say, some of our audience ever get to that position, and into those sort of positions. . . will they be out of sync, do you think?

They could be if a new young band comes along with different ideas.

I think you've got less chance of that happening than say with the '60s generation, because — like you said — most of it was just built on hedonism. Same old people in control, really; just that they were a little bit more. . . dunno what they were. . . *stoned*, I suppose. *(Laughs)*

I think it'll be different with this generation, because it's a different era, *totally different era.* You haven't got the same kind of money around for a start. There's less of that sort of *extravagance. . .*

I like the kind of romantic thing behind youth, young people. They just look so good.

Age doesn't necessarily affect your outlook, I think to me it's just the image of it. And also the fact that they're the fuckin' future as well. You think of the way that Thatcher's like handling the future — all those kids, which is the future of this country. The way she just treats them like shit.

It's getting back to the system of the haves and the have-nots.

There are just too many fuckin' weak people involved. That opposition's quite strong, but it could easily be done away with, it's just that there's too many weak people — like the Labour party.

Who are broke.

Yeah, but that wouldn't matter if they had *the spirit*, but they've got no fuckin' spirit in them; they're fuckin' dead. Look at the age of them, do you know what I mean? It's frightening.

But that's a lot of it. It's like this thing about class, like the songs I've done on class that some people have criticised, said that it's cliched. But I think it is really important. . . especially if you meet some of them people.

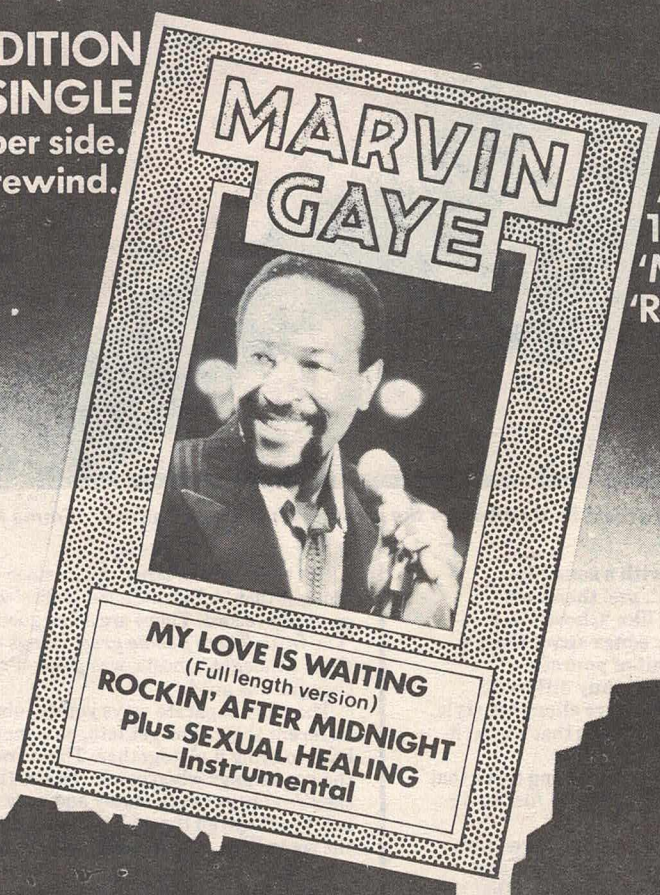
I met some of them kids from this public school when I was doing that TV show, *Something Else.* Although it's not their fault, because they're probably as conditioned as anyone else, but just their attitude; it's really frightening

CONTINUES PAGE 73

MARVIN GAYE

NEW SINGLE 'MY LOVE IS WAITING'

ON A SPECIAL EDITION CASSETTE SINGLE
15 minutes of music per side.
No need to rewind.



BOTH 7" and 12" AVAILABLE IN PICTURE BAG
12" containing full length version of 'My Love Is Waiting' and 'Rockin After Midnight'.

TAKEN FROM THE HIT CASSETTE AND ALBUM 'MIDNIGHT LOVE'

CBS

RELEVANT TY'S STATE

*Perry Haines, former style-writer on **iD**, has spent the year setting up an independent management and production company called Dolphin Lovers Limited. He also ran the Dolphin Club at various venues as "an alternative meeting place for people" and designed his own range of suits. He is now involved with the **Riverside** programme on TV.*

"1982 means that the purblind Doomsters, who had as readily strewn pain about my pilgrimage as bliss, can be true comrades when worshipped properly."
— August Darnell, '81's rarefied window-dressing who became everyone's domestic appliance in '82.

"All that I've ever dreamed of has come true."
— Adriana Coconut, Mrs August Darnell.

Kid Creole And The Coconuts — hardest working persons in showbiz. Non-stop touring finally cracked it for them . . . in the UK, anyway.

THE SUFFERING GOES ON, THE BOMB STILL TICKS

MRS THATCHER doesn't give a damn about black people in this country. She could stand here in this room and tell me anything she likes and I would never believe her. There's no way I'll get offered a job through the official channels. No way. But even if it was possible to go out and get work, be a good person as society says and keep out of trouble, you are only going to be disheartened about the whole thing.

There are many things that I would like to do, that I am *able* to do, but if I was working in a factory, I really wouldn't see the point. If you talked to the government, any government, about keeping the people happy, enabling the small man as well as the big man to have a more contented life. I don't imagine they'd be able to conceive the idea. Straight away you'd get the answer no, because of this or that monetary policy and all this bullshit.

I see all those toffee-nosed bastards standing at the station with their umbrellas and their hats picking their noses and I feel really angry because they don't have any idea of the realities of things, and yet these are the people that make decisions.

Aston, Rosemary and their two-year-old daughter Shola live in London's East End. 1982's high point has been moving from a licensed squat into a council flat. This is how glorious Britain looked to them in '82.

Mrs Thatcher should be done for misuse of public money. All the taxes and the rates, she redirects away from what the people in the health service should get, and into weapons; she is redirecting money from housing and education into weapons and into the police so that they can suppress the people.

Everyone pretends to be ignorant of why the riots happened in '81. Now Scarman, he intervened in his way and that stopped the people this year, because people are still dreaming, still hoping that someone will be true enough to recognise what is happening socially and physically and mentally to people, and work the problem out. But the trouble is goin' to happen again because realisation will suddenly come that nothing has been done.

We have been offered a sweet and we've accepted it, so that's cooled things off for a time. But when it starts again it will be worse; that aggression in the first place didn't just die away. The bomb still ticks, man. All we're doing is blinding ourselves by listening to these people.

—ASTON 'SMITH'

Pic: Peter Anderson

"1982 has given birth to a new wave of British acts, with Human League, Soft Cell, Imagination, Central Line, Haircut 100, all making a mark outside of Britain. British music has really spread worldwide.

"There's been a lot of strange attitudes about in '82 though. Everyone's on a downer because of the economic crisis. People are keeping quiet because to speak out may mean losing your job or something. It's just like the depression.

"Still, I'm optimistic about the new year; you've got to be. Hopefully we'll get rid of the Tory government! 1983 will also see Junior's music becoming much stronger, and lyrically, much harder-hitting; a new, improved Junior!"
— Junior Giscombe, eminent British soul ambassador to the States.

"Great emotional changes in 1982: from the warmth of a company working on the BBC Shakespeare quartet of *Henry VI* trilogy and *Richard III* to the cold isolation of a man going insane, observing also the rise and rise of mass unemployment. And then being in Liverpool to feel the effect and finally the response to the series *Boys From The Blackstuff*. Great rewards because it worked, people noticed it, and it has affected people and made them realise it's not their fault they're on the rubbish tip."
*— Yosser Hughes (Bernard Hill), nutting star of Alan Bleasdale's **Blackstuff** masterpiece.*

Photo-montage: Peter Kennard

"1982 was like fresh milk being pasteurised and the best year for music ever. Also, I personally think that I've lost my address book."
— Nick Heyward of Haircut 100, the biggest little boy of '82.

JUNE

unemployment is so depressing young people that 26% of them have considered suicide●Joe's back but Topper is out●The Falklands War ends and the UN Special Session on Disarmament opens●Mr & Mrs Reagan visit Britain and Prince William of Wales is born●RCA take the initiative and launch the one-sided single with Bow Wow Wow's 'I Want Candy', withdrawn after a week due to public demand●Madness top both LP and singles charts while The Rolling Stones play a secret gig at the 100 Club●BBC get cold feet and delay all sensitive documentaries during the Conflict●Fassbinder is found dead in Munich and the Japanese corporation Seiko announce the world's first television wristwatch●San Fransisco becomes the first big US city to ban most residents from owning handguns and John Hinckley (27) is acquitted on charges of attempting to assassinate Reagan, by reason of insanity●Casablanca boss Neil Bogart dies of cancer, General Smiley's shot dead in New York and James Honeyman-Scott, Pretenders lead guitarist, dies in his sleep●The World Cup opens and 80,000 people attend a disarmament rally in New York's Central Park, the largest political demonstration in US history●Siouxsie Sioux silenced by doctors for at least six months due to a dangerous throat condition●Storms disrupt the Glastonbury festival●Freddie McGregor shocked at record turnouts for his live appearance due in no measure to rumours that the Stones would share the bill●Dexys unmask their newest Soul Vision at Newcastle's Rock On The Tyne●Soft Cell's *Sex Dwarf* video disgusts punters and Teardrop Explodes lose weight to

BRITISH SOUL MUSIC CAME OF AGE

1982 WILL for me go down as the year that British soul music came of age, a year when more and more home-spun bands took themselves and their music more seriously, far more than I can ever recall in previous years. A year when soul bridged that ethnic gap and became universal with the funky white musicians integrating and becoming totally accepted by the hitherto black dominated scene.

The success of bands such as Wham!, Level 42 and Shakatak endorses the feeling that the blend of black and white does and can continue to work and, even with bands like ABC and Human League, there is an almost Motown sound mingled with funk influenced rhythms, particularly on the latest Human League single, which I really like. Great to see Boy George doing so well with Culture Club, mixing the reggae feel with some of the essence and feel of soul.

At first when I thought about the past year, I thought of it as a year of the 'new' but on reflection it was also a year when some established soul acts re-emerged following maybe a year or two in the shadows. The likes of Evelyn King and of course Donna Summer came storming back and Diana Ross and Michael Jackson just keep going from strength to strength.

What else of 1982? Well it was the year that David Grant split with Sketch; sad, but hopefully each in their own right will meet the challenge of '83. It was the year of Grace Jones' fantastic album 'Living My Life', the year when the rappin' scene re-emerged with Grandmaster Flash and of course The Sugarhill Gang; the year of Kid Creole And The Coconuts bringing hard work and sweat back to live performances and old showbiz smaltz and razamataz back into the theatres. It was also the year of Shalamar, Lionel Ritchie and the tremendous talent of Junior whose success and acceptance was particularly pleasing to me personally, 'cause I've always rated him highly.

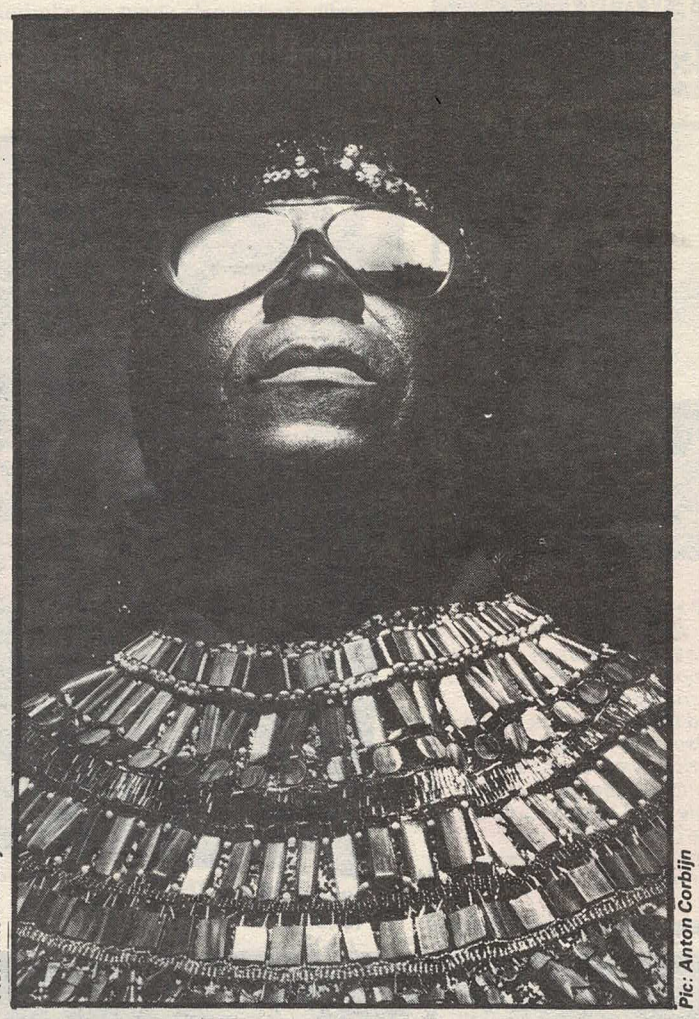
What of 1983? Well I look forward to even more British funk and soul bands breaking and crossing over chartwise. My tip for 1983 is a young man called Roy Hamilton, he had a great first release this year with 'Take Your Time' and I feel he has the voice, the talent and the drive to come through next year . . . watch out for him!

—LEEE JOHN

Pic: Kevin Cummins

Leee John is the voice and body of Imagination, the group whose hits 'Body Talk' and 'Just An Illusion' brought sensuality back to disco and into the charts worldwide. We asked him to sum up soul music '82.

Pic: Anton Corbijn



Pic: Anton Corbijn

Following the roots of rock and roll to its homeland, NME went to Africa where we found Mzee Makassy (left) spreading equal parts pop and bonhomie across the previously lost continent. Large, fat and celestial, Sun Ra (right) recorded a dozen or so LPs to add to his cosmic total of 200 and his performances in Britain proved conclusively that his talent is commensurate with the mighty man's girth.

"From my end, it was the year that the term jazz-funk finally died on its arse. The old jazz-funk masters have compromised themselves too much — to the purists they all sound too bland now. If you asked someone in the street what jazz-funk was now, they'd say Shakatak. The only jazz getting played in the soul clubs now is be-bop stuff like John Coltrane.

"The old soul scene as represented by places like the Lacy Lady and the Goldmine has gone right back underground. Apart from Caister, you won't find any more of the big all-dayers. It's gone back to the intimacy of the small clubs."

— Pete Tong, DJ at Flicks (Dartford), The Hilltop (Brands Hatch) and Barracuda (London).

SLIM, SUN RA, AND SALSAFICATION

STANDING ON TIPTOE to see over the shoulders of punters who could afford to sit down at the Canteen, I could see Slim Gaillard playing a tasteful ballad. On the piano. With the backs of his hands.

Later, he imitated chickens with his voice, finishing the set with a piece that lasted less than a second.

Avant garde? Well, in a way. His piano playing comes somewhere between Chico Marx and Misha Mengelberg. Not forgetting Max Wall.

Maybe you know Slim's 1937 hit, 'Flat Foot Floogie'? Or that extra special number, the incredibly sensitive 'Cement Mixer, Putti Putti'? His film appearances were pretty good too, particularly in the loony *Hellzapoppin*. Although titles like 'Dunkin Bagels' and 'Matzoh Balls And Gefilte Fish' might lead you to think that he's Jewish, you'd be wrong. Slim's a very tall black man, now over sixty and with an amazing white beard.

*Steve Beresford is an editor of **Collusion** magazine, a musician who has contributed to more records than probably even he can remember and an all-round eclectic. We asked him to write about jazz.*

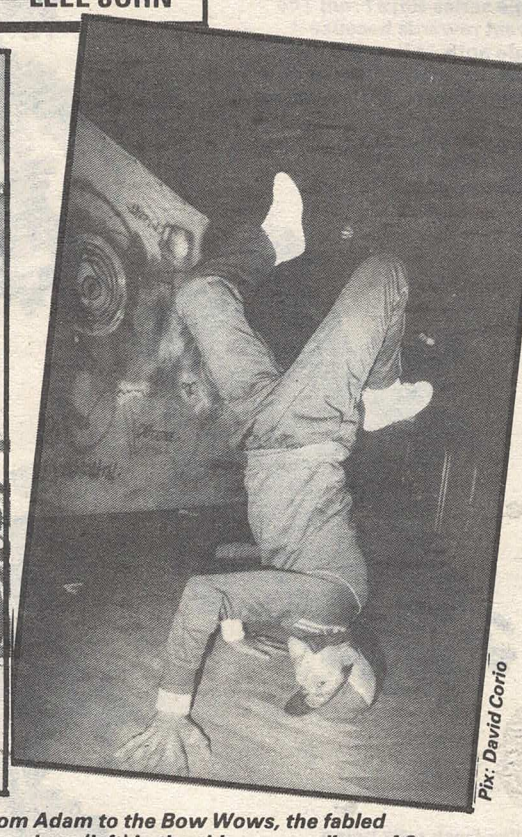
Meanwhile, over at the Venue, fashionable haircuts were stunned to witness an acappella version of Gaillard's 'Hit That Jive Jack', sung by the massed voices of The Sun Ra Arkestra. Sun (Sunny?) played the synthesiser (with the backs of his hands) and the organ (with the inspired disregard for pitch that Slim Gaillard brought to the electric guitar). Marshall Allen played vicious alto solos (hear his influences on people like John Zorn), James Jacson played his Ancient Egyptian Infinity Drum with huge sticks shaped like human ears.

June Tyson kept a straight face, whatever lyrics she was singing, and the Arkestra played collective improvisations and breakneck versions of '30s big band tunes with equal conviction.

Most of the year I was more interested in improvised music and/or disco than in 'jazz', but I still felt inspired by Machito and his Orchestra at Ronnie Scotts — another (oldish) big band. They even got them dancing there. A further salsafication of London, following up Tito Puente (brilliant!) and Ray Barretto.

Pleasant memories in a generally foul year. No wonder Louis Moholo is leaving.

— STEVE BERESFORD



Pix: David Corio

After influencing the rhythms of British pop from Adam to the Bow Wows, the fabled Drummers of Burundi at last appeared in person, here (left) in the chic surroundings of Covent Garden and later at Peter Gabriel's financially ill-fated WOMAD. Meanwhile break dancing (right) accompanied the rap imports from New York, giving imitators a headache with the neck-wrenching upside down dance steps.

"1982 has brought me a lot of success and happiness."

— Eddy Grant, pop reggae chart celebrity, Mr Self-Employed, 1982.

"It's meant going out and doing things, rather than talking about it."

— Southern Death Cult; a collective tribal statement.

"1982 was a well-dressed and sequined Hot Gossip reject pushing its face into Camera B on *TOTP*, studio 3."

— Annie Lennox

"There are many pessimists in the boxing game saying the sport is dying on its feet but just to give you an example, when the Boxing Writers' Club had their annual poll this year for the best prospect there was a 'shortlist' of 15 to choose from. Usually the figure is two or three. A few years ago there were 300 pros in the game. Now there are 700.

"A lot a black kids out of work have taken to the sport. A tremendous amount. Most of them don't have many real chances in life other than from sport or music. In boxing they're not going to find any colour barrier. And in Frank Bruno there's the best young heavyweight you've ever seen from this country. I don't think I've ever seen anyone so singleminded or dedicated. Eleven thirty at night after his last fight he went for a training run."

— Terry Lawless, Britain's top boxing manager.

"1982 was the year I read John Hersey's book. It is called *Hiroshima*."

— Carmel, new singing sensation of the year.

"It's been a year when anti-racist forces made some gains; but there were also some counter processes. The Home Office report was a very important tool in that police were forced to recognise that racism can be a motive for an attack. But this gain has been cancelled out to some extent by attempts to turn racism back on the black community. Great play is made of attacks on white, particularly by Afro-Caribbean youth. The implication is that the black community requires more repressive policing because they're more prone to crime. It's an attempt to criminalise a whole section of the population. Scarman recognised that racism did exist within the police force and this at least opened up an area of debate. As for right wing groupings, they had hoped it would be a year of unity. In fact the year ended with more groups than when it began."

— Vron Ware, editor of Searchlight magazine.

JULY

become a trio●Godfather of the Beats, poet Kenneth Rexroth, dies in Santa Barbara●Italy wins the World Cup● WOMAD festival provides the year's musical highlights and loses a fortune●Toyah and Adam ashamed of their *Jubilee* roots, while silliness reigns in the charts in the shape of 'Happy Talk' and Charlene's 'I've Never Been To Me'●Michael Fagan attains national prominence as The Intruder At The Queen's Bedside and Commander Michael Testrail, Her Bodyguard, resigns after confessing to a homosexual relationship with a male prostitute●Bobby Robson is appointed England's football manager and Elvis Costello releases 'Imperial Bedroom'●ABC steal an Andy Gill headline for the title of their debut LP and the high court orders a new inquest into the death of 13 black kids in the Deptford fire●Italian banker Robert Calvi is found hanging under Blackfriar's Bridge and ex-Clash man Topper Headon steals a bus stop●Guitarist Billy Duffy leaves Theatre of Hate●Woy Jenkins is elected SDP leader●King Sunny Ade's Juju music paves the way for the African surge and Richard Cookenborough books his flight●Barry Prudon is shot dead by police marksmen after being tracked across the Yorkshire Moors●The International Whaling Commission vote for a ban on commercial whaling beginning in three years'

AUGUST

time●The dreaded *Fame* moves in and Madness play The Bull & Gate the night before a royal engagement with Prince Charles●The IRA double bomb blast in Hyde Park makes Sefton a national hero●The Birthday Party leave the UK for Berlin●The Kray twins

SOMETIMES BROTHER THE MUSIC CAN BE *HARD*

Rap is the music of the street
Talking to the people who don't ever want to sleep
In the USA it's usually black
Which means we keep going on about our prowess in the sack
But sometimes brother the music can be *hard*
Beat the big bam bam, can tell a message
'Bout a world which is filling up with goddamned sewage.

The *NME* has asked us to write
Whether London Town has seen the light
'Cos we are the boys from Sugarhill
Our only aim to give you a thrill.

Melly Mel

Now Malcolm is the dude on the stereo
So let's get with it and start to go.

He compares his girls to buffalos
Now what kind of pervert is this d'ya suppose?
We know what it sounds like to us
Sounds like Malcolm ain't got no sexual suss.

This ain't hip
It makes us sick
Why don't he go chew on a buffalo chip!

Now what about Wham who are bending our ears?
Well there's an awful lot of jive going on around here
And two more dudes slappin' down women
Well what's wrong with you guys in goddamned Britain?

Now what's all this?
"Young Guns Go For It"
That command sounds a pile of shit
But let's give these guys another chance
And see what happens when we try and dance.

Mmmm we've got problems with this funny rhyme
But it sure does get us shaking our behinds.

Now we're not here to just criticise
'Cos most of this is a pack of lies
So on the count of three — Say *N.M.E.!*
And let's get down and paarty
And on the count of two say — England we love you!

— MELLY MEL AND DUKE BOOTEE

Wham! went for it, young guns blazing, notched up two English hits, but failed to impress American rappers.

Pic: Peter Anderson

*Melly Mel jives with the Furious Five and Duke Bootee runs with The Sugarhill Gang. The Five's 'The Message' — the **NME** writers single of the year — you'll all know by now; while Sugarhill Gang's 'Rappers Delight' was the first rap hit three years ago. We asked Melly Mel and Duke Bootee to wrap the knuckles of Britain's young poet pretenders.*

"In the year when the music was largely as dull and reactionary as the politics, the most exciting sounds came from the wildest bands. The Beet Bop Club showcased many of them, and proved that radical improvised music could still get the feet moving while having something important to say. Bands like Gorp emerged as 20th century Luddites to start smashing the machinery of conveyor-belt pop. Watch out '82."

— Jules Webb, guitarist with 'new jazz' instigators Gorp, and organiser of Beet Bop activities.

"The health service is being undermined deliberately by the present government, and the nurses know it. The government's aim is to put the sick, the mentally and physically ill out on the street, so that they can privatise the best part of the NHS, and make health care available according to people's ability to pay. After that we are to run the NHS with the crumbs off the government's table. It's been a *very* difficult year for COHSE, because Norman Fowler has decided that the nurses are just monkeys; he offered us peanuts."

— Kumar Sandy, nurse.

Right: TOTP beatniks Pigbag heckled'n'jived the indies scene.

Pic: Peter Anderson

"How did we do it? We had some luck, we made some sensible choices and stuck with groups other people might not have gone with. Mostly it's because the groups in question delivered the goods."

— Jeremy Lascelles, A&R department at Virgin — the company that copped a packet on Human League, Culture Club and Simple Minds.

"Bands were creative as ever in '82 but also took on a more businesslike attitude, which I think is encouraging. There's been nothing like as much heavy stickwork from the recording companies. Bands are now having to manage themselves somewhat instead of relying on the whims of the companies. It *is* a business. And a new record is a product similar to a new carving knife."

— Peter Powell, Radio 1's peppy presenter.

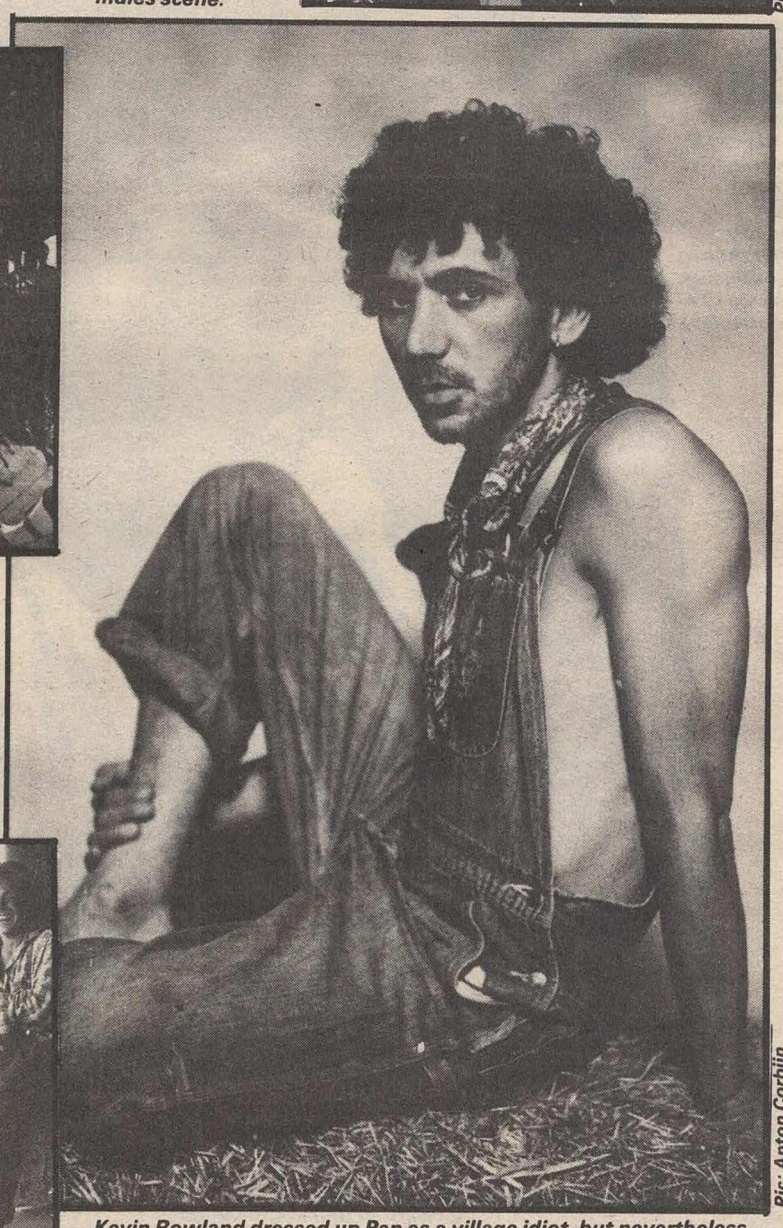
"1982 was a very bad year for working people and particularly working class youth. 1.3 million young people between the ages of 16 and 25 are now on the dole. These are the victims of Thatcher's policies and the capitalist system she defends. However, during 1982 young people have begun to fight back . . . "Get up, stand up, stand up for your rights, Get up, stand up, don't give up the fight . . ." Support for socialist policies and particularly Militant has grown tremendously in the last year. So also has the support for the Labour Party Young Socialists, the most active and largest political youth movement in the country."

*— Peter Taafe, editor of **The Militant** and an all-round awkward customer for Michael Foot.*

Pic: Peter Anderson

57 varieties of vagabond chic: Haysi Fantayzee (above) crossbred the Artful Dodger with the comanchero gunrunner look and Rip Rig & Panic (below) took an American beat look on holiday to Africa.

Pic: Peter Anderson



Pic: Anton Corbijn

Kevin Rowland dressed up Pan as a village idiot, but nevertheless supplied the airwaves with the year's most rousing refrain in 'Come On Eileen'.

ROCK'N'ROLL IS ETHNIC, PAGAN, AND REVOLUTIONARY

ENGLAND'S GREATEST TALENT was punk. It's second greatest talent is being presenters, plunderers and pirates. We think with our heads and not with our hips. England is not the cradle of musical inspiration. It's a fallacy that was born out of the Beatles. In any event, the Beatles best inspiration was to imitate black music coming from America and so it was with The Rolling Stones who used more rootsy origins like Africa. Rock'n'roll is ethnic, is jungle, is magic, is primitive, is in its origins African and in its inspirations African, and finally, black, pagan, anti-Western, anti-capitalist and unavoidably, revolutionary, but it only took one white presenter to change all that, Elvis Presley.

Music has a magical air and is, in essence, something that makes everyone want to step out. That's what rock'n'roll is all about. And I need that. What has happened over the last few years is that the pre-conditioning and evaluation of what a pop record has got to be, has made all English music become something which doesn't have in its essence rock'n'roll and I use that word not as a cliche, not as a term for old-fashioned music, but what music has been all about to date. Music that makes people want to step out.

It is the physical source, the true embodiment of what is magical inside your body. In America today, it seems to be that most poople who buy music tend to be black, and the reason they buy music is because they still use it as a practical means of communication with each other. I think white people are in danger of losing that.

Malcolm McLaren, former manager of The New York Dolls, The Sex Pistols, Adam Ant and Bow Wow Wow, is self-styled catalyst in the world's musical revolutions. As market leader of the ethnic plunderers, he seemed the only choice to make sense of 'borrowed music' in a year in which neither nostalgia nor the African heartbeat was safe — what with Rip Rig and Pigbag murdering beat jazz, Vic Godard, Pale Fountains and Weekend fishing tepid MOR pools and the majors desperately selling Japanese, African and indi-pop as the next big thing.

That practical use of music probably harks back to deepest Africa, to the oldest civilisation in the world, the African, and to their music. In essence, they were, and still are, the origins of rock'n'roll. It's important to discover that point in order for us not to keep continuing to package music, with the advent of the producer being the most important person and guardian angel of an industry wishing to foster upon people only something that has been predetermined and considered saleable. Where the producer is the artist the content becomes minimal.

No great music in the course of rock'n'roll has ever been written from the point of view about selling it. It is interesting to note here that the beats of African music are often hidden in the spaces between the beats. This may have been done subconsciously to prevent them from being stolen, or indeed consciously, to retain the original unfettered unsaleable spirit.

The African tribes are the oldest civilisation in the world and its music the most sophisticated. Rock'n'roll existed long before Beethoven, Bach, Cole Porter, or indeed Jesus Christ. And we in England are still attempting in 1982, with a fifth generation of pirates to bottle this elixir of life. But the chemicals are so weak now and so poor that we have lost all understanding of what we are trying to cure!

Unlike The Beatles, unlike the Rolling Stones, The Sex Pistols didn't have it at all, it was too weak by then; Instead, what they demonstrated, was not a musical talent but something more traditionally English, story telling and styling attitudes more to do with Charles Dickens than Muddy Waters. That appears now to be misguided, but it was England's most original contribution to rock'n'roll. And we therefore, as barbarians, continue to need to plunder and sell. We don't get excited just moving with a constant rhythm, we always get bored. We constantly need to be entertained — a producer's heaven. Music must be fun. We've heard it time and time and time again.

Punk was at its most spiritual in the Sex Pistols, and was at its most product orientated in The Jam. But rock'n'roll is always at its best when it has imperfections, and always at its worst when those imperfections are padded out by the celebrated producers that are around today. The original sin, the bum note, has vanished. The spontaneous vulgarity has been polished off.

We're all perverts frolicking in our own shit without a care for the world outside. and yet the world is getting smaller. We are closer in spirit to El Salvador than we are maybe to West Germany. Learning to live with less than more is the problem of the '80s — tell that to the Producer! It is therefore not inconceivable for someone like myself to feel the winds of the Hobo and the spirit of a Groucho Marx and hop on that freight train full of lost forgotten souls, whose culture together we go to find and resolve where the Hell we all come from, and why we are here now.-

Long live pirate Radio. Long live the winter and the summer and the rain and the snow and the Buffalo — that is unstoppable!

— MALCOLM McLAREN

re-emerge blinking into the sunlight to attend their mother's funeral and a 26-year-old researcher at Jodrell Bank discovers the universe is not only expanding but also rotating●Dexys' 'Come On Eileen' tops the singles chart while *NME* goes up 5p●Ingrid Bergman dies in London on her 67th birthday and John Lydon talks about starring in Italian films, being fat and watching television, starting a whole new trend●British Telecom announces record profits of £458 million●TV coverage of the Miss UK contest, sponsored by a fur company, is disrupted by animal liberationists□Malcolm McLaren and Trevor Horn join forces to scour the world for folk dances while the Fifth Reggae Sunsplash Festival gets folk dancing●Henry Fonda dies at 72 and a judge announces that Hinckley is to be held indefinitely because of "severe mental disorder"●Wham! play their first ever live gig●Paul McCartney pays £2.10 for a haircut "up north"●Blondie's US tour flops disastrously resulting in cancellation of their UK/Europe outings●The United States detonates three underground nuclear weapons at the Nevada test site on the 23rd, the highest number in a single day ever announced●Springsteen jams with The Stray Cats in the USA and Liberal leader David Steel releases his first single — 'I Feel Liberal — All Right'●Psychic TV sign to Some Bizzare and Gillan announce their last tour●Joe Tex dies●A hippy "peace convoy" consisting of 300 people in 50 lorries and cars makes a 10-hour dash across the country from Chipping Sodbury to Norwich leaving a trail of havoc in their wake; four policemen are assaulted and eleven others are

SUDDENLY EVERY LABEL WANTED AN ELECTRO DUO

SINCE EARLY 1981 and especially through 1982 bands using mainly electronic instruments have become more and more predominant in the charts. There are still those who say that this is just another passing trend or gimmick; they have been saying this for ten years or so ever since the first minimoogs started to appear in the music stores.

Admittedly ten years ago, as far as the charts were concerned, synthesisers were used more for their ability to make gimmick sounds rather than for their unique properties as music instruments. Remember 'Popcorn' by Hot Butter and 'Son Of My Father' by Chicory Tip back in 1972? Even now there are occasional novelty records; I recently heard a version of 'Ba Ba Black Sheep' that had been recorded using a Fairlight CMI. Can you imagine spending £20,000 on a computerised synthesiser system just so you could make sheep noises? (I wonder if it does cows as well?)

Dave Ball is the tall, silent partner of Soft Cell. While Marc has been away with the Mambas, Dave has been working with Cabaret Voltaire on their new LP, making his first solo LP, which he hopes to release on his 24th birthday (May 3), and putting the finishing touches to the second Soft Cell LP 'The Art Of Falling Apart' — set for January release. We asked him to write about electronic pop in a year which has seen it dominate the charts.

All in all though, sheep lovers aside, I think 1982 has definitely been the year that people realised the possibilities and potential of the synthesiser as a 'real' musical instrument, especially with the rapid advance of technology available.

The Musicians Union attempt to boycott synthesisers earlier in the year clearly illustrated that electronic music is being taken seriously. It seemed that the MU considered the synthesiser a threat to conventional instruments — although I can't see any reason why all instruments cannot co-exist. Many bands such as Tangerine Dream and Kraftwerk had been using electronic instrumentation for years, but as very little of the music made a significant impact on the charts it was just looked upon as 'experimental' or 'avant-garde' and generally went unnoticed by most people.

It was not until the boom in independent labels created by the 'new wave' of 1977 that room was made for the new musical ideas and approaches of the new electronic bands that had started to appear. Initially an underground movement, electronic music slowly gained interest from the public and the media and many of the bands began to develop a 'hard-core following'.

In night clubs, electronic music really began to establish itself, particularly with the growing number of 12" singles aimed at the dance floor that many of the electronic bands released. The budding popularity in the clubs meant it was only a matter of time before more and more of these bands started to get record deals with major labels; suddenly every major label wanted to sign an electronic band or two, in the same way they did with punk bands and rock'n'roll bands and heavy metal bands and funk bands when they were the new thing. This is how record companies apparently work and always have done.

Unfortunately just as anything that is successful has a tendency to be repeated and copied, electronic music has proved to be no exception, and this is why I feel that next year will not see as many electronic bands in the charts.

I think 1983 will see the rise of some new bands who might not even use synthesisers. In fact, I strongly predict a return to thrashing guitars!

—DAVE BALL

"This has arguably been the worst year for the British record industry for a very long time. The recession has continued to seriously affect the industry, with most major companies cutting back recording budgets, further staff redundancies and a further drop in the level of sales.

"Perhaps the bleakest pointer is the fact that sales of LPs in the third quarter of the year dropped 21 per cent compared with the equivalent quarter last year. Once again, it has to be said that home taping is the main reason for the industry's problems."

— John Deacon, director general of the British Phonographic Industry.

"I think 1982 was a very mixed up year, a lot of people clutching at straws. But out of that desperation something very positive was created. Those of us that *are* positive will shine through. If you were to ask me to paint a picture that describes 1982, it would *have* to be cubist."

— Andi, Sex Gang Children.

"Personally for me it's been a pretty good year — apart from the fact that I've been unemployed. I placed third in the English body-building championships and second in the British earlier in the year. To come from the junior ranks and place that high is pretty good. Being a professional body-builder keeps you pretty busy all the time but I suppose if you've got nothing to do but sit around on your arse all day it can get a bit depressing. Seeing as I don't see myself in a 9-5 situation I'm not particularly bothered."

— Gary Kendall, whose muscular frame was featured on NME's cover in September.

YOU GOT PROFESSIONAL OR YOU GOT OUT

Iain McNay is proprietor of Cherry Red Records, the most prolific of independent labels. This year he ran for a place on the BPI governing council, riding on an indie ticket, but was defeated by a poll of the membership. We asked him to write about the state of independents in a year of hits for Mute and near bankruptcy for Rough Trade.

1976 WAS AN incredible year when punk began and very quickly radically changed the whole structure of the music business. Independent labels started up by the hundreds following the lead of the pioneers (Stiff, Chiswick, etc.). Good independent distribution took time to establish itself, but within two years there were three national distributors plus a whole host of services ranging from independent promotion men to custom pressing services to international licensee experts. As a result the major companies were no longer stealing the indies' acts and independents started to get respectable 'market share' figures.

1981 was the indies' best ever year. Over 10% of all records sold had independent distribution, they almost seemed safe from recession. Cherry Red, Mute, Albion, Safari, Graduate, Factory, Rough Trade and several other indie companies with independent distribution all had hit singles and albums.

But 1982 was a different story . . . *ultimately it was the year you got professional or got out.* People discovered that you can't run a label on enthusiasm alone, labels closed down (or rather went bankrupt) as never before. Even the Rough Trade co-operative (42 staff and £3 million turnover) nearly died, and by December it was the accounts department that decided which records were purchased. This was even after considerable chart success with Scritti Politti.

The independent labels and distributors who closed down owing fellow indies large sums of money helped to weaken the system. Other independents tied in with major companies either by licensing or distributing agreements, thus taking away their independence.

The labels that have survived and will prosper in 1983 are the ones that have budgets and cash flow forecasts and regular accounts as well as the great artists, enthusiasm and promotion ideas. Recessions *can* be good for business, it is the law of the jungle — the strong survive, the weak die. When the recession ends the industry becomes strong again very quickly because it is run by people who know what they are doing.

During 1983, independents can make further inroads into the territory of the major companies, they have the creativity, flair, originality and manoeuvrability. The major companies get more and more frightened as sales figures drop and take less and less risks.

They really are like dinosaurs; they have small brains, find it hard to move fast, weigh too much, swallow you up if you let them get too close to you, and should have become extinct years ago! Creative talent cannot be expected to thrive in a large organisation and it usually doesn't.

The future of the major companies must worry those in charge. Technology is moving so fast now, they really don't know which way to look, whether it be compact discs, video discs or video cassettes. They also control (through PPL) the number of hours that Radio One is permitted to broadcast. Radio One should be a 24-hour station, and this in turn would enable a lot more specialist (initially) minority appeal music which would in time broaden the public's musical awareness.

In 1983 we have to create a new set of values and strengthen independent distribution both here and, by working with other independents, abroad. We have to be responsible financially, push hard to improve radio and TV where we can, and finally really believe in ourselves and CARE about what we are doing.

— IAIN MCNAY

Laurie Anderson defined America with her agile electronics, and her surprise smash hit 'O Superman' made multi-media performance art a hot public property rather than the exclusive province of a favoured few.

After the blasting from Alexei, Stoke Newington smoulders — Sayle sought out and destroyed woolly liberals everywhere.

Pic: Peter Anderson

"It's been a year of pessimism unparalleled in my lifetime but I think and hope people are going to take only so much before they start fighting back — but that does not mean joining the SDP. In personal terms it's been the worst year of my life with my mother dying and my father becoming very ill. It's very ironic that it should come at a time when I've had my greatest success. In '83 I passionately want to do something about Elvis. It'll be in the Liverpool Playhouse in August and since it's six years since he died nobody can accuse me of jumping on his grave. I also want to do a TV seven-parter on corruption in higher places — the kings instead of the pawns."

— Alan Bleasdale, author of ***Boys From The Blackstuff.***

Shock, horror — The Virgin Prunes put themselves in the firing line by their onstage antics at a C4 filming of a Brixton concert.

"1982 has provided me with enough money to buy every record Ray Charles ever made, produced or touched, and be able to afford a willy transplant if I wanted one."

— Jools Holland, presenter on Channel 4's ***The Tube****, and one of the year's more progressive thinkers.*

"1982 saw a significant improvement in relations between the police and young people. In 1983, we look forward to that improvement continuing."

—Scotland Yard spokesman.

A passion for peace — and at last widespread publicity for the brave woman campers on Greenham Common (right).

SEPTEMBER

injured in a crash●Seething Wells' performance at Harrogate Festival deemed revolting and disgusting by the national press●The Beirut Massacre●Journalist Duncan Campbell appointed civil defence expert by the GLC●Elton John announces plans for 14 consecutive nights at Hammersmith Odeon, backed by his original band●Roy Orbison sues his manager Wesley Rose for a cool $50 million while Frank Zappa announces he won't tour Europe again: "It's too expensive, too violent and nobody turns up anyway"●Redlands, Keith Richards' Sussex home is wrecked by fire for the second time●The Boys Town Gang announce they don't do songs like 'Stuff That Big Sausage In Me' anymore●Robert Wyatt releases 'Shipbuilding', co-written by Costello and Langer●Nuclear disarmament resolution at Labour Party's annual conference in Blackpool carried by two-thirds majority●Yazoo play their first live dates as their album tops the charts and A Certain Ratio break a two-year silence to talk to *NME*●The trial begins of the 1192 victims of the 1951-63 nuclear testing programme in Nevada who are suing the US government for medical expenses and damages●The Fair Deal folds only six months after its inception●Buddy Holly fails to show up for yet another BH Rock and Roll Dance Championship while a punky metal marriage between Lemmy and Wendy O'Williams results in the single 'Stand By Your Man'●Musical Youth release the year's most unexpected number one 'Pass The Dutchie'●Geoff Deane leaves Modern Romance but doesn't reform The Leighton Buzzards●Mike Oldfield's six pet hates are all *NME*●John De

"A lot of punk bands seemed to have set themselves up as parodies of 1977 punk as seen through the eyes of Kenny Everett, *The Sun* or *News Of The World*. But I suppose I quite admired these bands because I can't get emotional about politics."

— Jim Berlin, guitarist with Erazerhead, who took the Ramonic rumble of London's East End into the indie charts.

"It's been a year in which basketball has grown enormously and I think everyone is really just coming to terms with the press attention and the fact that players are now getting recognised in the street. The way we operate at this club we don't have any prima donnas. It's a clean, fresh sport which is catching on because people, I believe, are more interested in all leisure activities. They're also turning away from the established sports which perhaps have become stagnant. In the case of football they're going to be turned off by the violence. Basketball is a family game where you can come with no misgivings about foul language, fighting or whether it's pissing down outside."

— Terry Doherty, general manager of the Crystal Palace Supersonics.

"No longer can we dangle the carrot of employment to get them to work. We can no longer pull that wool over their eyes. There is a greater sense of despair. What I have to try to communicate is that the pursuit of excellence is a good thing in itself. But I personally don't have any great message of hope for the pupils I teach."

— Teacher in a comprehensive on Sheffield's West (posher) Side.

Pic: Anton Corbijn

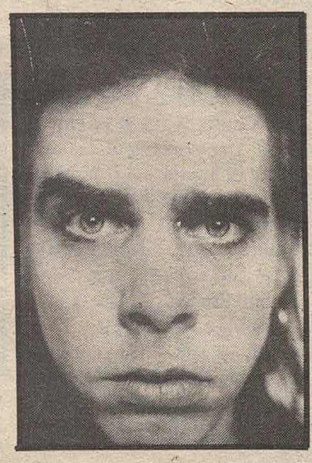
No compromise — that was the spirit behind a harder wave, equal parts assumed desperation and art-school influences. But it took Bowie's Ziggy Stardust to put Pete Murphy on TOTP. Southern Death Cult boast a committed following, a stunning range of haircuts and the knowledge that their time is nearly come too . . .

Pic: Peter Anderson

A DESIRE FOR A BIT MORE VIOLENCE AND SO ON

19 YEARS moribund, suffering the congenital cancer of childhood, c/w adolescence its fearful retrograde, Mother crossed herself as P. Rock bumped me off the sick list. 1982 and 6 years hence. I must say, from the outset, that really I am not qualified to comment. I mean, the B.P. weren't there. That is, we'd mutinied early on (HMS Britain was a good ship we just got sick of doing all the rowing, keeping the old tub afloat so to speak). Even still, from either side of the moat that one spent this miserable year it can only be argued that this was yet another of musical mediocrity plop, plop, plop, a dying country spinning slowly on its axis in its own sludge aided in its demise by MOVEMENTS and COLLECTIVES promoted by "the perverts, perverters of language" (Ezra Pound) the press-gang such as the nauseating collective incorp. SG Children-M Violets — SD Cult- D Society and So On — which I was asked to write about, presumably because the BP have now been given the honorary title of forefathers to the "New-Super-death Tribe" by the above mentioned PG, thankyou but no thankyou and again I thank no. Papers-Tigers, all, serving only to disguise the main issues and so on, a "great" band having for their own part an obligation to exploit their most hidden desires and so on which by definition alienates them, taking that all true desire is self-obsessive and individualist and so on and also that a "GREAT" song must have the innate ability to touch the private soul of the listener invoking private response and with that in mind a "GREAT" song is therefore multi-dimensional, if you get my drift and that SG Children-SD Cult and so on REFLECT if anything (REFLECT being the big word here) "The Mood of the Times" if I may use this sickening expression, ie a desire for a bit more violence and so on and that kind of stuff and so on and in my most sought after opinion a group that REFLECTS anything other their own idiosyncratic vision is not worth a pinch and anyway that is enough of that full stop. In conclusion, the Birth. P. are in essence a *slug*, nomadic, and their journey is slow and painful and always forward and their trail of slime is their art and so on and they are barely conscious of its issue which bears little resemblance to anything bar ourselves and we make no excuses for that.

—NICK CAVE



Nick Cave is lead singer of The Birthday Party. The Party have been indirectly held responsible for the rise of a visceral new hardcore, ranging from The Sex Gang Children, through Danse Society to March Violets. We asked him to write about it, but he refuses to take the rap.

DRUGS ARE NOW USED TO BLOCK OUT REALITY

"WHAT IS THE point of giving up drugs?" is a very real and unanswerable question to many young people who stand no chance of getting a job, let alone somewhere to live. Drugs, from the mid-'60s to mid-'70s, were fashionable and the 'in thing', now they are mainly used to 'block out' the depressing realities of life today.

In 1981, the number of narcotic addicts notified to the Home Office was 3,800 but the real figure is nearer 40,000.

Apart from people using cocaine and speed, the number of opiate addicts has vastly increased since the mid-'70s when drug clinics ceased to over-prescribe injectable drugs and would only give their clients oral drugs on a withdrawal basis. This policy led to a vast increase in black market heroin including that brought in by Iranian students already addicted, and to private doctors (particularly in the last two years) prescribing increasing quantities of non-controlled opiate drugs such as Diconal, Palfium and DF 118.

Catherine MacGregor is a helper at the London drugs crisis centre City Roads. We asked her to write about drugs in a year of rising unemployment and homelessness.

Barbiturates and tranquillisers, especially Valium, are misused by addicts unable to obtain opiates or in preference to them and also by numerous people, particularly women with children, who have been prescribed them by doctors for depression and 'nerves'.

In 1982 unemployment and hopelessness together with the increased availability of all drugs has exaggerated this problem and brought it to a point of crisis which society can no longer afford to ignore.

In response to the publication of a paper on treatment and rehabilitation for drug misusers, the government is to make £2 million available for this purpose. They recognise that "drug misuse is a major social problem". They propose that the problem be tackled on a regional basis throughout the country. Authorities and agencies will need to assess the problem in their area and then strengthen existing treatment and rehabilitation services.

—CATHERINE MacGREGOR

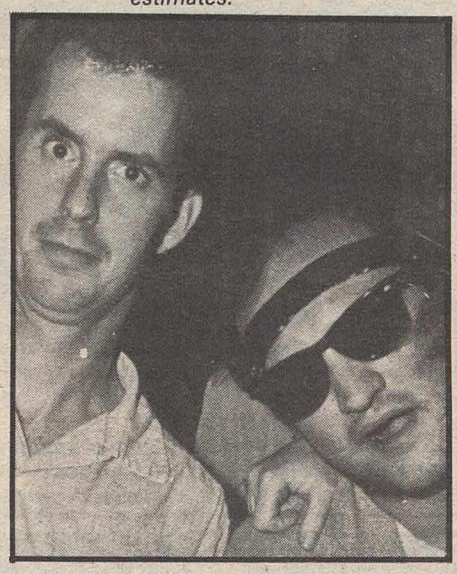
Pic: Anton Corbijn

Robert Wyatt was one of the few musicians to respond to the Falklands War, issuing his sad sad single 'Shipbuilding'.

"I was upset, the world wasn't on the case, 24 hours a day I'm still trying to tell myself it's a job."

— Neil Arthur of Blancmange, the acceptable face of electro-angst.

Britain's total defence budget:—
April '81-April '82: £12,300m.
April '82-April '83: £14,100m.
—Ministry of Defence estimates.



John Belushi died this year from a drug overdose after a four-day binge. The definitive proponent of "slob chic", he made the The Blues Brothers movie and was recently seen here on Saturday Night Live. Pictured with him the week he died is Derf Scratch (left) of the LA slammers Fear, who have just released a 45 second single called 'Fuck Christmas'.

PEOPLE ARE SICK OF THE SLIDE TO NUCLEAR WAR

1982 HAS BEEN almost as eventful for those who advocate nuclear weapons as for those who, like CND, campaign against them.

In the space of one year, those champions of 'peace'. Thatcher and Reagan, between them have proposed a $100 billion MX missile scheme, reaffirmed support for Cruise, Trident, and Pershing II, and generally raised the stakes in the Cold War. The conduct of those leaders east of the Iron Curtain has been no better.

If the world's leaders have had a good year from their point of view, then the world's peace movements have done even better.

*Chris Dalton edits Youth CND's magazine **Second Generation**. In a year of the Reagan visit, the Greenham Common protest and increased war effort, we felt it was particularly important to ask him to write about the peace campaign '82.*

In Britain, CND has continued to grow rapidly (in stature as well size) — Youth CND in particular has emerged as a strong voice. There have been several major successes this year. The first was the June demonstration in Hyde Park which attracted 250,000 people in the middle of a war — no mean achievement. The second was the 'postponement' (cancellation) of the government's civil defence exercise Hard Rock, and the CND version Hard Luck, which demonstrated how eight weeks after a nuclear attack, 72% of the British population would be dead.

1983 will be a crucial year for CND. Cruise missiles are due to arrive and a General Election looks certain. Youth CND is planning a huge music festival in London on May 7. In between now and then we will be campaigning where it really hurts — on the street.

—CHRIS DALTON

OCTOBER

Lorean appears in US court to face charges of cocaine dealing and the Task Force do a victory parade through the City of London●The Jam take 'The Bitterest Pill' to number one while Yazoo top both the indie charts●Telegrams finish and the Mary Rose emerges from a watery grave to become a national phenomenon●Frontman Dee Harris leaves Fashion, Theatre of Hate cease to exist and Linx split●Major report *The Church and The Bomb* is published and Lord Noel-Baker, veteran peace campaigner dies aged 93●Syd Barrett is tracked down to Cambridge by two French journalists and the former Pink Floyd man talks at length about the tree in his garden and his favourite jumper●WEA threaten to cut down on advertising if the press continue to advocate home taping●Kim Wilde begins her first tour and Peter Gabriel meets Genesis again to clear the WOMAD debts●An explosion severely damages Toronto factory making guidance systems for cruise missiles and Alva Myrdal and Alfonso Garcia Robles of Mexico share the 1982 Nobel Peace Prize●Squeeze announce their plans to disband as do The TV Personalities●Troy Tate joins Fashion while Durutti Column's Vini Reilly goes down with anorexia nervosa●On the 24th it is twenty years to the day since the Beatles first entered the charts with 'Love Me Do'●Bauhaus recreate Ziggy Stardust and Kirk Brandon forms Spear of Destiny●Jah Wobble makes another comeback at the Hacienda and the final Japan tour begins●Jam announce the Xmas shows will be their last with a personal farewell from Paul Weller in the *NME*●Elvis Costello talks●The Final

REGGAE LOSING ITS ROOTS AND CULTURE

ONE OF THE main developments in reggae has been the technological aspect improving with 'cleaner' sounds. Artistically there has been an improvement in the artistes' work. Rhythms are playing a more crucial role than the singers — e.g. version using the same rhythm have been used again and again to achieve a hit. Reggae has become basically entertainment and is losing its roots and culture, although the latter is still fairly strong. The people have more influence on the music than the musicians.

Another main development has been DJ/Mike MCs with the DJs continuing to thrive in 1982. The visits to this country of numerous DJs has made it more familiar to the people. DJs such as Brigadier Jerry, Toyan, Lone Ranger, Lui Lepke — the duos and the lady toasters e.g. Michigan & Smiley, General Saint & Clint Eastwood; and Sister Nancy. Yellowman has broken down the barriers with delivery and style.

*Mikey Dread, The Dread At The Controls himself, made his name with his pioneering Jamaican radio shows and revolutionary dubwise discs. Since moving to Britain he has worked with The Clash and UB40 as DJ and producer, and continued to release his own records and productions — 'Bad Man Possee' by Junior Murvin was one of this year's system favourites. Mikey also supplied commentary for Channel 4's **Deep Roots Music** series. We asked him to oversee the year's reggae scene.*

The influence of dub has made a breakthrough on the British side with The Mad Professor, Jah Shaka and Lloydie Coxsone, also Adrian Sherwood's dub productions. Shaka and Lloydie Coxsone International have continued their impact on the British sound systems. Lloydie Coxsone — special request to the posse! Jah Shaka — Biblical stylee wild! Both of these sound systems released dub albums of high standards.

Groups who have made the most impact this year are Black Uhuru, Cultural Roots, Mighty Diamonds and obviously Musical Youth. Singers in this category are Freddie McGregor, Michael Prophet, Locksley Castell, Don Carlos, Earl 16. Comeback artistes — Johnny Clarke, Cornell Campbell, Johnny Osbourne, Culture and Gladiators.

Internationally Sly & Robbie must have made the most impact having recorded with Joe Cocker, Grace Jones and Gwen Guthrie. Musician-wise The Roots Radics have made the most forward moves in 1982. Gregory Isaacs has also made an enormous impact with his customarily high class releases.

The best live shows of '82 have been Gregory Isaacs, John Holt and Prince Lincoln & The Royal Rasses. The best producer — Augustus 'Gussie' Clarke.

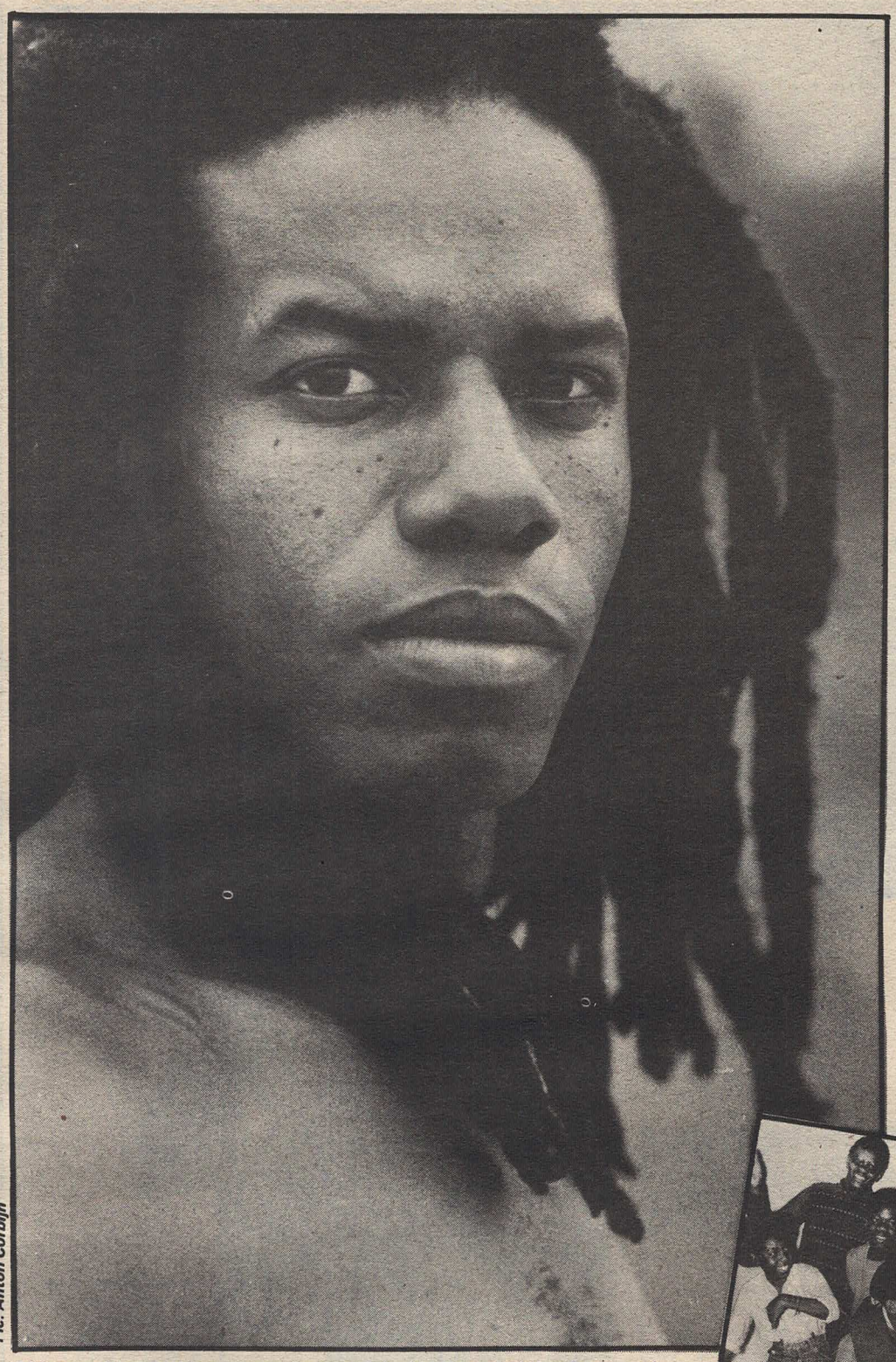
Dub poetry continued to come through after Linton Kwesi Johnson heading the movement in this country. Michael Smith, Oko Onvro, Matabaruka and Benjamin Zepheniah, another British-based poet.

British reggae still coming through strongly with such artistes as UB40 as the main group to make "needletime" effects on all the mums! Musical Youth making the No. 1 spot on the national charts has placed reggae very much forward to the public. Misty In Roots returned from their touring in Africa, and Steel Pulse making a successful appearance at Reggae Sunsplash and touring on the West Coast and Europe.

The advent of Channel 4 showing *Deep Roots Music, Black On Black* and the *Ebony* programme on BBC2 is giving another outlet for reggae.

This year has seen three different reggae singles hitting the No. 1 spot in the national charts, first with Culture Club, then Musical Youth and Eddy Grant. The three songs covered different styles of reggae. This has never happened before and is the major turning point for reggae in '82.

—MIKEY DREAD



Pic: Anton Corbijn

This was the year when reggae in pop pushed to the top of the charts again. British expatriate and ex - Equals - teen - idol Eddy Grant had a long-deserved number one with 'I Don't Wanna Dance', while Nechells' own J5 Musical Youth souped-up an early reggae standard for a sparkling hit with 'Pass The Dutchie.'

"We've seen the furtherance of a cultural revolution and also the advent of a colossal new crime — video piracy. By 1985 there will be 10 million video machines in this country. It means people have decided to go back to the movies but in their own way — in their own homes. Cinema attendances are up in virtually every other country, including America, but in Britain they have been halved. In '85 there will be a total collapse of theatrical exhibition which until now has hung on as a result of American blockbusters. *ET* will pull people through for a while and there are three or four more big ones in the pipeline. After that Rank and EMI will be halving the number of theatres.

"The interesting thing about the video phenomenon is that it hasn't been marketed. The public weren't *told*. They voted it in themselves. I personally don't think it matters where people see a film. Although if it's the shared experience of going out to a theatre people want then that will be missing. I would obviously like a film of mine to be seen 70mm at the Astoria Leicester Square. On the other hand you're better off at home if it's down to an old scratchy print in a terrible fleapit with the rain falling through the roof."

— Alan Parker, up from the advertising ranks to direct Fame, The Wall, and *Midnight Express.*

"I find it hard to judge things in years, but obviously the last 12 months have been good for us. Seb Shelton saw the fruits of his self-discipline come through, Helen O'Hara made the group sparle, and the Brothers Just begged the Lord for mercy, and got it. Hallelujah! It's time to move on."

— Kevin Rowland, Celtic Soul Visionary

DESPITE E.T., TRON, BLADE RUNNER . . . SCIENCE FICTION HAS NEVER BEEN SICKER

COUNTDOWN TO 1984 minus two. It's been a year of paradoxes, but then paradoxes are what SF is all about. On the screen, fantasy-tinged money-makers like *ET, Star Trek 2: The Wrath Of Khan, Poltergeist, Tron, Blade Runner, Conan* and others have been raking in the punter's shekels (while the ravenous hordes drool over the coming prospect of *Star Wars: The Revenge Of The Jedi, Krull, Superman 3, Greystoke* and other hyped-up artefacts). On the literary front, the best-seller lists have been genre-orientated like never before: Asimov's *Foundation's Edge*, Heinlein's *Friday*, Douglas Adams' hitch-hiker titles, Donaldson's Covenant saga, Brooks' Tolkien rip-off in the lands of Shannara, Michener's *Space*, Piers Anthony's fantasy novels, Herbert's unending *Dune* books and Arthur C. Clarke's *2010: Odyssey Two* have all had the cash tills rhapsodising.

Maxim Jakubowski runs a small independent book publishing company in London. He is also a writer. He is also working on a biography of Philip K. Dick. We asked him to look back over this year's literature of the future. Next year six of his books — including a massive volume about science and fantasy fiction — are being published.

Struck by the dreaded disease of sequel-itis and flouting all mathematical laws, Frank Herbert and Piers Anthony are laughing all the way to the bank and devising fifth and sixth volumes of trilogies (!) and Gene Wolfe's otherwise admirable *Book Of The New Sun* quartet has, at his publisher's request, sprouted a fifth instalment. On the other hand, the greater proportion of new American writers coming up through the traditional breeding grounds of the genre magazines are reactionary, sophomoric and a sad throwback to the so-called Golden Age when Yankee-land reigned egotistically supreme and John Wayne took the immortality cure and metamorphosed into Ronald Reagan. Reading recent US SF is like going through a time-warp: it's all been done before and better.

At any rate, there are new writers appearing daily on the US scene; we should be so lucky in the UK where, despite the continuing excellence of Brian Aldiss, J. G. Ballard, Michael Moorcock or Ian Watson there are no new authors at all and just one, isolated magazine: *Interzone*.

Gloomy outlook for the future, then, for a literature of the future, suffering badly from the fall of literacy, and educational standards which see potential writers and readers retreating into comic strips or video games when they should truly be questioning the world they live in (as SF once did, before *Star Wars*).

This was, of course, also the sad year of the death of Philip K. Dick, one of SF's most humane and inventive writers.

Prize-winners included C. J. Cherryh, awarded the Hugo for *Downbelow Station*, *Gene Wolfe* given the Nebula for *The Claw Of The Conciliator*, John Crowley's *Little, Big* winner of the World Fantasy Award and Russell Hoban whose *Ridley Walker* was honoured by the John W. Campbell Memorial Award. Not a bad lot, considering the weakness of the competition.

— MAXIM JAKUBOWSKI

The brand new (royal) baby of the billion dollar film industry meets the grand old man of glam. Princess Di cradles the ubiquitous ET instead of the princely William, while Bowie impersonates a man even older than the deceased Bing Crosby for a forthcoming film.

NOVEMBER

Academy brings together William S Burroughs, Brion Gysin and a host of disciples●First appearance on the streets of officers of the new Immediate Response Unit at Railton Road, Brixton●The Stranglers leave EMI to go to CBS (some change) and the long-overdue Blondie split is finally confirmed●Channel 4 is launched●Masterspy Geoffrey Prime goes to jail for 38 years●The Crass anti-Falklands single 'How Does It Feel' (To Be The Mother Of 1000 Dead)' is declared in the courts to be not obscene (a TV interview with Crass is shown in the States and Argentina but not over here)●President Brezhnev dies and is replaced by ex-KGB head Andropov●The first nationally networked three-dimensional TV programme is shown and the BBC buries a time capsule containing a copy of Playgirl, The Beano, Nursing Times and a videodisc of *Battle For The Falklands*●Jacques Tati dies and *The Truth Game* is shelved by the IBA until Central produce a pro-nuclear film to accompany it●The animal rights bomb hits number ten and the CND conference votes overwhelmingly to adopt tactics of civil disobedience and peaceful direct action to counter the planned sighting of cruise missiles and the UK purchase of the Trident system●Musical Youth's half-term Sunday Special turns into a farce due to inexplicably lousy ticket sales and the band pulls out without telling the people that have turned up●The National Trust decision to grant permission for the construction of a NATO Command HQ in a Chilterns beauty spot is firmly supported by members at a special conference●The Who reach New York's Shea Stadium on their farewell world tour and introduce The Clash as their successors●Greenham Common women are sent to jail for refusing to be bound over to keep the peace●The Third Poetry Olympics held at London's Young Vic Theatre●*NME* battleship Monty Smith leaves port for the

"The year the Iron Lady got heavy over scrap metal and really cooked her Goose Green."

*— David Rappaport, comedian, star of **Time Bandits**, **Tiswas** and Channel 4's **Grapevine**.*

"The more box office shrinks, the more producers think they have to offer blood and more blood. Then along comes *ET* with a very simple and heartwarming morality. If there's something you don't understand you don't kill it. It doesn't have to be like that. It certainly is a brilliant movie. There is no doubt about that. All my friends in the business, they certainly have a great respect for it. As with every successful film it will produce cheap copies. And I'd rather see poor copies of *ET* than a lot else that's around at the moment."

*— Richard Loncraine, director **Brimstone And Treacle** and Michael Palin's US smash **The Missionary**.*

Alex Harvey: R.I.P. it up

"I haven't seen much experimentation on television this past year. I can't receive Channel 4 from where I live and I don't know whether that's a blessing or a curse. I see that it's always being attacked, however. These attacks are kind of a diversion. Those, for instance, who rage about minority interest programmes are really venting their spleen on the minorities themselves.

"The routines of political discourse are much less naked these days. We have come through the horror of war, we have access to harrowing fact and photographs. We have reached a point of consciousness where our prejudices have to be expressed in a more complex way. I know that some people would like to get onto a television studio floor — the site of our most popular culture — and smash that place to pieces. I don't say this in a condemnatory way. It is a complex world."

*—Dennis Potter, author of **Brimstone And Treacle**, **Pennies From Heven** and numerous other startling dramas.*

"1982 was the year the Stones brought the crowds back to the football grounds."

— Mick Jagger, unemployed lover and spearhead of the R&B revival.

Pic: Peter Anderson

New Years Eve. STRAIGHT TO HELL in New York.
Plunge into emotional charge round JAPAN. AUSTRALIA. NEW ZEALAND.
Suntanned Skins and Punks ! HONG KONG. BANGKOK, POGO Beads and leather Turbans!
Return. COMBAT. ROCK and release. SNAP! Joe's Cracked. British fog on a setback.
Clear. The TOPS is gone but the CHIMES is back.
Start American Beach. East, South, West, North to Calgary.
Filmed CASBAH ! in a Desert Land.
Played Scotland, Midland, Grimland. Mick meets his Pa at BRIXTON !
Back in the U.S. New England. Ice Rink. Kent State. Virginia.
PUFFFF ! SuperWho 90,000 Ogle. Held SHEA in the sway.
Change Amps. Charge Hearing-Aids. Then down Mexico Way
Paul Mambo's through all the turnpikes and airports.
End in Jamaica, Montego Bay. No need for overcoats at WORLD MUSIC FESTIVAL.
Aretha, Uhuru, Beat, Rick James, Jimmy Cliff. Saw the last drop of Squeeze.
But the ticket price keeps the locals off the land called Bob Marley Centre.
Return to traditional, London Reggae Demolition of Christmas.
NEW YEARS RESOLUTION? Stop Fucking Around.

— Joe Strummer on The Clash in '82.

THANK GOD FOR STEVEN SPIELBERG

"THE CINEMA is dead — long live the movies!" That cliche — coined in these pages during the summer, when *E.T.* was taking the States by storm and cinemas in this country first felt the bite of the home video industry — just about sums up the film world in 1982.

People will still turn out for an exceptional film, but you can't really blame them for turning their backs on the majority of mundane movies playing in what draughty old halls remain open.

The pity of it is that the so-called video boom is in danger of spawning a generation of cine-illiterate morons who'll be satisfied only by the basest tapes. And I'm not talking about porn — nothing wrong with that, in its place. Nor even about the pirate tape industry — if people are happy to watch inferior copies of first-run movies on a screen for which they were never intended, more fool them.

I refer to the *I Spit On Your SS Experiment Driller Killer Holocaust* snuff movie syndrome; incredibly incompetent, filthy muck that — judging by various pub conversations — appears to have found a willing audience in every town in the country.

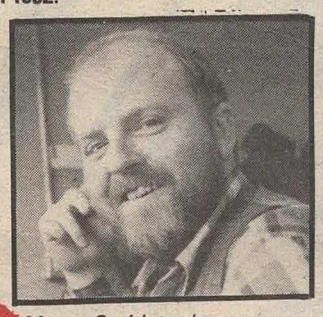
Thank God, then, for Steven Spielberg. Not once, but twice, his genius has this year reawakened in the hearts of the world the long-lost love of going to the pictures; both *Poltergeist* and *E.T.* demand to be seen on the big screen, in the company of strangers. Already, Spielberg ranks with the great populist film-makers (ie the only ones who, in the final analysis, are worth a damn): Hitchcock, Frank Capra, Laurel and Hardy . . . there aren't many. I am amazed he is not given a harder time by the critics. Perhaps even they are won over by his unerring ability to tell simple stories supremely well.

Otherwise, 1982 was a very ordinary year. There were exceptions: from America; *Prince Of The City* and *Cutter's Way*, serious works by veterans Sidney Lumet and Czech-exile Ivan Passer; and — refreshingly — from France, with Bertrand Tavernier's *Clean Slate* and Jean-Jacques Beneix's *Diva*, both extremely diverting films that are resolutely cinematic (as opposed to thematic, the usual curse of the Europeans).

As for the intellectual, experimental, avant-garde, political and 'rock' films — I'll leave those to the wankers whose lives are so empty they need to be preached at.

And 1983? How the hell should I know? I'm not Nostradamus. *(Who he? — Ed)*

— MONTY SMITH



Monty Smith took over NME's Silver Screen in 1977 and edited it until his recent defection to TV Times. We were looking for the biggest figure in the British film industry to sum up the year for us and they don't loom any larger than Monty! We asked him to write about cinema in 1982 but he insisted on writing about movies.

Yah boo sucks . . . Duran Duran, the band the critics couldn't kill.

"Negative: 1982 was the year that new pop opened doors, only to find they were the wrong doors. From ABC to Ze, it seemed that all roads led to the Hammersmith Lyceum.

"Positive: 1982 was also the year that Rene Eyre took her first tentative dancesteps to stardom. Message ends."

— Richard Strange, producer, performer, self-publicist and progressive clubland entrepreneur.

"We've had a tremendous year and I'd have thought we represent the beginning of a circuit of mixed media and cultural performance centres. There is so much talent in British art colleges and drama schools and in dole offices. There are people looking for spaces like ours for freedon to do precisely what they want. There is also a different kind of tolerance around. People want something that's new and exciting and tests their concepts of what art is or what communication is. We don't want to monopolise. We want to see a circuit. We want to help people find a way out of the dominant media forms."

— Paul Walton, co-director of Wapping's B2 Gallery.

"1982 certainly wasn't boring; there were ups and downs. I can't complain, having had the biggest US record of the year. This is the beginning of my vindication. People's lives got harder in 1982. I hope next year living becomes a bit easier, especially in Ireland where I visited during my European tour this autumn."

— Joan Jett, roaring rock'n'roll success, one of few American superstars with the dignity intact.

KISS THE BITCHES AND STAY CLEVER

1982 IS OVER and my last thought of the year, or should I say fear, is that the combination of Bowie and Bing Crosby or Rene and Renato might beat Culture Club to number one, as at this moment we hold the No.3 position in the charts. Or maybe, to quote Adrian Thrills, *NME*'s very own Ernest Hemingway, I fear that we might not scale our former heights. But with a number one single under our belts, you could say that we have achieved the greatest desire of any band, so what comes next?

Well apart from touring Europe and the United States, your guess is as good as mine. Not even I could tell what the future holds for Culture Club, so let's talk about the past and what the year 1982 has meant to me.

Obviously it has meant a rise from obscurity to some kind of status for myself and the rest of Culture Club — John Moss, Roy Hay and Mikey Craig — and the success of 'Do You Really Want To Hurt Me' and our debut album 'Kissing To Be Clever' has taken away the pressures, mostly internal, from the band and has made for a more relaxed Culture Club. It would be stupid and a lie to say that the unsuccess of our first two singles, 'White Boy' and 'I'm Afraid Of Me' did not put the fear of funk into us. But then I strongly believe that the success of any band is down to 50 per cent talent and 50 per cent hard work.

Boy George is the famous face and soul singer for Culture Club, the group whose blend of all sorts of influences took them into the charts and right up to number one. From a figure of fun, George has turned into one of the primary spokespersons for a new spirit in pop. Here he tells us what the year has meant to him, not forgetting to settle some old scores . . .

Of course you have your flukes and your hype jobs, and there could be a hint of hype in the breaking of Culture Club — but the fact is there wasn't. If we were the so-called fashionable trendies we were accused of being, then our first two single releases should have skanked to number one without any trouble. They didn't — so that must prove something, even if only to those suckers who were busy hailing rival dreadlockers Haysi Fantayzee as the nails in the Culture Club coffin. So what if I bought 'John Wayne Is Big Leggy'? I also bought the Julio Iglesias album. I've never been one to hold a grudge. Even my most bitchy comments I pepper with humour — laughing Boy George, that's the name.

On the subject of names, I've been awarded quite a few naff titles during my short period as personal dartboard for the press. Let me share a few of them with you.

The *Evening Standard* and Deborah Steels in *Time Out* discussed Boy George's big nose, short, fat arms and large bottom. *Sounds*, however, made us aware of the similarity between Peter Sutcliffe, the Yorkshire Ripper, and all heterosexual males. Quite what this dumpy little transvestite had to do with all that, heaven knows. Robert Elms, well-known Irish labourer, accused Culture Club of plagiarism and then trotted off to watch Blue Rondo in rehearsal. Dave McCullough stepped out of the closet to meet Mavis Riley in drag, and Chris Burkham went into hibernation with Holy Joe. Alan Jones swallowed a bottle of methylated spirits and pissed himself when he caught sight of the ghost of Kathy Kirby. Robbi Millar finally found Kings Road and discovered to her dismay that there are no more real punks. Last time I heard she was on a crash course for headbangers. Johnny Black is still fiddling with the Boy George rubik sex aid. And Adrian Thrills has taken up residency at the bottom of the garden. Rumour has it that he is planning to tell us something new quite soon.

What a way to end the year. Kiss the bitches and stay clever. And remember, ripped jeans are a vital part of your wardrobe but in 1983 it's bras over your school uniforms, flared trousers and *big* women. 1983 is the year of the hobo. Don't play your records, scratch them — that doesn't apply to Culture Club ones by the way. Keep them by the bread bin, be nice to your mother, and buy more Visage and Undertones records. Get Yazoo to number one and laugh at Adrian Thrills when he dances at the Wag Club. And to get back to the point, thanks for your support in 1982, have a good New Year. May the force be with you. Love,

— BOY GEORGE

Finally the return of Jerry Dammers and the new Speical a.k.a. — and that's got to be good news for the New Year. See the full story in NME next week . . .

DECEMBER

calmer waters of the *TV Times*●Classix Nouveaux guitarist Jimmi Sumen is officially certified insance to dodge his call-up papers from Finland●The Human League release 'Mirror Man', their first single since 1981, and *The Tube* replaces *Ready Steady Go*●Malcom McLaren releases 'Buffalo Gals'●Teardrop Explodes split four years to the day after their first appearance at Liverpool's Erics●Dionne Warwick tops both charts with 'Heartbreaker' and Jerry Dammers is found guilty of another drug offence●An open verdict is recorded at Helen Smith's inquest and 16 people are killed by the Ballykelly bombimg●A dentist is given the first artificial heart and a baby of 40 hours old is given open heart surgery●Ian Dury returns to live action for the first time in '82●Marty Feldman dies in Mexico City●The Roundhouse announces plans to return to rock concerts after a four year gap●Virgin Prunes are caught up in Channel Four backlash after their performance at the Ace in Brixton●The Church of ET arrives at last for unfortunates without videos, the rest yawn in anticipation●Reagan announces the MX 'Dense Pack' formation and the women of Greenham Common 'Embrace the Base', Soviet cosmonauts return to Earth after a record 211 days in space and former Watergate prosecutor Leon Jaworksi dies aged 77●Wasted Youth and The Blues Band disband●Charlie Brooks, a 40-year-old black man, becomes the first man in the US to be executed by injection●Dingwalls announces plans to go nationwide●Marty Robbins dies●Crass lock themselves into an empty Rainbow Theatre as a protest at the cold shoulder they've been receiving from venues in the London area●Brixton bubbles again with the Ritzy cinema staging a Christmas live season● Bowie confirms world tour for '83 ● Jagger signs away his life story for £1.5 million ● *NME* double Xmas double issue signs off '82 to universal acclaim.

NME

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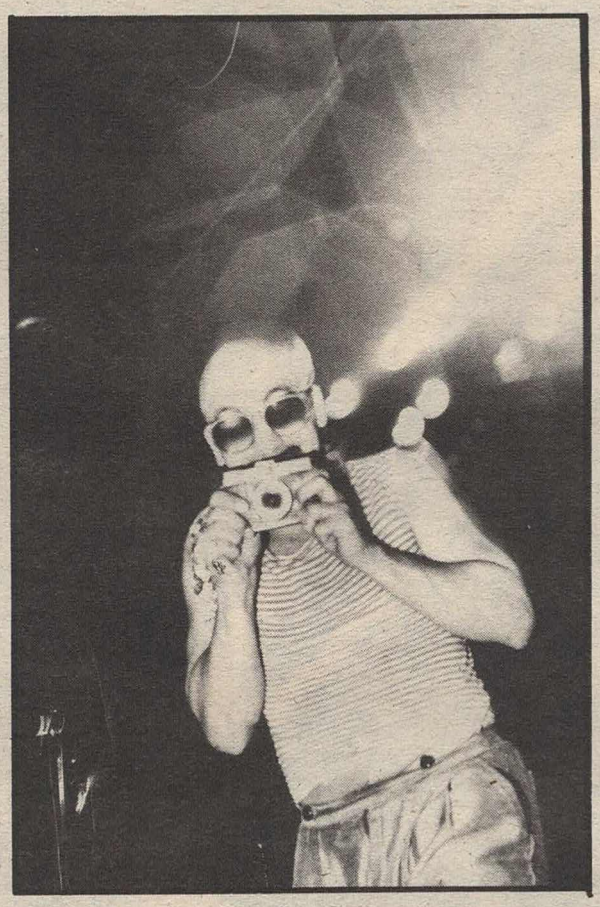


NME PHOTOGRAPHERS CHOOSE THEIR FAVOURITE SHOTS OF '82

THE CAMERAS SPEAK — what they had to say for themselves.

ANTON CORBIJN: "Spielerei!"

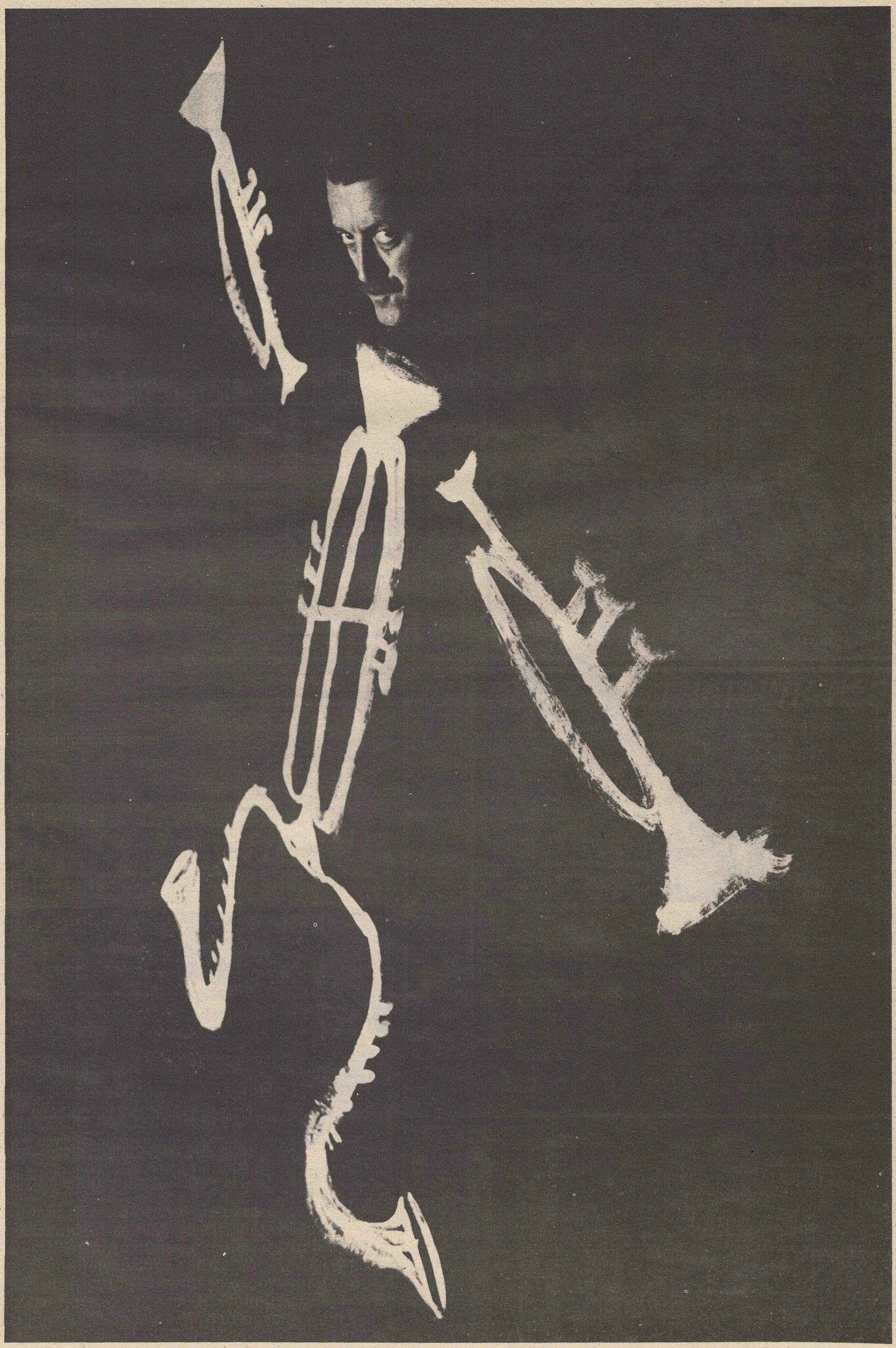
PENNIE SMITH: "You almost had a couple of abstracts but I can imagine the poor readers' reaction."

JOE STEVENS: "Here's my Human League pic — you still owe me for expenses on that trip."

KEVIN CUMMINS: "I've taken pictures of very few interesting bands this year. I like the Nico shot because it's pretty — she looks half her age in profile."

PETER ANDERSON: "Gizza camera, I can do that!"

Baldhead & Dread snap back: Coati Mundi & Benjamin Zephaniah by Kevin Cummins.



anton

YELLO

FAD GADGET

anton

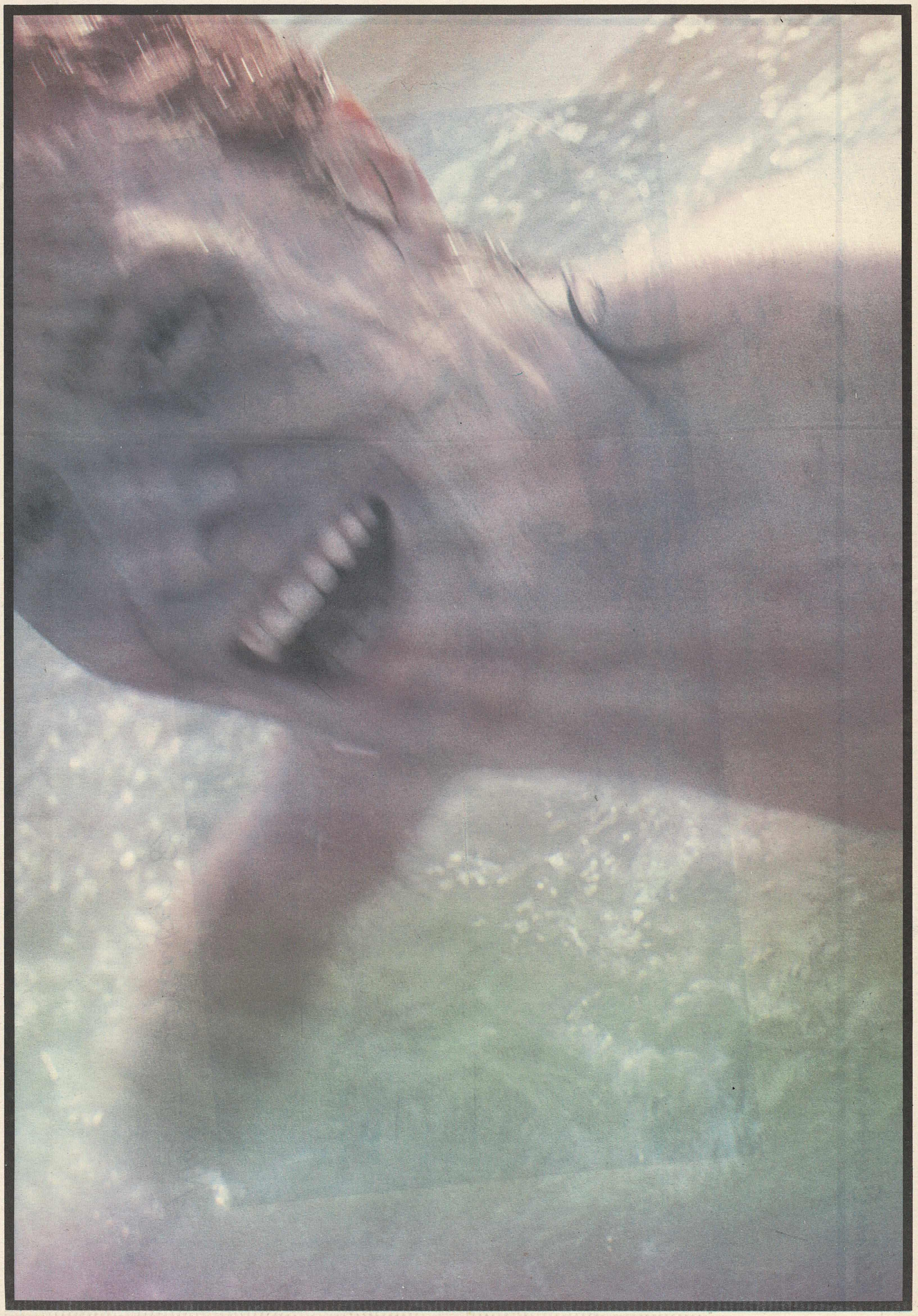
Joe Strummer 31/1/82 Pennie Smith

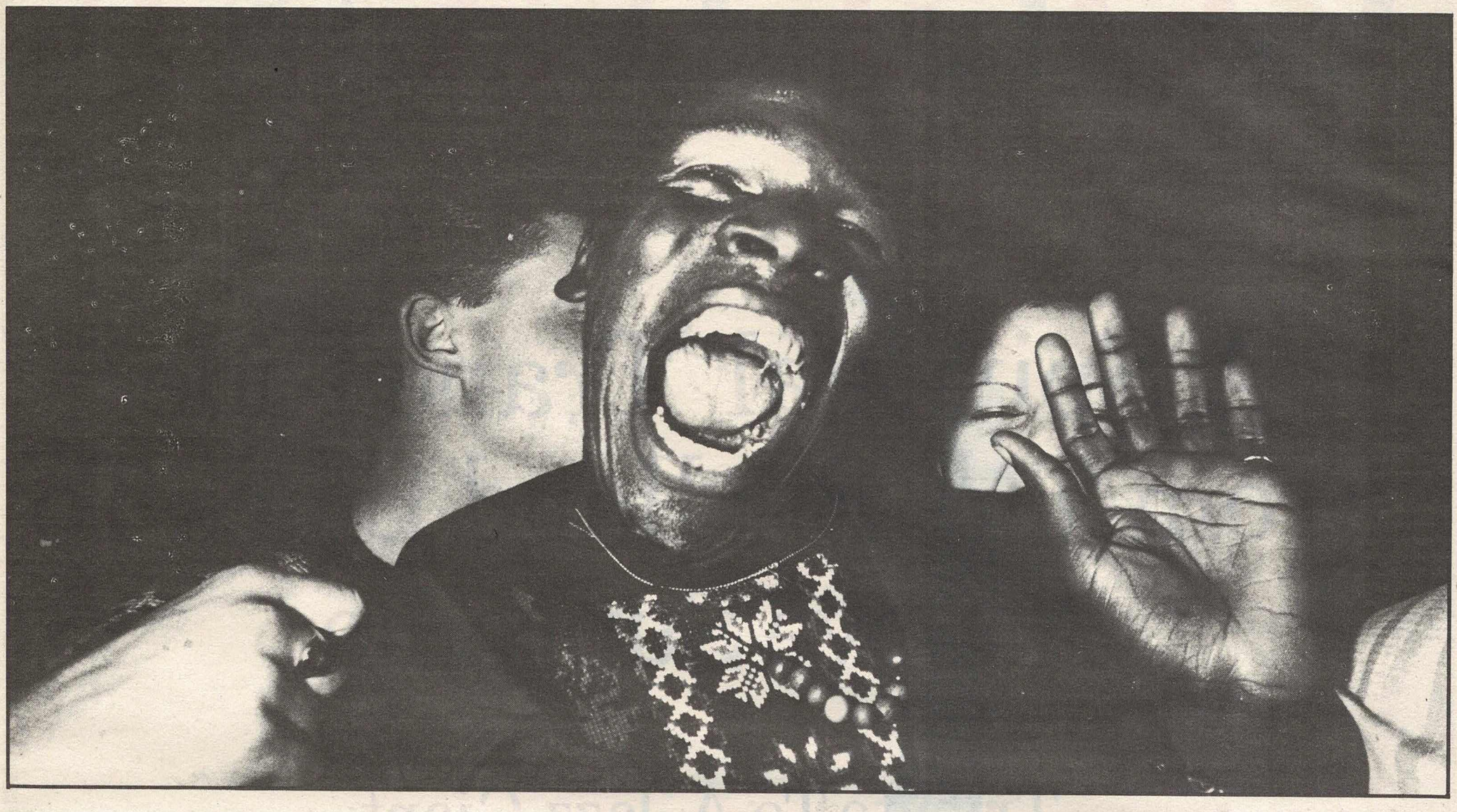
Mathews Ashman 13/9/82 Pennie Smith

JOE STEVENS H. LEAGUE '82

Kevin Cummins

NICO — September '82





© PETER ANDERSON

John COLTRANE

A Spiritual 'Trane Ride From The Birdland Blues To A Love Supreme

Tribute To A Jazz Giant

By Richard Cook

IF YOU WERE to poll the nexus of creative black American musicians on which single figure had influenced their music-making to the greatest degree, John Coltrane would take precedence in their answers.

If you were to ask a cross-section of rock players, composers, music teachers, critics and students of black sociology as to which black musician they held in the greatest esteem it would be Coltrane's name that would figure most prominently.

If you investigated the record collections of the Western world in an effort to discover which discs cropped up most frequently as emissaries of the black music of the '60s, it seems likely that 'Giant Steps' and 'A Love Supreme' would be top.

Have you ever listened to John Coltrane play?

Sifting through the personal accounts, sleeve notes, books in tribute and scores of records which remain as Coltrane's incarnation, 15 years after his death, one is almost shocked when a word of criticism or disagreement comes up. The image of Coltrane that emerges is of a man so enormous in artistic and human stature that his creativity and presence proved too great for any musical community to succour him, let alone one as demeaning and soul-destroying as the jazz environment.

Musicians, critics, producers, friends and the most casual of acquaintances speak of him with a reverent glow that seems scarcely credible; that he could be so quiet, selfless and respectful of others when silmultaneously possessed by talents so gargantuan that they almost shook him apart — well, it sounds extraordinary. It sounds ridiculous.

And yet it seems, insofar as any retrospective can be, to represent the truth. Coltrane's spiritual search — an endless one, its goals ever greater, its demands ever deeper — entailed personal impositions that only the most dedicated of men could make. In all of jazz's troubled and turbulent history no musician has proved the inseparability of personal quality and expression as Trane.

He sounded that way because he *was* that way. Only Charlie Parker was ever as scorchingly intense about what he was doing, fuelled as he was by an entirely different attitude of self-gratification that punished his body as bitterly as Trane's expression broke his own.

IT'S 23 YEARS since Coltrane recorded the sessions that produced 'Giant Steps', 18 since 'A Love Supreme'. The passage of time hasn't in itself strengthened his finest works because, while jazz was officially pronounced 'dead' some time ago, there are now more proficient players of courage and imagination than there have ever been playing around the explorations of Trane, Dolphy, Taylor, Coleman and Ayler.

What was then music of unheard power has, with the inevitable proliferation of imitative style, been established as an area of usable currency instead of a lone beacon.

But the intervening years have permitted a deeper clarity and focus to settle on Coltrane's output.

With the sound shut off by his death, the entire cycle of his work is available for meditation and reward. While there are elements about it that seem harsh, almost unpleasant, it's the *ageless* nature of Trane's inspiration that carries across the distance. Because it dealt with matters of fundamental belief, universal import, specific moral worth; and because it was forged out of a personal incentive that owed as little as any music can to 'outside' pressures and influences, out of a self-expression free of egotism and negative passions, it is as communicative now as it was at its point of creation.

That may finally be the greatest achievement of all Coltrane's endeavours. Jazz improvisation has relied on immediacy for its life: it is supposed to be about the fleeing moment, the guttering candle of split-second inspiration. Of course, denied of Coltrane's awesomely charismatic physical presence, recorded Trane carries a lesser charge — but even listening as critically as possible there is so little disparity in the quality of thought and emotive expression between live and studio dates that the same impact is felt.

Coltrane *never* let up.

So to experience him now, to instigate a second look or perhaps a first tentative trial, is no idle recourse to memory lane, nor any substitute called in on the absence of any fresh music to excite. Coltrane would certainly have been appalled at the idea that people were always returning to him in despair because there was no 'new Trane' on the horizon. He went out of his way to speak up for other talents, and if he'd heard players like David Murray and Wynton Marsalis he would have been satisfied.

It is rather a demonstration of how strength and purpose and artistic courage can be bound to an absolute belief in music's beneficial power that I suggest Coltrane is listened to again, or for a first time. The qualities he brought to bear on his art were unimpeachable: the example he set has no superior in its braveness and resilience. Above all it was the way he articulated those qualities — the way he realised his quest for a literally divine beauty and his anguish at spiritual poverty — that dissolves the barrier between him and us.

Coltrane's lesson is that every available means that can be used *has* to be used. In the end, truth will out.

"I have made a conscious attempt to change what I've found in music. This is what I feel that we feel in any situation that we find in our lives, when there's something that we think could be better, we must make an effort to try and make it better. It's the same socially, musically, politically and in any department of our lives."

John Coltrane 1966

A CERTAIN chronology has to be admitted to try and comprehend Trane's work. This is not intended as a fully biographical sketch, but some background is essential.

So: John William Coltrane was born in North Carolina on September 23 1926. The first instrument he played was a clarinet; the second, an alto saxophone. He moved to Philadelphia in 1944 and studied music, spent two years in the navy and worked out the '40s playing in R&B jump bands led by Joe Massey and Eddie Cleanhead Vinson. By the time he came to join Dizzy Gillespie's big band in 1949 he'd switched to tenor sax; and it was also around this time that he became hooked on heroin.

Smack was the dark face over jazz's gruelling demands on its performers in the '40s, and it has never really gone away. It wasn't until 1957 that Coltrane managed to end his addiction and the shadow of his dependence forever stood over his health. It goes in part to explain his late development as a mature artist, for it wasn't until his entry into the Miles Davis group in 1955 that Trane fashioned his playing to genuinely constructive ends.

As innovation passes into familiar language, first impact is often forgotten. It's hard to conceive now just how forcefully the Davis group made its mark on the jazz scene of its day — paradoxically, an impression made through understatement and implication rather than the simmering ferocity of their bebop predecessors.

Bizarre choices of material, funky times replacing hard-headed swing, atmospheres thick with smoke and cordite sensuality, strange undercurrents of emotion, chance crossings between ballads and blues, antithetical soloists creating moods of thrilling tension — Davis directed a different emotional climate for the jazz group. After the headlong virtuosity of bop, the tug between small telling gestures and bursting invention was taking precedence.

Nowhere was this more apparent than in the contrary nature of Trane and Miles. While Davis had a precise grasp on what he wanted, Coltrane was in the early stages of what he seemed to realise was a search without end. Trane's tenor, massive and declamatory as it was, would time and again flounder in the changes of a tune — no clear peak was ever reached in a solo, and the contradictions of a handful of different directions left him all but beached on occasion.

Yet if it had been otherwise — if the saxophone had cast a smoothed, conventionally lyrical symmetry — then that remarkable, inflamed sound of frustration would have been denied to Miles' great group.

The Quintet's supple, artful take of 'If I Were A Bell' serves as an arbitrary lesson. Miles mutes through the theme and a solo full of

Coltrane in London 1961: the more he grew in stature, the milder he seemed to become. Photo by Val Wilmer.

filigree nuance, to be followed by Trane looming up from off-mike and coursing desperately through a strange tangle of lines and half-measures. A glimmer of brilliance will leap out only for him to lose it in a refusal of easy exhiliration, crestfallen at failing to meet his own demands. It takes a piano solo of delicious poise from Red Garland to restore calm.

Such a dialogue would inevitably have been forestalled by Coltrane's inexorable growth. One of the last tracks from his first tenure with Miles was Thelonious Monk's 'Round About Midnight', from which the tenorman drew a taut and exacting set of variations, and it was to Monk's group that he went next in 1957. His reputation already sky-high, Trane also signed for Prestige and began cutting a long trail of studio dates as both sideman and leader.

The literally dozens of records he made in the late '50s total a tidal wave of playing, even if they now seem like dry runs for the humbling conceptions he was to work through in the '60s. Prestige placed him in countless blowing session contexts with players of comparatively lesser ability: but in the most striking way possible at that time, Coltrane used the setting to his own advantage.

Miles Davis: "Why do you play so long, man?"

John Coltrane: "It takes that long to get it all in."

THE BULK OF Trane's playing at this time seemed so stunningly fast, extroverted and often ominously grim that, no matter how clearly it was articulated, it seemed Trane was chasing the state beyond the heat of the moment. Time seemed to blur at his command. His tone had a matt iron sound to it, twisting off into a primeval rasp at moments of particular intensity; he sought and formulated cliff-hanger sprays of notes that implied a temperament, mettlesome and exploratory in equal measure.

What emerged over the course of a song was a multi-threaded trellis of ideas — "sheets of sound", one critic called them. Sound was the operative word, for Coltrane was by now beginning to think in terms greater than the compressed, chord-based improvisation. Chords hung over him like a Damoclean sword.

"All the time I was with Miles I didn't have anything to think about but myself, so I stayed at the piano and chords, chords, chords! I ended up playing them on my horn."

Trane had to play against time. The rhythm sections he was working with were orthodox hard bop units, accompanying in a way that fed 'normal' hornmen the appropriate changes during a song to guide him through a developing improvisation.

Determined to exhaust every avenue on the block, Trane forced the tenor to try and *beat* those changes. He'd attempt to slam through every possible harmonic line before the next chord dragged him away.

Unsurprisingly it met with incoherence and generally mixed results more often than real success, but the nature of the battle is so fascinating that the hypnotic energies in Coltrane's voice override complaint. Listen to 'Good Bait', a favourite Tadd Dameron tune recorded in February 1958.

It starts at a cruising lope, and no sooner has Trane passed through the theme than the tendrils start to envelop the structure. Sixteenth-notes gun across the intervals, the beat accented to denote areas of stress that eventually get blotted up in the ceaseless charge to . . . where? When Coltrane cuts his solo for (again) Red Garland to have his say he seems surprised, bewildered that a halt has been called.

After the pianist's urbane contribution and a lilting bass passage by Paul Chambers the sax returns to trade fours with the drummer: here the boxed-in, writhing forces sound even wilder when so pegged out, crazed at having so much more to say. The storming would mean little, however, without the queer beauty of Trane's sound and its insidious call to the heart.

It was not a lush tenor (Ben Webster), a sardonically brilliant tenor (Sonny Rollins) or a mistily careworn tenor (Lester Young). It had no snowy, sentimental vibrato or any trade in sweet shafts of melody.

Instead, Coltrane imposed an emotional substance by the very weight and dedication of his approach — as with Davis' group, the expressive jazz tradition was maintained even though different means were applied.

It's not as if Coltrane turned his back on the saxophone past in any case, because his absorption of history is easily perceived. Listening to Coleman Hawkins on a 1945 record of 'It's The Talk Of The Town' — a sublimely achieved ballad rendition by the first great jazz saxophonist — and following that with any Coltrane performance of this period shows how clearly Trane paid his dues. There is the same interest in form, in peeling back a song's skin to find the pulse beneath, in interlocking thought and variation.

This sense of an ongoing dialogue with the tools of jazz comes out most clearly in the ballads he recorded then. 'You Leave Me Breathless', 'Like Someone In Love', 'I'm Old Fashioned' and 'Violets For Your Furs' are among the most shapely and serenely beautiful of his records, open and relatively meek yet still suggestive of his higher aspiration. They are full of sentiment without being sentimental, almost skeletal beside his full-scale outpourings. What Coltrane had to do was find a way of reconciling that stillness of the ballad meditation with his harder passions.

"I've got to keep experimenting. I feel that I'm just beginning. I have part of what I'm looking for but not at all."

John Coltrane 1960

COLTRANE REJOINED Davis in 1958 and stayed long enough to participate in the trumpeter's 'Kind Of Blue' album sessions.

With Miles also looking to oust the pre-eminence of chords, modal tunes — grown from scales rather than blocks of notes — hatched an enigmatic climate of liberation and spaciousness that the tenorist clearly warmed to. His solo on 'So What' slips between gears with an assurance that probably even Rollins couldn't have matched. But Coltrane had virtually outgrown other leaders. This was his last significant session under other guidance.

When he made the sessions that produced 'Giant Steps' and 'Coltrane Time', the two most acclaimed albums of this period, Trane was actually in a state of transition — in fact, a state of *double* transition. The sheets of sound, that frantic, burning babel of voices, slipped into a more finely controlled manipulation of line and tone — but one which simultaneously tried to take on an even darker and less easily defined state of being.

'Like Sonny' (a nod to Rollins from 'Coltrane Time') has a solo that possesses an outer relaxation the early Coltrane struggled to find and an inner apprehension which implies a forecasting of some great change.

The 'Giant Steps' collection surpasses 'Coltrane Jazz' only in the greater strength of the tunes, several of which Coltrane returned to frequently. The 'Giant Steps' solo has a symmetry that could only have come from a most purposeful imagination; 'Cousin Mary' manages to touch playing at speed with great intimacy (Mary was a favourite relation of the composer); 'Syeeda's Song Flute' developed out of folkish motif into a set of variations which harmony linked like twine. There is a great resolve to tie loose ends in these pieces, a sense of closing sentences — as if Coltrane was summing up his harmonic exploration, even though he himself insisted that "I've not finished with these studies because I haven't assimilated everything into my playing."

There was, however, one clear allusion to his future — a state of exploration which, in its emphasis on a totality of sound and vision, would preoccupy the rest of his life. 'Naima', a song dedicated to his wife, became something of a test piece for his muse: he played it as long as he went on playing, and its structure charted the changes in his own approach with each difference.

It's a simple melodic line which the piano answers with a parallel path — except there is no strict harmonic dialogue, rather a removed sense of fingertip unity, like a reflection in rippled water. There is no cage of time or space. In this first version, the saxophone simply states the bones of the melody in a tone with the merest hint of tears, the softest of vibratos. It is perhaps the most uniquely tender of all Coltrane's recordings.

One way to see his subsequent progress is to hear the evolution of 'Naima'. The European concert version by Coltrane's basic '60s group on 'Afro Blue Impressions' — McCoy Tyner, Jimmy Garrison and Elvin Jones — has a feeling of grandeur ebbing down into wholesome balladry with Tyner's piano solo and Jones' leathery brushwork until the leader returns and takes up the thread. His solo gathers a muscular momentum as the drummer stokes a regular conflagration and a great upsurge of melodic incantation is read out like a book of scripture.

Then, just as 'Naima' seems lost, the saxophone sees an emergent light and downturns the drama — hitched completely to

Continues overleaf

COLTRANE

From previous page

its orders, the group slide back into the lyric strain and a softening complexion overtakes all with the return of the original theme. The shading is a matchless accomplishment. It takes time to unravel the spontaneity — to see how, for example, Tyner's piano has kept a pastoral undertow throughout to remind of the first thought behind the song, or the way Trane disallows any gratuitous noise-making from the tenor — but its healing gracefulness remains immediate and constant.

The third version, by Coltrane's last working group, comes from his final Village Vanguard live recording in May 1966. At 15 minutes it's twice the length of the earlier concert version; it has a long, raggedly euphoric solo by the second tenor in the group, Pharoah Sanders; its percussive strands have a tidal flow of break and recession from the two chattering drummers; its piano part is coloured with a gentle, childish impressionism by Alice Coltrane. Form has become no more than the vaguest of outline; mood passes in and out of focus and the initial feel of sombre tranquility dissolves into a pathless terrain of contrasting emotions. Beginning has been forgotten; end no longer has any meaning of finality.

'Naima' is transformed from object of beauty and affection into a wraith of unknown origin.

Most crucial of all is the change in Coltrane's own playing. In his opening statement of the theme he is no longer content to just print out the notes, no matter how caressing the motion could be. In the second line he's already breaking the motif down and before long has embarked on a restless, dance-like plunge and leap which throws him in and out of the extremes of register and creates contrast and argument of such angular strength that the solo seems about to be slashed to pieces at any moment.

That it isn't is down to a sense of form that had become completely instinctive to Trane by this time: but the tension it creates is nevertheless extraordinary, almost exhausting to even listen to. Although one feels he knows his position in the idea exactly, there is a kind of return to the dilemma of the sheets of sound era, of trying to cram everything in at once. Except this time it wasn't simply complete harmonic exploration that concerned him but the whole gamut of melody, rhythm, space, mood, tension, interplay and communication.

His last search was an attempted reconciliation of — to reduce to essentials — the very ultimate in means and the purest of expression.

"It's not about notes any more. It's about feelings!"

Albert Ayler 1965

COLTRANE HAD begun the '60s with a conscious arming of his capabilities. He formed his first working group around the piano of McCoy Tyner and the drums of Elvin Jones, eventually settling on Jimmy Garrison for the bassist's role. The long stream of records he made for Impulse until the group was sundered in 1965 make up a progression of thought and concentrated virtuoso performance unrivalled in the recording of jazz.

Although there are occasional irrelevancies — an album of show ballads, one with Duke Ellington and one with vocalist Johnny Hartman — the contract enabled Coltrane to scour his motives and beliefs to a root that seemed to consist of raw, often scarifying emotion.

The quartet was a brilliantly responsive instrument to Coltrane's needs. McCoy Turner, a young Moslem, shared Coltrane's quiescent temperament and deep spiritual belief and looked up to him almost as a father. Although it frequently sounded as if the pianist was being overwhelmed, dropping out to let the tenor pursue a course unfettered by any harmonic backdrop, seldom allowed the luxury of a long solo, Tyner performed the pivotal role of stabilising any performance that seemed on the brink of chaos. He had the strength to vamp endlessly on a single pattern and the poetic and wistful restraint he could summon counterweighted the sometimes impenetrable passions going on around him.

Elvin Jones, though, was Trane's closest partner in the group. This was the most thunderous and intimidating drumming jazz had ever heard — this torrential, explosive rain of cross-rhythms and speaking cymbals and booming bass tones, which Jones could keep up for hours. His stamina was matched only by Coltrane himself, and the complementary challenge they set each other led to sax-drums dialogues of withering expressive force.

Jones was a tough. hard-nosed character very different to the leader. Nobody could have provided him with a more stimulating context and nobody has since.

It made for cathartic, fantastically energising jazz music. 'Impressions', recorded live in 1961, sees a theme permutated first into brief phrases pecking at a longer train of thought; then, as Tyner lays out, Jones winds the line up to a blurring pace and the tenor surges on into a longer and ever more convoluted extension of the first idea. It grows up and out, further and further, with a logic that never makes one think of empty bluster. By the time Tyner returns the feeling that Trane has somehow locked hands with the listener has surpassed the climate of savage industry.

'Chasin' The Trane' ('Live At The Village Vanguard') took the trance a step further by being entirely spontaneous — "We set the tempo and in we went."

It becomes a breathtaking fantasy on the touchstone of the blues, completely abstract at one level yet wholly attuned to a source of black music all four were familiar with. Coltrane never abandoned tradition: its presence was constant, even if only as the most fleeting awareness.

He still played his favourite standards: one was 'I Want To Talk About You', and the version on 'Live At Birdland' has an unaccompanied cadenza which represents saxophone oratory of majestic distinction. Coltrane plays it out like a coda designed to channel every conflicting feeling in the interpretation into a single net of sound.

The other favoured chestnut was 'My Favourite Things', which he would always play on soprano saz — an instrument scarely played at that time but one which he took the key role in popularising. He discovered he could move all over the soprano with ease, and it encouraged him to do the same thing on tenor after a comparative neglect of the lower register.

Although this was an unimaginably rich field, Coltrane seemed to want to hurtle through change. His determination to exhaust every possibility was impossible to slake. He'd worked with Eric Dolphy, an alto/flute/bass clarinet player of similarly effusive gifts, on and off until Dolphy's death in 1964. Eric scored the mighty 'Africa/Brass' set for him, a composition for ten pieces playing drone and chant figures in tandem with the furious energies of Trane's customary music, although Affinity's 'Live At Birdland' shows their sparks best.

At the end of 1964 Coltrane recorded a four-part work, 'A Love Supreme'.

'During the year 1957 I experienced by the grace of God a spiritual awakening which was to lead me to a richer, fuller, more productive life. At that time, in gratitude, I humbly asked to be given the means and privilege to make others happy through music. '

The four parts — Acknowledgement, Resolution, Pursuance and Psalm — were Coltrane's imparting of devotion. The music develops with unerring assurance from a tiny motif that is stretched and passed through the entire work. Although the playing is perhaps no more involved and uplifting than any of his best sessions at this time, a sense of completeness and pride is swept through the music, as if Coltrane was taking stock of his creed for a moment and finding it still as renewing. McCoy Tyner, whose own beliefs were similarly inclined, plays immaculately throughout.

There was nevertheless no resolution for Coltrane in this or any other model of his group's work. Though financially comfortable by then (his earnings were in six figures by the mid-'60s) he worked obsessively; the cadence of music was everything to him. Observers spoke of him playing, at a club date, an improvisation maybe 90 minutes or even two hours in length — and then going to practice some more in the dressing room while the group continued on the stand.

Although so concerned with his own playing he somehow kept up with everything else new in jazz. His regular producer Bo Thiele would be badgered repeatedly to hear a new player whom Trane had thought Impulse should sign up.

The dialogue was almost entirely musical: he disliked interviews, always reluctant to take stands over issues of dogma. The more he grew in stature, the milder he seemed to become.

"The pace I've been leading has been so hard that sometimes it's been a little hard physically. I feel I like to have somebody there in case I can't get that strength."

Coltrane drafted in Pharoah Sanders as a second tenor player in the group; he brought in a second drummer, Rashied Ali. Early in 1966, both Tyner and Jones left and Trane's second wife Alice moved to the piano. This was the nucleus of his last group.

Sanders was a player of enormous strength and velocity. He impatiently tore into the false registers of the tenor; he writhed in and out of focus, a jagged, screaming beast that could still soften into a far gentler work, the two saxophones plough through music of frightening wrath, rearing out of a sea of percussive noise like oceanic behemoths. The final passage, 'Serenity', is a calm of sorts, but playing 'Meditations' all through is a numbing experience.

Rage was an emotion that had seemed out of Trane's grasp, but rage is what this music seems to do.

Somehow, Trane had arrived at a point beyond the darkest areas of the New Thing while still bypassing the no-rules-allowed freedom of the work of Ornette and associates (both of Trane's sessions with this school, one with Don Cherry and one with Cecil Taylor, are confused and unsatisfactory clashes of style). He'd attempted a 'Free Jazz' type of experiment in 1965's 'Ascension', an improvised collective for ten players, but it proved a dense, chaotic and incommunicative session that spoke only of a terrible, hidden sorrow. For the last time, he looked to invoke a change.

"You just keep going all the way, as deep as you can. You keep trying to get right down to the crux."

John Coltrane 1966.

1966 BECAME A good year for him after a doubtful start. He toured Japan in July and it was a triumphant success; he found his new group coming together more strongly every time they played. There is an exultant feeling in his playing from the tour ('Concert In Japan'), a sense both of broader horizons and a throttling -back of excessive straining.

He was practicing flute and bass clarinet, even thinking about the alto saxophone; he felt a pull towards a wider, global music. He looked towards Africa and planned a visit he would never make; he pondered on Eastern disciplines and proposed ever deeper studies of the theory and motivation behind music.

At the same time, he was physically close to exhaustion. Illness began to deprive him of the resources needed to pursue the search with the sane relentless drive. In the last year of his life he recorded a mere handful of tunes: they were a final achievement, inconclusive as ever.

'Interstellar Space' was a duet album for tenor saxophone and percussion. The tracks were named after four of the planets and they display a level of energy unbelievable from an ailing man.

'Jupiter' has the tenor railing feverishly against Rashied Ali's shapeless drum tumult; 'Saturn' has an isometric quality, Trane playing stark, gradiloquent phrases at first and hooking them up to ferocious breakdowns of the idea in his classic manner, then sorting through some startling leaps in register. 'Mars' is sheer unbridled mayhem balanced by the stately, awesome 'Venus' where rhetoric is dispensed with and an improvisation of rare wisdom is established.

The greater clarity of recording permitted the full majesty of Coltrane's tone to manifest itself, here and in his last record 'Expression'.

The product of two sessions of February and March 1967, 'Expression' has no immediate mark of a last date about it: it would be foolish to call it a summary or explanation of a lifetime's work that never found a genuine conclusion. There is a hymnal, faintly eerie quality about some of the playing by the quartet, and although Trane seems as hungry as ever to devour every half-chance at a different idea that occurs to him while playing,

Continued page 77

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NEXT YEAR

NEXT ISSUE

SILVER SCREEN'S GREATEST HITS

1982's best films by *NME's* prestigious team of critics. Who voted for what? Or, more to the point, who was *allowed* to vote? Did *E.T.* get home? Was *Diva* divine? And what is *Christ Stopped At Eboli?* Do you remember that man, Monty Smith?

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SILVER SCREEN

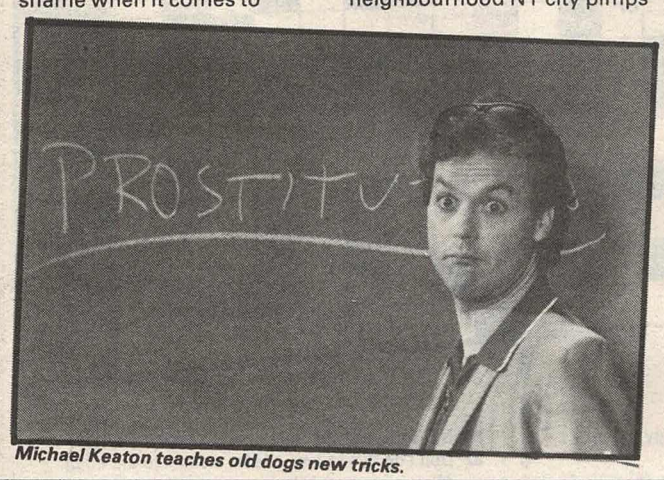
MURDER IN THE RUDE MORGUE

Night Shift
Directed by Ron Howard

Starring Henry Winkler, Michael Keaton and Shelley Long (Ladd)

AMERICAN comedy has no shame when it comes to taking a laugh out of turning a trick, and *Night Shift's* crew of happy hookers are as beaming and clean-living as their counterparts in, say, *The Best Little Whorehouse In Texas.*

After a really crackling opening — one of the top neighbourhood NY city pimps



Michael Keaton teaches old dogs new tricks.

"Okay, okay, I'll pay! Just don't play 'Memphis Soul Stew' again!"

is spectacularly offed in a setpiece of extraordinary elan — the film settles into a lipglossed situation farce spun on the, well, improbable set-up of a call-girl racket run from the City Morgue by two chalk-and-cheese night workers: something of a ho-ho-hum premise, you bet.

Except Ron *Happy Days* Howard has cast his longtime associate Henry Winkler as Chuck, the half-sap half-mouse element of the this dismal occupation while having the brains but no stomach for Wall Street wizardry, Winkler's Chuck is a coup of casting away from type. Nothing is too small to upset this man: whether beset by a regularly incorrect sandwich order, a Baskerville hound loose in his building or a girlfriend gone Dementia 13 over being three pounds overweight, the lugubrious length of Winkler's homely features registers every trouble like a Richter scale of calamity. Chuck walks like there's an icy sidewalk always underfoot and it's in this funny, acute portrayal by Winkler that the film most frequently hits the mark.

As the firecracker partner who bullies him into operating the scheme, Michael Keaton works hard at making Bill a suitable opposite pole; but the character is made a little *too* stupid, gabbling his every ludicrous get-rich-quick idea into a Walkman that otherwise spouts an endless 'Jumpin' Jack Flash' (you'll have gathered where he's coming from). As the first half of the picture is geared almost entirely to their love-hate interplay it begins to grow soft and soggy before the slapstick takes over in the final reels.

At that point Howard settles lazily for romantic complication and the predictable change in Chuck's outlook as benchmarks in a plot gone raggedly haywire by the close. Although there's a bounteous supply of good gags set around Chuck's timorous case of the shakes it's only through Winkler's refusal to let his attention flag that the picture holds up — just — to the end.

I don't feel like carping too much, though. This undemanding and diverting entry fills a necessary mainstream gap at a time of year when critical faculties are wont to doze a little. Now put Henry Winkler in a picture with Gene Wilder and Alan Arkin — *that* could punch out an interesting programme.

Richard Cook

AMATEUR HOURS

The Amateur
Directed by Charles Jarratt
Starring John Savage, Christopher and Marthe Keller (20th Century Fox)

"THE FIRST 11 minutes will absolutely shock you. The last 11 minutes will rivet you to your seat," runs the advertising blurb for *The Amateur.* Such a pity, then, that the movie runs for a good deal longer than 22 minutes.

Or maybe it just seems to last an eternity: in both form and content like your average (*very* average) made-for-TV movie, *The Amateur* is a less than inspired piece of hackwork built round the fictional activities of those two latter-day secret societies, the CIA and International Terrorism. Neither, it goes without saying, are drawn in any but the darkest hues. John Savage — obviously short of a few bob — slums as CIA computer wizz Charles Heller, whose girlfriend gets offed by red scum terrorists; blackmailing The Company into letting him go after them, he finds himself on the receiving end of both sides' nefarious intentions, leading to a climax faintly reminiscent of Welles' *The Lady From Shanghai.*

Competent but unconvincing, *The Amateur* is one of those journeyman productions which clog up provincial screens while gems like *Cutter's Way* go unshown. Conspiracy theorists have never been more poorly served.

Andy Gill

Together they are going to make the day pay off... all night long!

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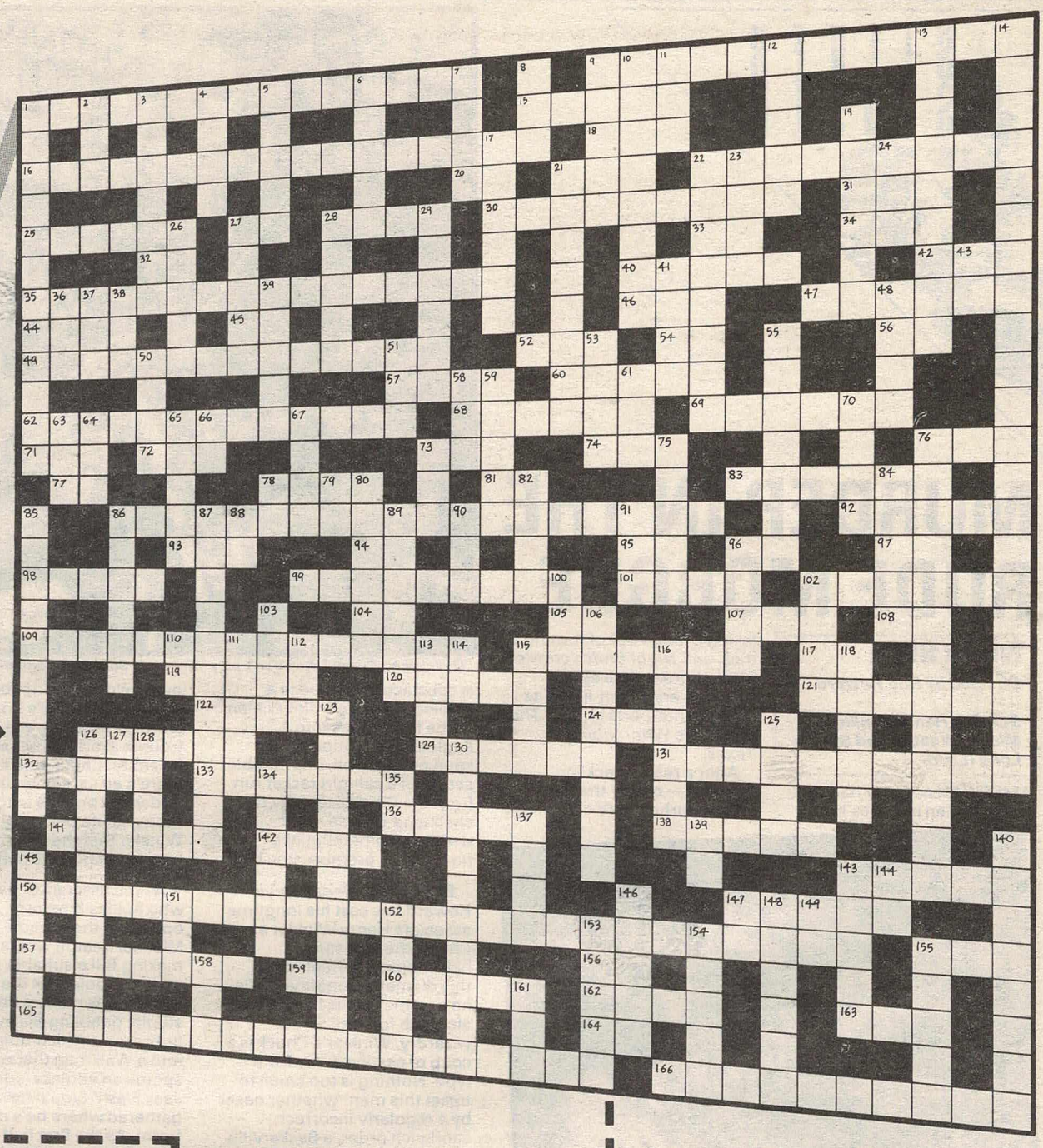


BY MICHÈLE NOACH

CLUES ACROSS:

1 Eddy Grant refuses to enjoy himself. (1,4,5,5)
9 **+10D** Psychic TV messing around with fate. (5,3,4,2,6)
13 Mr Love, Adrian's father. (5)
16 Kid Creole's humid bad guys. (8,9)
18 '---ool's Out', fill the ---s. (3)
20 Any Regrets? (2)
21 Burn Wishbone, see residue. (3)
22 See **30** Across.
25 Who she's a tonic for. (6)
27 Initials of the Garlands duo. (1,1)
28 ---- *Here to Eternity.* (4)
30 **+22A** Where and in what condition to find Johnny Thunders. (4,2,3,9)
31 Er, national rescue? Nearly. (3)
32 That cutesy-pie Martian. (1,1)
33 Drop your h's for Cabaret Voltaire import. (2)
34 *"Forget about the --- and think about me,"* Lee Dorsey. (3)
35 Tall single from the earlier days of The Human League. (6,5,5)
40 Ms Simon (5)
42 The authority that banned *The Truth Game.* (1,1,1)
44 Idi, once political figure head. (4)
45 The initials of his racer. (1,1)
46 Apt final song of 'Abbey Road'. (3)
47 OK, where was the shootout? (6)
49 **+128D** The Pretenders return as a dubious bunch. (4,2,3,5,4)
52 Dawson / McKeown, comedian (?)/musician (?) (3)
54 Gary, the man. (2)
56 Terry Jones' superhip fashion mag. (1-1)
57 Centrefold band become singular. (4)
60 Remember Marie Osmond, she had paper ones. (5)
62 Marvin Gaye in therapy. (6,7)
68 Tintin grows up and has a request. (4,2)
69 Parched DVA album. (6)

71 Are the Monochromes ready? (3)
72 Bowie down. (3)
73 Or steal or borrow the New Seekers. (3)
74 The Common Market. (1,1,1)
76 Bear Nugent. (3)
77 The Sunshine band's Kool Cat. (1,1)
78 Blue Redding. (4)
81 Wrote *'The Caretaker'*, initials. (1,1)
83 Skidoo, DVA, Bongos label in demise. (6)
86 The Doors describe a girl as a major film company. (9,7,3)
92 Some Bizzare chap responsible for **9A** signing to WEA. (5)
93 After the rip and before you panic. (3)
94 Take the bees out of Abba and you've got a drunks' society. (1,1)
95 **+96A** '-- The Time Goes --', Funkapolitan. (2,2)
96 See above.
97 Initials of the Rainbow man. (1,1)
98 *ASummer mid-Comedy Sex Night* director, who used to be funny. (5)
99 William cut up. (9)
101 Actually, they are men. (4)
102 Ferry-Tale album. (6)
104 Initials of appalling US comedian with a TV show here. (1,1)
105 First three-quarters of 'Rainy Day' band. (1,1)
107 Dylan's instructions to a lady with regards to his big brass bed. (3)
108 Half of what Lee Dorsey was waiting for. (2)
109 More instructions, this time from the Contortions. (7,8)
115 At least the Who get off on themselves. (3,4)
117 Initials of not-quite-so-appalling US comedienne with a TV show here. (1,1)
119 Meaning a satire, or take off. (5)
120 Composer who was the subject of a Ken Russell film starring Roger Daltrey. (5)
121 The Ramones' vehicle to Russia. (6)
122 Emerging from the Blue of Roxy Music. (3,2)
124 ---man, of *Times* cartoon fame. (3)
126 **+ 98** Across made a film in which he modelled himself on this guy. (6)
129 A Bigger ....., band, painting and film. (6)
131 See **116** Down.
132 African independent state. (5)
133 **+ 139D + 137D** McCartney and Jackson fight over a female. (3,4,2,4)
136 Costello claims that his was true. (2,3)
138 How Frankie Vaughan gets his rocks off. (5)

141 Man/Mouse/UXB. (6)
142 Two for a ska label. (4)
143 The Bongos' Sun. (5)
147 Typically, the best fest goes bust. (5)
150 A Brilliant(?) single on the merits of friendship. (5,4,4,7,3,3)
155 Jeff Lynne's band. (1,1,1)
156 Actor who played Pierre in *War and Peace*, initials. (1,1)
157 Gratitude from the Pale Fountains. (5,3)
159 Lindsay Anderson film, song title. (2)
160 A grown-up. (5)
162 '----Your Love So Bad' say Fleetwood Mac. (4)
163 All around Steeleye Span's what? (3)
164 Drop a C for Alexis Korner's old band. (1,1)
165 Donna Summer has her own government. (5,2,12)
166 They're easy with love songs. (10)

CLUES DOWN:

1 Sex Gang Children fall down a hole. (4,3,5)
2 She and Lennon put out a green single to celebrate this season. (3)
3 'Day -------', fab four tune. (7)
4 Alda, of MASH fame. (4)
5 The sort of clubbing that Grace and Iggy get up to. (5)
6 What Bowie and Osborne look back in. (5)
7 Where Ultravox held their rage. (4)
8 Booker T's cars. (1,1,1)
9 Bob, director of *Lenny* and *Cabaret.* (5)
10 See **9** Across
11 Famed concert hall in London. (1,1,1)
12 And then there were how many of Genesis left? (5)
13 Multiply the above answer by 10, add 3 then add the answer to this clue and you have a George Harrison album. (3,1,5)
14 Watery duo who get technical. (5,4,3,4,5)
17 Kirk, who could play three saxophones simultaneously, and do it well. (6)
19 Having torn up the plans, they played the Final Academy. (6)
21 Cult series revived by Channel 4. (8)
22 Ziggy's surname. (8)
23 Collins, who must be going (going, gone). (4)
24 One chap with music for films, airports and atmosphere. (3)
26 Debbie's hubby. (5)
27 Er, *22* in the rye? (5)

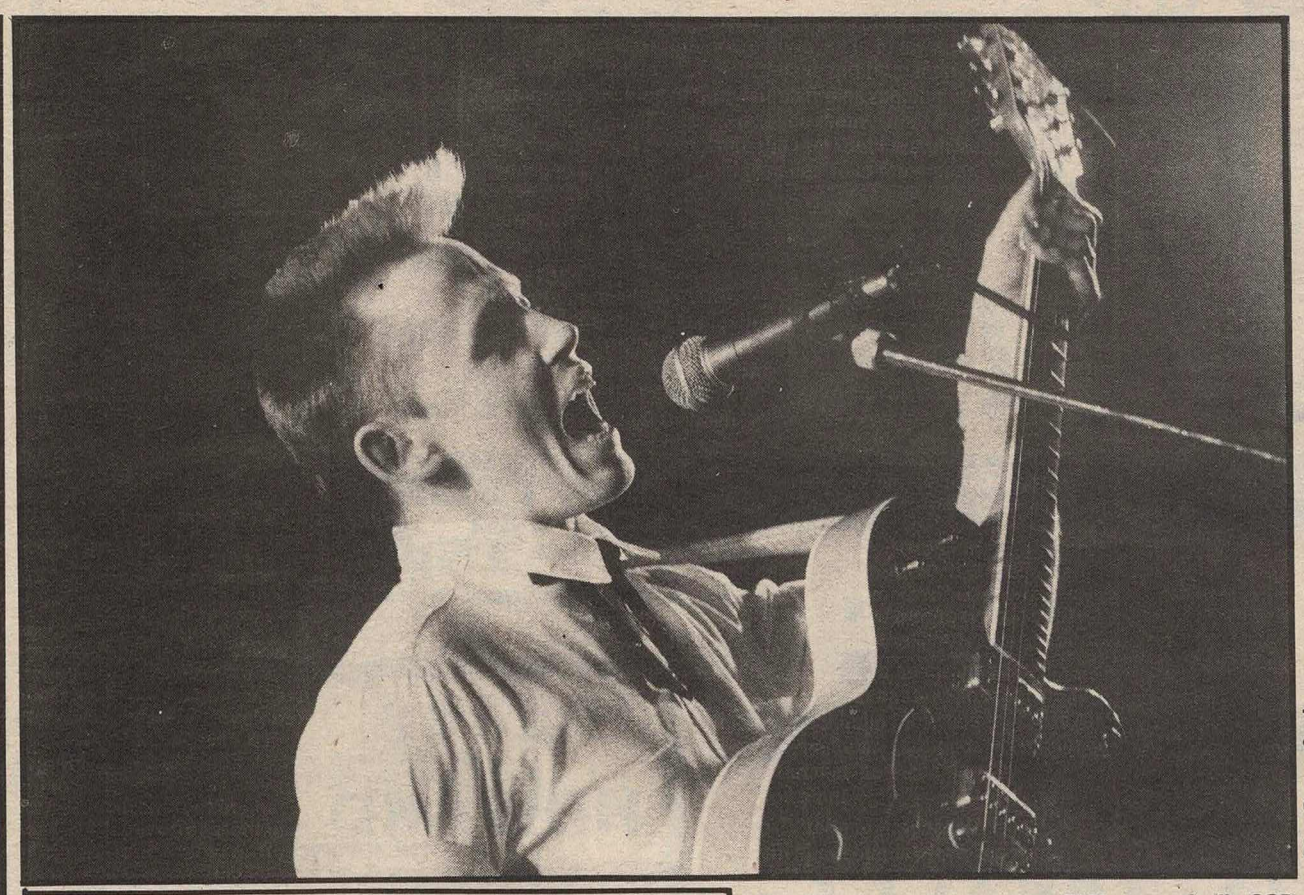
28 Accompanied blood on a Roxy album. (5)
29 'I -- ----', more fab four toons. (2,4)
36 New York building that houses works of contemporary art. (1,1,1)
37 Short Kerouac story. (3)
38 Type of Spots. (3)
39 Artsy TV series dealing with current issues of interest. (5)
41 I leave Ms Lennox, what's left. (4)
43 Mr Robertson has a degree. (1,1)
48 The Clash wanted a white one. (4)
50 To do with the mouth. (4)
51 Mr Pop/Osterberg loses his last quarter, you may ask why. (3)
53 The Stones' girls. (4)
55 'Baby, You Can ----- -- Car'. (5,2)
58 Tina's other half. (3)
59 Where Talking Heads remain. (5)
61 It's all D Mode want to do to you. (3)
63 Scream, a mouse. (3)
64 Black Sea pirates. (1,1,1)
65 Jonathan Richman was a modern one. (5)
66 A (predominantly) '60s Prime Minister, initials. (1,1)
67 'It's ----', sang Ricky Nelson. (4)
70 Si, Si, je am a rock star. Spot the difference. (4)
73 Just one of the insects in the Soft Boys' old Can. (3)
75 Not a Joy Division album, but near. (5)
76 The Damned's answer to the Beatles' white phase. (3,5,5)
78 Skins for England, ahem. (2)
79 How does what feel, Crass? (2)

80 Opposition to the Jets in *West Side Story.* (6)
82 Don't do this to him, cos he's close to the edge. (4)
84 The wandering Cats. (5)
85 They're living on the ceiling, no wonder they're like jelly. (10)
86 The number of flights Eddie Cochran was obliged to climb before he could rock. (6)
87 Japan's tribute to Dirk Bogarde. (5,6)
88 Initially they gave a second annual report of a funeral in Berlin. (1,1)
89 Red Flame lady, playing the title role of her album (6)
90 A Flux Of Pink Indians' "new". (3)
91 Is the Gadget just a ---. (3)
96 'L---- As Brass', Split Enz ditty. (4)
100 Kate Bush plonks herself in your lap. (3)

102 Kevin, once of Soft Machine, goes single. (4)
103 Muppet sax player, or suit. (4)
106 **+ 111D** What PTV's Temple is Ov. (8,5)
110 Do you think he's sexy? Initials. (1,1)
111 See **106** Down
112 Out of sight (man) and mostly unidentified band. (1,1,1)
113 The Lamb does what Down on Broadway? (4)
115 --'- - *Mad World.* (3,1)
116 **+ 131A** A bunch of birds that sound like Sal Solo's lot. (1,5,2,8)
118 Scritti tell you to remember theirs. (5)
123 Adam, buddy or baddy. (6,2,3)
125 Steve Martin film. (4)
126 Were they really saying something? (10)
127 See **154** Down
128 See **49** Across
130 The Banshees' Twist. (10)
134 Recent film, as evasively titled as *The Thing.* (6)
135 Beatle Paul's photographer/wife. (Initials) (1,1)
137 See **133** Across
139 See **133** Across
140 The Kid's nutty ladies. (8)
143 Ian Craig Heaven 17. (5)
144 A commercial. (2)
145 *United* ------, epic product from Ms. Anderson. (6)
146 Bowie gets cremated by Major Tom. . . (5)
147 . . .and gets to sing '-- Are The Dead'. (2)
148 The Only Ones' creature (and I don't mean Perrett). (2,4)
149 Velvet drummer turned housewife makes comeback. (2)
151 Yep, Sid did it his ---. (3)
152 Simon, the magician. (5)
153 Rubella Ballet do a Ballet one. (5)
154 **+ 127D** Christopher Petit film with Sting and reasonable soundtrack. (5,2)
155 Stage instructions for K from Hammill. (5)
158 Michael Jackson jumps from Pink Floyd's film. (3)
161 Half of the 'Kiss Me' guy or Japan and Schlondorff's Drum. (3)

TOWARDS A SPRING OFFENSIVE!

THEATRE OF THE ABSURD



Pic: Peter Anderson

Kirk B — formerly of serious TOH, now of silly SOD.

SPEAR OF DESTINY

The Ace, Brixton

AND SO Brandon and Stammers hurl their Spear Of Destiny into the heart of London. Smelt from the last days of Hate and beaten into a new set of teeth from the Razor machine, it is, inevitably, just another station of the cross for the band. Yet the frustration, the claustrophobic cocoon that the Theatre had come to represent for Kirk has disappeared; in its place is an embrace, a positively fluid warmth, an air of enjoyment.

The pace is slower, the arrangements tight without being pent up; Lascelles' sax is fuller, Chris Bell's drums (ex-Thompson Twins) are deeper, yet no less scorching than Luke or Nigel's used to be. The Eastworld, and its Caucasian strumming, has been superceded by Afro-rhythm introductions and tautly strung arrangements. Kirk's voice has lost its piercing shrillness and settled for a deeper, clearer sound.

The intense seriousness has also gone the way of the bleach blonde hair, replaced in turn by an open-handed humour; as if the warrior of old is coaxing instead of clawing the audience.

The rapid transition from act to action leaves the set constantly flipping; tracks such as 'The Wake' are like beached whales, at once furious and yet ultimately out of place. The Spear Of Destiny is not the rear exit from the Theatre that it could have been — it's the flight from one stage (and level) to another.

David Dorrell

L. BANK POP — TH' SAME OLD SEINE

TV PERSONALITIES

Moonlight, West Hampstead

AS WEMBLEY Arena echoes to The Jam's final farewell, an emotional ocean of faces mourn. Meanwhile a few stops further down the Jubilee Line, and many more rungs down the ladder, the circumstances are similar, even if the surroundings are somewhat less salubrious.

The TV Personalities are playing their last concert.

While *their* satire was never as biting or sentiments so fierce, their flair for catch-phrase and foible always gave their slight melodies a human glow. The last time I saw them, at their Spontaneous Underground haven, it was all crosslegged on the floor and solo guitar, while a spangled crew of psycho-dereks supplied an odd rhythm, and strange films flickered across front man Dan, as he apologised for "tripping heavily". Happy days indeed.

Here in the cold Moonlight the only things left to trip on are long faces, as the band strum through such cherished landmarks of their history as 'Part Time Punks', 'Silly Girl', and 'Look Back In Anger' — each one charting a course through various musical currents, like a boat drifting on a lazy stream without ever getting anywhere. In the wash of New Psychedelia they found the peak of their career, best typified by 'I Know Where Syd Barrett Lives' (which was sadly marred tonight by the bassist's refusal to play the song, hiding behind the drums for its duration).

The set ends with 'A Sense Of Belonging', a stunning finale of frail bewilderment and hurt, about trying to fit in and finding it hard to care any more. To care? My God, the TVPs were serious — they *did* care all the time. In despair, the jester stands alone — and so they end, not with a bang, but a whimsy.

Tony D

THE MEMBRANES

Liverpool Left Bank

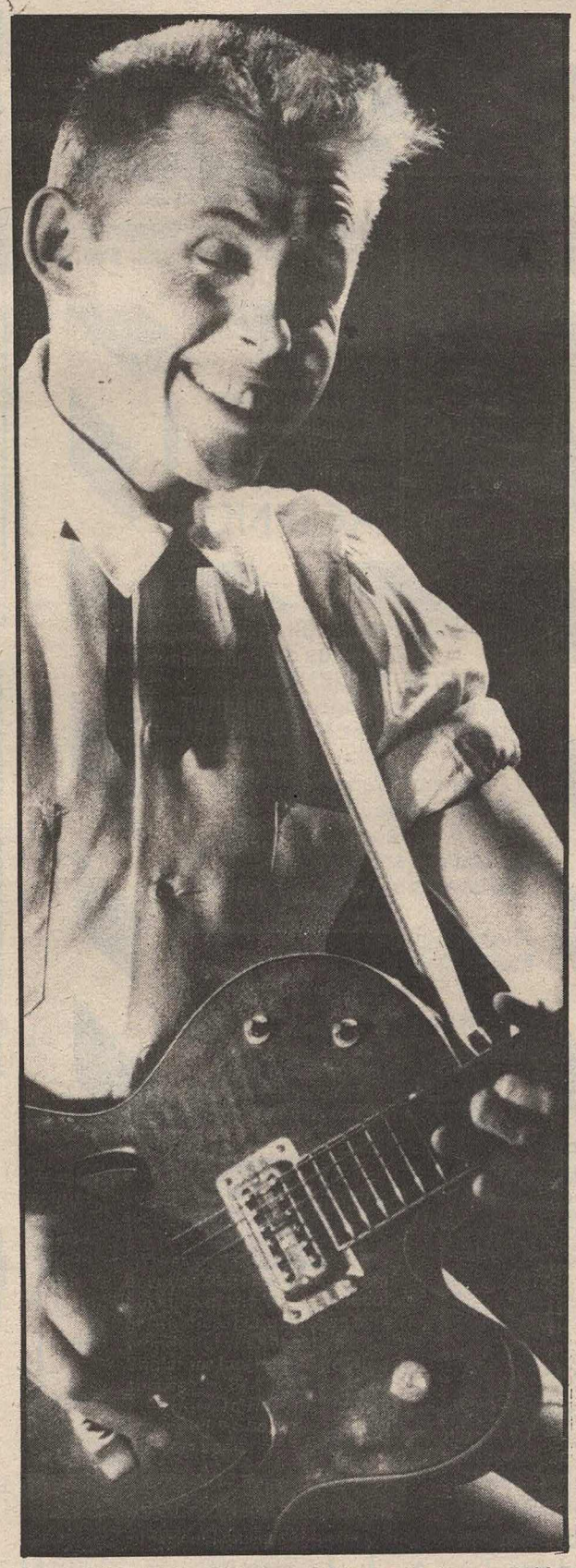
THE MEMBRANES are four dark cartoon characters from a black-humoured Blackpool postcard. On a rare trip down from their sunny seaside home, they offered one of the most intimidating spectacles it's been my pleasure to see in too long a time.

Three manic guitarists cramped on a tiny stage — attempting to dance, falling over each other, creating a truly demonic racket and straining to make their gruff northern voices audible. Their ability to write a clever, rowdy pop tune with bitterly funny lyrics was barely noticeable tonight: poor sound and numerous other problems resulted in a cranked up wall of menacing sound. Anything that could possibly go wrong did go wrong, and only the imperturbable Coofy Sid was left unaffected — his dependable thumping drumbeat running rampage over the mangled guitars and chewed up bass.

Chaotic frenzy was the order of the night, shambolically building up to an out-of-control finale (which left most of the so-called high energy punk bands for dead) with gangly singer John Robb beating two pieces of metal together like a man deranged.

The Membranes make a hard-edged, cutting pop noise. Tonight was an extraordinary one-off show that alienated most, enthralled a few and forced some to leave. Next time I see them I hope the dangerous dark bop of thier best songs (like those on the recent 'Pin Stripe Hype' EP) is more to the fore; but this night of wildness was a powerful, unexpected tonic.

Kev Mc



Pic: Peter Anderson

Spear Of Broccoli — Kirk does his best to look a vegetable.

C30 C60 C90 PHUT . . .

BOW WOW WOW
JAMES KING AND THE LONE WOLVES

The Ace, Brixton

JAMES KING demands attention. Like a demonic Feargal Sharkey, he prowled around the stage. Summoning power from every inch of his thin frame, he cried out in throat wrenching style, while behind him the Lone Wolves were black, mean and menacing. Delivering a relentless, hard-hitting beat, with twin bass attack, they created an aural bombardment which was always dynamic, yet often melodic.

Moody stances and occultish subject matter apart, the Lone Wolves are impressively adventurous. When rock is taken by the throat and strangled Stooges-style, you can't help feeling that you've witnessed something exciting. James King deserves attention.

Bow Wow Wow took the stage with the Ace still only half full, a mixture of mohicans and Clash city rockers. From the opening of 'Giant Sized Baby Thing' the pattern was set. The group seem to want to be taken seriously, and attempt this by playing the old songs at unbearable volume. The clever McLaren subtleties were lost under a steamroller approach.

None of the new songs seemed to have the inventiveness of their predecessors. Still, it's harsh to judge on first hearing as they were banged out with all the finesse of a tank. Good songs such as 'W.O.R.K.' and 'Wild In The Country' are difficult to ruin and were enthusiastically received by the crowd.

Annabella and Co. should concentrate at what they're good at, fun punky pop, and stop attempting to be a pretentious rock band. At the moment they seem to fall somewhere in between. An uncomfortable position.

Alan Marke

SLADE

Not The Ace, Hammersmith

XMAS draws ever nearer and so too *T-Zers* but, lo, at the foot of page 65 a scene of much mirth and merriment, a delightful little festive soiree for your scrapbooks. And how shall it be billed? Why, Slad at the Ammersmith Odiun. And who was there? Simply *everyone,* darling! Pre-teens, post-teens, unreconstructed Ents Secretaries, even the odd Prince Of Wales or three . . .

Noddy Holder even cadged an audience, apres bash, with a stray Royal Highness. "After all them years of wearin silly platform boots, and messin me spellin just to get attention, I never thought I'd get yours, knoworrimean?" said one-time skinhead Prince Charles. "My pleasure Big Ears," said Noddy.

The end-of-tour party was a *dream* but I digress. Actually, I'm friggin' lying . . . Bright, lively and strewn with chundering drunks, the gig started as it was to finish. Without royalty. The audience bopped helplessly, a seething mass of balding teens, their little eyes damp with excitement, their little heads thudding back and forth like hard boiled eggs on speed. Slade performed magnificently — 'Bak Ome', 'Gudbuy T' Jane', 'Weer All Crazee Now!' . . . The balding teens threw back their heads as one and yearned, straining hard to focus on fuzzy memories of bootboy pasts — days before they swapped DMs for white Kickers and left Red Tagged youth for a Fiorucci menopause. Indeed Slade preened and pranced in tight leopardskin pants and reminded us all of our youth . . . those lazy, carefree childhood days spent prancing onstage at the Hammersmith Odeon . . .

Heartburn, headaches and the same old songs. Merry Christmas.

X Moore

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NEWS tour

BANSHEES: McGEOGH STILL OUT

Almond blossoms for Christmas

MARC & THE MAMBAS are to be the special guests of Siouxsie & The Banshees in their two seasonal concerts at London Hammersmith Odeon on December 28 and 29. This follows the success of their London headliner earlier this month, and it seems that Marc Almond now intends to develop this aspect of his work, to run parallel with his Soft Cell commitments.

Guitarist John McGeogh will still be missing from The Banshees' line-up for these shows, with Robert Smith of The Cure continuing to occupy his spot. McGeogh collapsed in early November, and was rushed to hospital suffering from nervous exhaustion — but Smith stepped in at short notice to enable the band's UK tour to open on schedule, and he has since been working with them in Europe.

The group's Steve Severin said of McGeogh this week: "The nature of his illness has been such that he can no longer make the contribution expected of each member of this group". He wouldn't expand on this rather enigmatic statement, but added: "Robert Smith will continue to work with us in the immediate future."

As in their November shows, The Banshees will be augmented at Hammersmith by a three-piece string section.

MARC ALMOND in festive mood

BANSHEES: the Hammersmith line-up

SMITH STAYS IN NEW-LOOK CURE

THE CURE have now slimmed down to duo size, comprising just Robert Smith and Lawrence Tolhurst, and they'll have a four-track EP released in February. They are currently remixing and partly re-recording 12 of the group's earlier songs, which will form a "greatest hits" type of compilation, to be issued in the early spring — and at that time, they'll be playing selected dates with "chosen" musicians.

This burst of Cure activity seems to squash widespread speculation that Smith is to become a full-time Banshee. A Cure spokesman insisted at the weekend this is not the case, and that Smith is still "merely helping Siouxsie out".

Lyceum Xmas rock

CHRISTMAS ON EARTH — the multi-band bill being staged at London's Lyceum Ballroom on Sunday, December 26 — has undergone a complete upheaval since the line-up was first announced earlier this month. Sex Gang Children are now co-headlining with the recently re-formed Vibrators, the latter being the only remaining act from the original bill — and the show also features The Sisters Of Mercy, Alien Sex Fiend, Ritual and Brigandage. It's a 5.30pm start, admission is £3, and the promoters are Head Music. The original five-band bill was to have comprised Discharge, The Vibrators, GBH, Chelsea and Chaos.

Bowie tour definitely on

DAVID BOWIE has now confirmed officially that he will begin a world tour in March, and will be on the concert trail through until November — as *NME* accurately forecast two weeks ago. The tour — his first for more than five years — will take him to Europe, Britain, North America and the Far East, probably in that order.

His full global schedule is being lined up by International Talent Group of New York, working in conjunction with the TBA agency in this country. Bowie's official spokesman said this week that precise dates and venues will be announced in the New Year. Meanwhile, Bowie himself is at present in Europe working on a new album, which will be released worldwide shortly before the opening of the tour.

Freebie art workshops in Lambeth

LAMBETH are pressing ahead with their amenity services for the unemployed and unwaged, by organising a series of "Pack Jam Workshops" in the New Year. The afternoon events, with free admission, take place at four venues in the South London borough as part of its Neighbourhood Recreation Programme. There's also an opportunity for members of the audience to participate, if they so wish — otherwise, as a Lambeth spokesman put it, the gigs "provide a neat place to hang out on a wet afternoon". Details are as follows:

St. Matthew's Meeting Place, Brixton Hill: Benjamin Zephaniah (January 11), Pauline Melville (18), Joolz (25) and Man Machine (February 1). Nettlefold Hall, Norwood: Spartacus R (January 12), Wits End Theatre Co present *The Fair Woman* (19), Black Media Workers Co-op (26) and Coxsonne Sound System (February 2). Longfield Hall, S.E.5: Don Letts (January 13), Staunch Poets & Players (20) and The Redskins (27 and February 3). Patmore Youth Club, S.W.8: Coxsonne Sound System (January 14), Trickster Theatre Co (21), Little Brother (28) and Dread Broadcasting Corporation (February 4). All shows start at 3pm, except at Patmore Youth Club where it's 2.30pm.

The Pleasure trail

MUSIC FOR PLEASURE hit the road next month for a club and college tour, and they'll have a new single — as yet untitled — released by Polydor to coincide. Confirmed dates are at Portsmouth Polytechnic (January 13), Retford Porterhouse (14), Nottingham Whispers (15), Stockport Technical College (19), Sheffield Limit (20), Wolverhampton Polytechnic (21), Preston Warehouse (22), Ashford Wye College (26), Newport Harper Adams College (28), Bristol Polytechnic (29) and Exeter University (30). A few more dates are likely to be slotted in before they start a European tour in February.

Youth play London

MUSICAL YOUTH will, after all, be playing one show during the holiday period — and it's a special matinee performance at London Hammersmith Palais on New Year's Eve. The afternoon concert is for youngsters from eight to 15, with doors open at 1pm and a scheduled finishing time of 5pm — tickets are £1.50, and are available now from the box-office. It's expected that the group's New Year gigs, currently being planned, will be confined largely to weekend matinees.

Benatar: two more

PAT BENATAR, already set for a London concert at the Hammersmith Odeon on January 21, returns to the UK after a brief visit to Europe to play two provincial shows — at Birmingham Odeon (January 26) and Newcastle City Hall (27). Tickets at both venues are £4.75 and £3.75, and they are on sale now at box-offices and usual agents. Pat will be showcasing her current Chrysalis album 'Get Nervous', as well as established material.

Prince for one-off

PRINCE, the acknowledged king of funk and disco, flies into London to play a one-off concert at the Hammersmith Odeon on Wednesday, January 26 — support act is Vanity 6, and the show is promoted by Alec Leslie. Tickets are priced £5, £4.50 and £4, and they are available now from the box office and usual agents.

WILSON PICKETT is scheduled to return to the UK for a series of selected dates in the New Year — though it's to be hoped that he doesn't blow out this visit, as he has on past occasions. Dates are currently being finalised, and the first to be confirmed are at London Camden Dingwalls on January 24 and 25. He's likely also to visit the other venues in the Dingwalls provincial chain, which open next month.

LE MAT begin a series of New Year gigs to promote their current Whaam Records single 'Waltz Of The Fool'. So far confirmed are Huddersfield Polytechnic (January 12), Southend Queen's Hotel (14), Canterbury Kent University (17), Coventry General Wolfe (21) and Exeter University (February 6).

TWELFTH NIGHT, the Reading-based "progressive rock" band poised to break through in 1983, take a step in the right direction by landing two headliners at London Marquee Club on January 16 and February 3. And they continue to promote their newly released 'Fact And Fiction' album at Wokingham Angie's (January 9), Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre (February 10) and Oxford Corn Dolly (13), with more being set.

THE GAS have just returned from a four-month stay in North America, and are immediately playing two seasonal gigs in London — at Islington Hope & Anchor (tonight, Thursday) and Fulham Greyhound (Christmas Eve). They'll be featuring material from their second album, recorded in Toronto and due for release early in the New Year.

THE DAVE KELLY BAND, who continue as an independent unit after last weekend's demise of The Blues Band, have added New Year gigs at London Fulham Golden Lion (January 7), Wolverhampton Polytechnic (12), Sheffield Limit Club (27), Uxbridge Brunel University (February 23) and Guildford College of Technology (26).

THE BOOMTOWN RATS cancelled their scheduled concert at London Strand Lyceum on Monday this week (20), apparently because insufficient tickets had been sold. Although they sold out their provincial gigs earlier this month, it seems that little more than a quarter of the Lyceum's available tickets had been snapped up by the end of last week — probably due to the welter of pre-Christmas attractions in the capital.

DIRTY HARRY, the new rock outfit formed by Pauline Gillan and Paul Dean, make their live debut at Reading Top Rank on January 26 with special guests Spider — and further gigs are being lined up. The rest of the band comprises Keeth Naylor (drums), Robby Ryan (bass), Alec Turnbull (keyboards) and Ian James Hall (guitar), the first three having previously worked with Northern band Avenue. They are currently writing and rehearsing material for their first single and album.

THE EXPLOITED are back in the limelight early in the New Year. They are the first 1983 attraction to be confirmed for London Hammersmith Klub Foot at the Clarendon Hotel — and that's on Thursday, January 6.

IRON MAIDEN — who, as revealed last week, begin a major UK tour in early May — will announce their dates and venues in mid-January, and tickets will go on sale at the same time. This will be the first leg of another world tour — even though they've only just finished their 1982 world travels, playing 179 concerts in 14 countries to over a million people, involving journeys totalling over 95,000 miles!

CHRISTMAS ON EARTH
Sex Gang Children
THE VIBRATORS
RITUAL
ALIEN SEX fiend
the SISTERS OF MERCY
UNDER TWO FLAGS
LYCEUM STRAND, WC2
SUNDAY 26th DECEMBER AT 5.30
TICKETS £3.00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715; LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245; KEITH PROWSE, TEL: 637 3131; ALBEMARLE, TEL: 283 9261; STARGREEN, TEL: 437 5282; ROCK ON RECORDS; ROUGH TRADE RECORDS, OR £3.00 ON NIGHT

P.L.P. and OUTLAW PRESENT
Elvis Costello And The Attractions
special guest One the Juggler
ROYAL ALBERT HALL
DECEMBER 24th 6.30pm
8.80 · 5.80 · 3.80 · 2.80 includes booking fee cheques and p.o.'s payable to ELVIS COSTELLO CONCERTS at P.O. Box 281, London N15 5LW enclose S.A.E. also from Royal Albert Hall box office & usual agents

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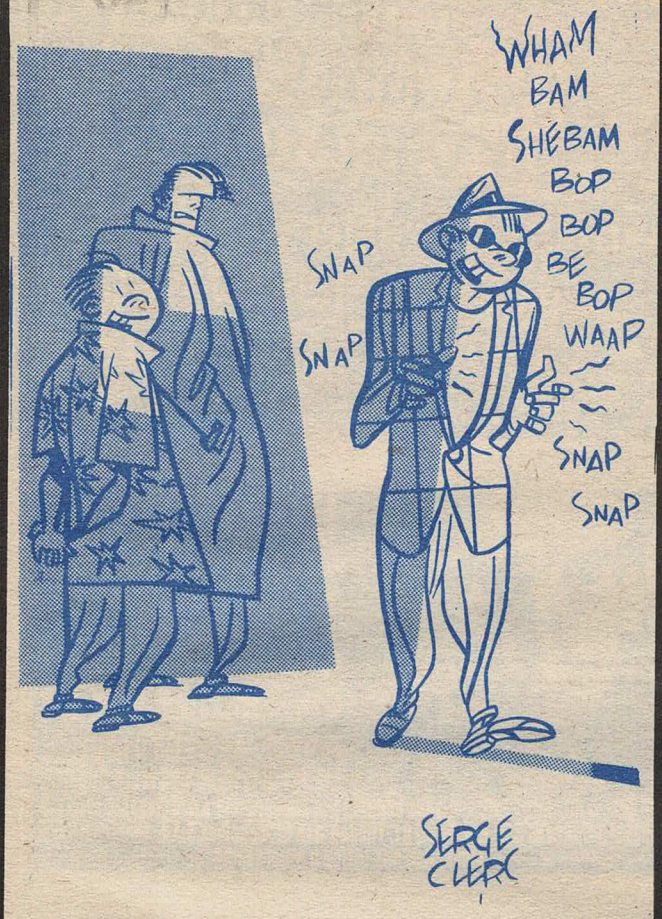
THE NEW SINGLE BY SPECIAL AKA
PHONE 01·675 2277 or 01·675 2299

P.L.P. and Outlaw present
ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN

plus support
JANUARY
SAT 15th LANCASTER UNIVERSITY
SUN 16th EDINBURGH PLAYHOUSE
MON 17th NEWCASTLE CITY HALL
THURS 20th MANCHESTER APOLLO
FRI 21st ROYAL COURT LIVERPOOL
SAT 22nd BIRMINGHAM ODEON
MON 24th HAMMERSMITH ODEON
TUES 25th SOUTHEND CLIFFS PAVILION
WED 26th GUILDFORD CIVIC
SAT 29th IPSWICH GAUMONT
SUN 30th LEICESTER DE MONTFORT HALL
FEBRUARY
WED 2nd CARDIFF TOP RANK
THURS 3rd BRISTOL COLSTON HALL
All tickets £3.50 except London £3.50/£4.00
NEW ALBUM 'PORCUPINE'
ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN



THE NEXT YEAR BOX

The wind swirled snowflakes high above the tracks, dark clouds lurked behind the station roof, the passengers huddled in a tea urn in the buffet . . . .

Suddenly, a blinding flash, an awesome noise — the Second Coming pulled in at platform four bang on time and, sure thing, the Messiah had manifested himself as a Next Week Box. A cry went up from the assembled passengers: "Blow me! The Messiah has manifested 'imself as a Next Week Box!"

And what did it say, what did it say . . . ?

. . . Erhrrghm? 1983 will arrive on Thursday January 5th via the next issue of *Nude Music-hall Xpress* and goes summat like this:

T-ZERS AWARDS!

Your chance to see whether Vegetable Of The Year went to Trawler Bates or a budget-sized turnip located on a allotment in Norbiton.

SILVER SCREEN'S FILMS OF THE YEAR

Andy Gill jets in from Romford to say lots of nice things about *ET* and offer an exclusive preview of his holiday movies. A schlozzled Monty 'As A Newt' Smith dropped by to say a couple of words as well — we didn't understand either of them . . .

PHIL OAKEY

Brash, boorish, loudmouthed and vulgar, he could have been 1982's most successful post-Dollar pop star but he didn't know enough about Nietzsche. Paul Morley, pierced nipple to the fore, finds out Phil now knows who Descartes was and suggests Phil's band, the *Humour League,* could be headed for the top in 1983. You read it here first etc.

JERRY DAMMERS

The man from Specials AKA reveals for the first time details of his stormy affairs and his fraught relationship with a hamster called Godfrey. EXCLUSIVE! No Nietzsche — Guaranteed

PLUS! PLUS! PLUS!

Gasbag, T-Zers, the classifieds, the staff box . . . *(maybe a bit thin? — Ed)* . . .

NEXT YEAR'S NME — IT'S WHAT 1983 WAS MADE FOR!

record NEWS

THE BOX SET TO GO

THE BOX — the highly rated group being widely tipped for success in 1983, who are one of the acts to be showcased in *NME's* night at London ICA Theatre on January 6, as part of the venue's Rock Week season of predictions for the New Year — have signed to new West London label Go! Discs. They've been working in the studio with Psychic TV producer Ken Thomas, and their debut release is scheduled for January 7 — it's a 12-inch single titled simply 'The Box', and initial quantities will contain a total of five tracks. Further dates are being lined up to coincide, and the band will also be starting work on their debut album in the New Year, for release in the spring.

● Go! Discs are looking for bands, musicians and writers "who feel they have a genuinely interesting contribution to make to furthering the progress of modern music". Phone them at (01) 560 0940 — or send tapes to the label at 10 Radbourne Avenue, Ealing, London W5 4XD.

● Red Flame Records, who've been doing very well with their mini-LP series retailing at £2.99, are planning similar releases in the New Year by **Dif Jus, Cynthia Scott,** Liverpool duo **Shiny Two Shiny** and John Lewis' new project **C Cat Trance,** as well as a solo offering from **Roland Howard** of The Birthday Party. And the label has also signed **Art Objects** from Bristol and **Ellery Bop** from Liverpool.

● 'Street Sounds' is a compilation of the latest "dance" tracks, available in either LP or cassette form, and with a recommended retail price of £2.99. All tracks are full-length versions — which means that, although there are only eight tracks on Edition 1 (now available through PRT), it has a running time of over 57 minutes. Acts featured are **Raw Silk, Greg Henderson, Inner Life, Northend, Peech Boys, Grandmaster Flash & The Furious Five, Dunn & Bruce Street** and **Kadenza.**

● **Paul Young & The Family** — the band launched by the former Q-Tips leader, who've recently been supporting Tom Petty on his UK tour — have a new single released by CBS on January 7, a revival of the 1970 hit for Nicky Thomas 'Love Of The Common People', coupled with 'Tender Trap'. Joining the basic line-up on this record are The Wealthy Tarts (Kim Leslie and Maz Roberts) and trombonist Rico. A club and college tour is being prepared for the group in the New Year.

● **Peter & The Test Tube Babies,** who have previously featured on several compilation albums, have their own debut LP released this week — it's a live set, which rejoices in the title of 'Pissed & Proud'. It's on No Future Records.

● **Impulse,** the London band fronted by vocalist Mike Andrews, have been signed by Polydor Records. Their debut single will be issued towards the end of January, and they'll also be going on tour early in the New Year.

THE BEATLES have their second single 'Please Please Me'/'Ask Me Why' issued by EMI in picture disc form on January 10, exactly 20 years after its original release. The conventional black vinyl version has never been deleted, but it's now being made available in a picture sleeve for the first time.

THE BELLE STARS have their latest single 'Sin Of The Times'/'Madness' released by Stiff on December 31. Both sides were written by the band and produced by Peter Collins, who was responsible for the Musical Youth and Piranhas singles. The girls are currently working on their first album.

STEVIE WONDER has a new single released by Motown on January 14 in both 7" and 12" formats. It is 'Frontline' from his album 'The Original Musiquarium', which has already been available in a limited edition for discos, and is now being issued generally by popular demand.

MICHAEL RILEY AND BUMBLE & THE BEEZ release their third single 'My Life' / 'Signing On' via EMI Records on January 4. After three 1982 tours, the band will be working in the studio for the first part of the New Year, though a series of spring dates are being planned.

MANFRED MANN'S EARTH BAND re-emerge with a brand new album in January, titled 'Somewhere In Afrika'. As the title implies, the Afro influence is predominant throughout, and the LP is on the Bronze label.

DIONNE WARWICK's new single 'All The Love In The World', the follow-up to her 'Heartbreaker' smash hit, is now also available in 12-inch form. This is the result of heavy demand after she featured it on BBC-1's *Late Late Breakfast Show'.*

B.B. — the duo comprising Jo Burt and Stevie B. (ex-Sector 27), who recently supported Kim Wilde on her debut tour — have their first single 'The Duke' / 'Wakiantanka' issued by Gin Records, through PRT, on January 7. Their own UK tour is at present being set up, details to follow shortly.

LEVEL 42, newly returned from the States, have a new single released by Polydor on January 7. It couples 'The Chinese Way' and '88 (Live)', and there's also a 12-incher which features an extended version of the A-side.

HAWKWIND's classic single 'Silver Machine' — recorded live at London Roundhouse in February 1972, and originally released that same year — is being reissued by EMI on January 4, with its original B-side 'Seven By Seven'. It's available in 7" and 12" formats, both with picture sleeves, also as a seven-inch picture disc.

STATUS QUO's triple album set 'F.T.M.O.', which has already gone Gold, is to be the subject of a renewed marketing campaign in January — with nationwide TV advertising. And the band's TV special, filmed live at Birmingham NEC in the presence of Prince Charles, is being repeated by BBC-1 on Boxing Day at midnight.

● The three tracks on the first single by **The Managing Directors** are 'Life And Times', 'M.D.'s Theme' and 'Norsborg Affair (1000 Light Years From Dub)'. It's available at £1 plus postage from Sista Bussen Records, 84 Northfield House, Peckham Park Road, London S.E.15.

● **Stampede,** who've been touring as support to the Gary Moore Band, have a live album released by Polydor. Titled 'The Official Bootleg', it consists of recordings made in the summer during their sets at the Reading and Mildenhall Festivals.

● Luton label Pulsebeat Records make their debut with the four-track EP 'Farewell To The Playground' by local band **The Cinematics.** It comes in a gatefold picture sleeve, and is available through Rough Trade and the usual indie outlets. The band will shortly be playing a regional tour to promote it.

● Glass Records have signed the mysterious character known as **The Jazz Butcher,** and are releasing his first album (through Pinnacle) early next month. The title, by the way, is 'The Jazz Butcher . . . In . . . Bath Of Bacon'.

TOUR NEWS EXTRA

THE FIRST 17 dates in the late winter and early spring tour by Elkie Brooks, plans for which were revealed by *NME* two weeks ago, have now been confirmed by promoter Alec Leslie. The outing is highlighted by three major London concerts, and Elkie — whose current A&M album 'Pearls II' has now gone Platinum — will be in action at:

Brighton The Centre (March 12), Harrogate Conference Centre (13), Newcastle City Hall (14 and 15), Birmingham Odeon (17, 18 and 19), London Hammersmith Odeon (22, 23 and 24), Southampton Gaumont (27 and 28), Oxford Apollo (29), Manchester Apollo (30 and 31), Edinburgh Playhouse (April 4 and 5) and Glasgow Apollo (6). It's expected that further dates will be announced in the New Year.

Tickets are on sale now at box-offices and usual agents priced £8.50, £7.50 and £6.50 (Hammersmith); £7.50, £6.50 and £5.50 (Oxford); £6.50, £5.75 and £5.50 (Southampton); and £6.50, £5.75 and £5 (all other venues).

Elkie's gigs for March

KIM WILDE'S debut tour earlier this year is the subject of an ITV documentary, to be fully networked on New Year's Eve. It shows the tour preparations and rehearsals, off-duty and backstage sequences, and highlights of her London concert at the Dominion Theatre.

DUMPY'S RUSTY NUTS have slotted in two late Christmas gigs at Guildford Wooden Bridge (tonight, Thursday) and Bristol Granary (December 28). And latest January bookings are at London Lee Green Old Tiger's Head (13), Oxford Pennyfarthing (21) and Reading University (29).

ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE, already set for a Christmas show at London Lyceum tonight (Thursday), travel to Ulster after the holiday to headline at Belfast Ulster Hall on December 28. They also appear live on Channel 4's *The Tube* on December 31 — their first TV appearance since they gained notoriety in February with the seizure of 12,000 copies of their 'Streets Of London'/'So What' single, and a bit of a gamble on the part of Tyne Tees TV!

THE GLADIATORS have added two more dates to their "Back To Roots" tour, for which initial gigs were announced last week — at Bristol Trinity Hall (January 5) and Bradford Palm Cove Club (6). And their show on January 7 has been switched from Luton Drill Hall to Hitchin Regal. A few more dates have still to be confirmed.

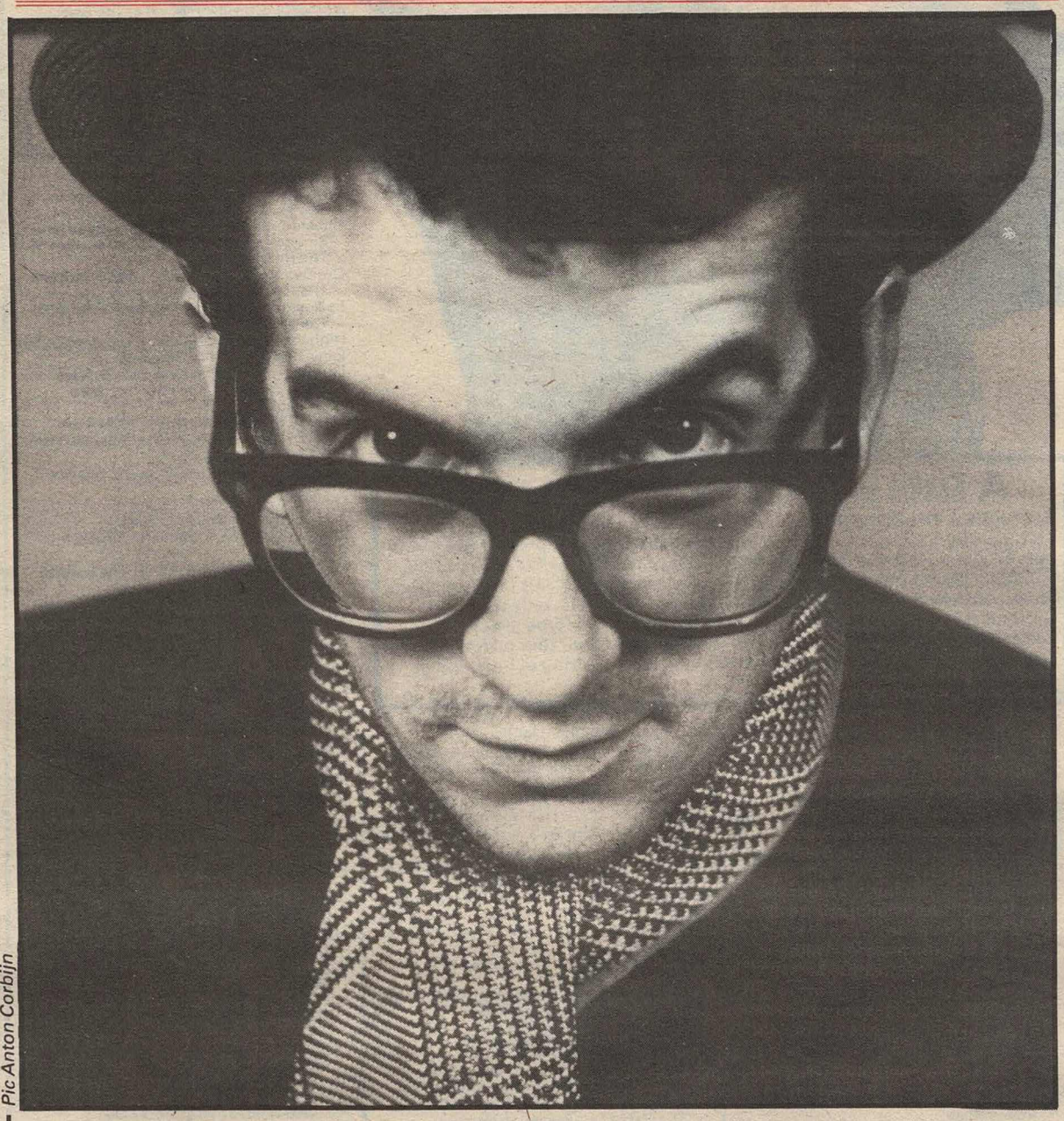
THE DAMNED are the latest headlining attraction to appear at London Brixton Ace Cinema, in the series being filmed for transmission in Channel 4's *Whatever You Want.* Their show is on Thursday, December 30, with The Danse Society supporting — and tickets are £2.50.

FUN BOY THREE gigs at Brimingham, Brighton, Edinburgh and Manchester — which form part of their February and March tour announced last week — have admission prices of £4 and £3.50 (NOT £5 and £3.50 as originally reported).

McPHEE HOGS IT

TONY McPHEE BAND have lined up a string of dates to promote their upcoming debut album, due out in the New Year. The former Groundhogs supremo takes his outfit to London Putney Half Moon (January 1 and 23), Long Sutton The Pub (2), Hastings Rumours (8), London Greenwich Mitre (11), Manchester Band On The Wall (18 and 19), Cleethorpes The Sub (20), Scunthorpe Berkeley Hotel (21), Oxford Pennyfarthing (22), Middlesbrough Cavern (28), Dudley J.B.'s (29), London Fulham King's Head (30), Birmingham Golden Eagle (February 4), Croydon Star (5), London Woolwich Tramshed (9), London Putney Half Moon (17), Chelmsford College (18), Thetford Sports Hall (19), Harwich Centre Club (26) and Colchester Technical College (March 4), with more gigs currently being finalised.

nationwide GIG GUIDE



Pic Anton Corbijn

ELVIS: A CHRISTMAS CAROL

THE CHRISTMAS fever is now waning, with most acts having completed their seasonal specials. But a few intriguing shows remain before the Great Day — including ELTON JOHN finishing his seemingly endless string of Hammersmith Odeon concerts, and LINDISFARNE carrying their traditional sequence of Yuletide gigs in Newcastle right through the holiday and up to December 30. We even have a brand new tour opening before Christmas, with top Jamaican group THE GLADIATORS setting out at Brixton in South London tonight (Thursday).

The most significant one-off before the break is by ELVIS COSTELLO & The Attractions, who return to the scene of their former glories at London's Royal Albert Hall on Christmas Day — and they're back there again on Boxing Day (which, of course, is Monday). DEPECHE MODE have a festive gig in London on Thursday (23), and you'll find that many clubs have extra special attractions either tonight or on Christmas Eve — as, for example, DR. FEELGOOD at London Dingwalls (Thursday, 23).

But be warned, many regular venues are closed on Christmas Eve — and a number are remaining closed for several days. So if you're thinking of visiting your favourite club over the holiday, check beforehand to make sure it's open.

The post-Christmas period is always the quietest time of the year on the gig circuit, as the paucity of our listings shows — though, mind you, quite a few venues failed to heed our warning about submitting dates early and have so missed out.

Even so, there are a few bright spots amid the gloom — with THE KIDS FROM FAME flying in to make their world concert debut at Brighton (27 and 28), London (30 and 31) and Birmingham (January 1); IMAGINATION and SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES playing London concerts, of which more details over the page; WHITESNAKE resuming their tour after the holiday, with their second leg kicking off in Birmingham (27-29); and New Year's Eve seeing the start of the admirable PRESS GANG Rock Week at London's Institute of Contemporary Arts, which aims to predict the sounds of 1983.

Other London highlights: SEX GANG CHILDREN and THE VIBRATORS heading a six-band bill at the Lyceum (26), MARILLON starting a three-night stint at the Marquee (28), a concert by THE DAMNED (30) and FAIRPORT CONVENTION beginning a series of gigs on January 2.

Last but not least, HAIRCUT 100 are playing the first five dates of the UK tour, the remainder having been postponed until late winter — they're in action in London (27, 28 and 31), St. Austell (29) and Chippenham (30).

COMPILED BY DEREK JOHNSON

thursday 23rd

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham The New Factory: **Roy Wood's Helicopters**
Blackpool Gaiety Bar: **A Certain Ratio**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton New Regent: **The Jungle/Rhythm Fringe/Liquorice Allsorts/C&H Productions**
Cambridge The Racehorse: **The Frigidaires**
Charing King Arthur's Court: **English Rogues**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Croydon The Cartoon: **A Bigger Splash**
Dagenham Church Elm: **Flyte/Grassroots**
Dartford Flicks: **King**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Harry & The Headaches**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **The Dolphins**
Gravesend Crete Hall: **Spider**
Guildford The Wooden Bridge: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
Hastings Rumours Club: **Expandis**
Hemel Hempstead Cellar Rock Club: **Solstice**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Travelling Shoes**
Ipswich Reflections: **The Searchers**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Receiver/Don't Look Away**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **The Creamies**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Popsicle**
London Battersea The Pavilion: **Flying Colours**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Brixton Ace Cinema: **Depeche Mode/Fad Gadget**
London Brixton Ritzy Cinema: **The Gladiators/Benjamin Zephaniah**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Dr. Feelgood**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Hershey & The 12 Bars**
London Catford Black Horse: **The Wild Eagles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Chelsea Shanghai Lil's: **Duffo**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Matinee Idols/Paladin Heat**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Members**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Thomas Jivin' Jump Band**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Debby Bishop/The Flying Pickets**
London E.14 The White Swan: **Double Agent**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Mainsqueeze**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Dave Kelly Band**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Fortune/Spy vs. Spy**
London Hammersmith Klub Foot at the Clarendon: **UK Decay/Sisters Of Mercy/Blood And Roses**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Elton John**
London Hampstead Haverstock Hill County Club: **Haze**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Gas**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Johnny Parker & Guests**
London Marquee Club: **Bernie Torme & The Electric Gypsies**
London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
London N.W.2 Grosvenor Room: **The Muskrats/Expression**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Bac Band**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Skrewdriver**
London Putney Half Moon: **Kokomo**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers (until January 1)**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Bill Brunskill Band**
London Scala Theatre: **Thomas Dolby**
London Shepherds Bush The Wellington: **Dave Ellis Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Dick Charlesworth Quintet**
London Southgate Pink Eelphant: **Sphinx**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Quasar**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Jabba**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Republic**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Anti-Nowhere League/The Adicts/Actifed**
London Victoria The Venue: **Q-Tips**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London Willesden The Spotted Dog: **The Directors**
London W.1 Cafe Royal: **Pleasure & The Beast**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany: **Room 13**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Remipeds**
Loughton Corbett Theatre: **Amazulu**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Kenny Shaw Band**
Manchester Sandpipers: **Spikey Backcombers**
Manchester The Gallery: **Harlem Spirit**
New Brighton Riverside Rooms: **French Lessons/Alternative Radio**
Newcastle City Hall: **Lindisfarne**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Nottingham The Asylum: **Roman Holliday**
Oldham Grey Horse: **Relatives**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Tranzzam/Tyrant**
Paignton Rumours: **Chapter 29**
Parkstone Bourne Valley Youth Club: **Butcher/Confession Of Sin**
Porthcawl Pier Hotel: **Night Heat**
Salisbury The Grange: **Thick Dick & The Green'eds**
Sheffield Leadmill: **Jimmy Witherspoon**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Vincent Tate & The Innocents/The Fighting Cocks**
Shrewsbury College of Art & Technology: **The Dancing Did**
Slough Studio One: **Here & Now**
Southampton Park Hotel: **I.Q.**
Wallasey Labour Club: **Subtle Hints**
Wokingham Angie's: **Sam Mitchell Band**
Wolverhampton The Woodhayes: **Sub Zero**
Worcester Todds Wine Bar: **Taras Bulba & The Flying Cossacks**

friday 24th

Birmingham Ahab's Bar: **Wham Bang Cogburn**
Birmingham Porkerama: **The Spikey Backcombers**
Coventry General Wolfe: **I**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Croydon The Cartoon: **The Pencils**
Dunfermline Balorige Burn Community Centre: **Alternative / Dissidents / Mutual Fear / Heretix BC**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **The Danglers**
Glasgow Night Moves: **The French Impressionists**
Hanley The Vine Inn: **The Man Upstairs**
Harrow The Roxborough: **Dream Cycle 7**
Hastings Rumours Club: **The Majestics**
Liverpool Warehouse: **The Reverb Brothers**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **A Bigger Splash**
London Battersea The Pavilion: **Roman Holliday**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Root Jackson & The GB Blues Co.**
London Brixton Ritzy Cinema: **John Cooper Clarke / Big Self**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Diz & The Doormen**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Johnny Parker's Jingle Bells Trio**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Jackie Lynton Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Gas / Agent Orange**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Little Sister**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **T34 / Black Fox / Maiden Army**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Naked Lunch / The Bazookas**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Elton John**
London Marquee Club: **Bernie Torme & The Electric Gypsies**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **Stu Hamer / Karen & The Pineapples**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Tokyo**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Original East Side Stompers**
London Royal Albert Hall: **Elvis Costello & The Attractions**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Victoria The Venue: **Q-Tips**
Manchester The Gallery: **The Out / Dive Dive Dive / LSV**
Manchester Unity Hall: **The Gladiators**
Newcastle City Hall: **Lindisfarne**
Northampton Navy Club: **The Beat Preachers**
Nottingham (West Bridgford) Test Match Hotel: **The Chimneys**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Vetos / Welly**
Redhill Lakers Hotel: **The Test Pilots / All Hell / Red I / Tommy La Bot / Mandolin Thing**
Stanwick Working Men's Club: **The Taxx**
St Austell Mount Charles Club: **Sphinx**
Stockport Brookfield Hotel: **Ed Banger**
St Ives (Cambs) Liberal Hall: **Rendezvous**
Toddington The Angel: **Solstice**
Wallesey Dale Inn: **French Lessons**
Wentworth Rockingham Arms: **Shagpile**
Wokingham Angie's: **Illusionz**
Worcester Todds Wine Bar: **Taras Bulba & The Flying Cossacks**

POST GIGS NOW FOR JANUARY

saturday 25th

This is the day when you do your own thing — eating, drinking, watching the box, playing records or whatever. 'Cos there ain't no action on the circuit! The only gig we've heard about is a so-called "tropical show" at London's Studio 21 in Oxford Street (9pm-3am, £3). Some Northern clubs will be open and you'll find the odd gig in Scotland, mainly featuring local acts — but otherwise, it's the big hibernation bit.

sunday 26th

Aberdeen Copper Beech: **Alone Again Or**
Bathgate Kaim Park Hotel: **The Dolphins**
Birmingham Ahab's Bar: **Wham Bang Cogburn**
Birmingham Porkerama: **Taras Bulba & The Flying Coassacks**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Christchurch Jumpers Tavern: **Hot Snacks**
Hartlepool Nursery Inn: **Tich Frier**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Lane End Osborne Arms: **Howard Jones**
Leeds Central Station Hotel (lunchtime): **One O'Clock Jump**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel (lunchtime) and Central Station Hotel (evening): **Volunteers**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Blue Vein/Rage**
London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Jamie Rowan**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck (lunchtime)/Rodeo (evening)**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Finsbury Sir George Robey: **The Directors**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Imagination**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Swinging Hoovers**
London N.11 Standard Sports Club (lunchtime): **Young Jazz Big Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The E-Types**
London Putney Half Moon: **Kevin Coyne Band**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Stevie Smith, Steve Waller & Friends**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Sex Gang Children/The Vibrators/Alien Sex Fiend/Sisters Of Mercy/Ritual/Brigandage**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Northampton Old Five Bells: **Martial Law**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Dawn Trader**
St. Austell Foxhole Cole: **Sphinx**
Stockport Manchester Arms Hotel: **The M.A. Blues Legend**
Sunbury-on-Thames The Goat: **Jackie Lynton Band**
Wallasey Dale Inn: **Personal Column**
Wallasey Shepherds Rest: **French Lessons**
Wokingham Angie's: **Splash**

monday 27th

Birmingham Cogburns: **Taras Bulba & The Flying Cossacks**
Birmingham Odeon: **Whitesnake/Samson**
Birmingham Porkerama: **The Spikey Backcombers**
Brighton The Centre: **The Kids From Fame**
Brighton The Kensington (lunchtime): **Rhythm Fringe**
Coventry General Wolfe: **The Pink Umbrellas**
Erith The Chapparel: **Red Lipstique**
Evesham Club For Chameleons: **Wham Bang Cogburn**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Lone Wolf**
Glasgow Mayfair Ballroom: **H20**
Greenford The Railway Hotel: **The Frantix**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Leicester Horsefair: **The Howdy Boys**
Liverpool Warehouse: **The Lawnmower**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Keith Christmas**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck & Guests**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Rimshots/By Appointment**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Pokadots**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Strapps/Chaos**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Objet D'Art/Karl Whitworth Band**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Isaac Guillory Band**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Kid/The Beam**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Holloway Allstars**
London Marquee Club: **Spider**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Creamies**
London N.W.2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
London Putney Half Moon: **Little Sister**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Laughing Gravy Orchestra**
London Royal Albert Hall: **Elvis Costello & The Attractions**
London Soho Pizza Express: **M.S.Q.**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Baby 'n' The Monsters**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Rhie Happy & The 4/4 Beat**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Haircut 100/Funkapolitan**
London W.1 (Dean St) Gossips: **Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Yessir**
Manchester The Gallery: **Cri De Coure**
New Brighton Golden Guinea: **Subtle Hints**
Newcastle City Hall: **Lindisfarne**
Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Ray Stubbs R&B All Stars**
Nottingham New Palais: **Gary Glitter**
Portsmouth Cambridge Hotel: **Unicorn**
Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin Horse**

CONTINUES OVER

tuesday 28th

Aycliffe King Lear: **Masterstroke**
Belfast Ulster Hall: **The Meteors/Anti-Nowhere League**
Beverley The Processed Pea: **Fault**
Birmingham Odeon: **Whitesnake/Samson**
Birmingham The Human Fly: **Wham Bang Cogburn**
Brighton The Centre: **Kids From Fame**
Bristol Bridge Inn: **Mind Tunnel**
Bristol Granary: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
Bromsgrove The Bell: **Taras Bulba & The Flying Cossacks**
Dover The Louis Armstrong: **Dave Corsby Band**
Glasgow The Venue: **Del Amitri/Pop Gun/The Sacred Heart**
Hanley The Vine: **Watching The Azaleas Grow**
Hull Tiffany's: **Dagaband**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Brazier Brothers**
London Adlib at the Kensington: **Me I Mafia/Indecision**
London Battersea The Pavilion: **Fowler & Miller**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The Alligators**
London Brixton Ritzy Cinema: **Poison Girls/Benjamin Zephaniah**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Members**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrectangles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Manufactured Romance**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Idle Flowers/Agent Orange**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Bonsai Forest/Any Anxious Colour**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Laslo & The Leopards**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Siouxsie & The Banshees/Marc & The Mambas**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Eastern Alliance**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Pat Smythe & Mick Pyne (for three days)**
London Marquee Club: **Marillion**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Moonshine**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **G.B.H.**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Milestones**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Allstar Jazzband**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Chip-Shop Bar Show**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Haircut 100/Funkapolitan**
London W.1 (Jermyn St) Maunkberrys: **Richard Green & The Next Step**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Yessir**
Manchester The Gallery: **Sneak Preview**
Newcastle City Hall: **Lindisfarne**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Bob Gilpin's Inheritance**
West Bromwich Four Ways: **Sub Zero**
Whitley Bay Esplanade Hotel: **Total Chaos/Suspicions Confirmed/Jet Set Danse**
Wolverhampton Druid Woman Hotel: **The Spikey Backcombers (also Wednesday 29th)**

wednesday 29th

Aberdeen Valhalla: **Lorenco Marx**
Birmingham Odeon: **Whitesnake/Samson**
Bristol Granary: **Spider**
Bromsgrove The Bell: **Taras Bulba & The Flying Cossacks**
Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion: **Demon/Dagaband**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Prelude**
Guildford Royal Hotel: **The Beating Hearts**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Howard Jones**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **Solo Sons/Visual Aid**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Wilma Williams & The Combo**
London Battersea The Pavilion: **1000 Mexicans/Match/The Sidney Nighthawk Ensemble**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Little Sister**
London Brixton Frontline Theatre: **Cafe Cabaret**
London Brixton Ritzy Cinema: **Richard Strange presents *Towards The Spring Offensive* with The Nightingales/Event Group etc.**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Jah Thomas/Captain Sinbad/Ranking Trevor**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Introze**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Airstrip One**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Pete Thomas Jivin' Jump Band**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Trendy Wendy**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Escalators/Fear**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Basils Ballsup Band**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Siouxsie & The Banshees/Marc & The Mambas**
London Islington Hare & Hounds: **Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers**
London Kings Cross Pindar of Wakefield: **The Heavenly Bodies**
London Marquee Club: **Marillion**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Dave Ellis Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Stu Hamer/Karen & The Pineapples**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Ken Colyer All Star Band**
London Putney Half Moon: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Buzz Green & His Jumpin' Jive Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Skeat Bros. Quartet**
London Southgate The Cherry Tree: **Big Chief**
London Tufnell Park Boston Arms: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Loose Change**
Manchester The Gallery: **Crosstalk A/V**
Newcastle City Hall: **Lindisfarne**
Northampton Black Lion: **The Beat Preachers**
Oldham Grey Horse: **Relatives**
Southampton Waterfront: **Gerry Hackett & The Fingers**

A BIG HAND FOR SIOUXSIE

SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES are one of several top acts appearing at London's Hammersmith Odeon during the holiday period, playing there with special guests MARC & THE MAMBAS on December 28 and 29. Prior to this, ELTON JOHN completes his 14-night engagement (23-24), his Christmas Eve show also being televised live — and IMAGINATION, who only recently finished seven nights at London Dominion, have a party-type gig on December 26. HAIRCUT 100 round off the first leg of their tour on New Year's Eve, and WHITESNAKE climax their UK outing with a string of four nights (January 3-6).

South Woodford Raiway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
St Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Haircut 100**
Swindon Solitaire: **The Singles**

thursday 30th

Aylesbury Friars: **Howard Jones**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Cambourne Tyack Hotel: **The Mercenaries**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips / Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Chippenham Goldiggers: **Haircut 100**
Droitwich High School: **The Spikey Backcombers**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **The Dolphins**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **The Short Blues Line**
Guildford The Wooden Bridge: **Backstage**
Hemel Hempstead Cellar Rock Club: **Crimson Rage**
Kirkcaldy Abbotshall Hotel: **Dizrhythmia**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **Liaison / Silhouette**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Popsicle**
London Battersea The Pavilion: **The Escortz / Orson Welles**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Brixton Ace Cinema: **The Damned / The Danse Society**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Flying Pickets / The Bouncing Czechs**
London Catford Black Horse: **The Wild Eagles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham 101 Club: **A Shade Too Far**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Decorators**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Pete Thomas Jivin' Jump Band (until Saturday)**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **One The Juggler/Rhythm Tendency/Roman Holliday**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Pinkees**
London Fulham Greyhound: **A Bigger Splash/Outboys**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Jazz Sluts**
London Hammersmith Klub Foot at the Clarendon: **Actifed/UK Decay/The Adicts**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Motor Boys Motor**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Marquee Club: **Marillion**
London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **25th Street**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Warriors**
London Putney Half Moon: **Fairport Convention**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Bill Brunskill Band**
London Royal Albert Hall: **The Kids From Fame**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Tony Coe Quartet**
London Southgate Pink Elephant: **Bodycheck**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **G.T. Moore & The Outside World**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London Willesden The Spotted Dog: **The Directors**
London W.1 (Dean St) Gossips: **Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany: **Room 13**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Loose Change**
Manchester The Gallery: **French Lessons**
Newcastle City Hall: **Lindisfarne**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Nottingham Palais: **Aswad/Jah Shaka**
Saddleworth Civic Hall: **Relatives/Idol Fret/Bob Dillinger/Kukurdu/This Perfect Day**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Vincent Tate & The Innocents/The Fighting Cocks**
Wokingham Angie's: **Worried Parachutes**
Wolverhampton The Woodhayes: **Sub Zero**
Worcester Arts Workshop: **Wham Bang Cogburn**
Worcester Top Hat: **Taras Bulba & The Flying Cossacks**

friday 31st

Alfrick New Year Festival: **Taras Bulba & The Flying Cossacks/Chameleon Col's Teasmaids/Napoleon Wilson's Fancy Tricks/Gazer's Receding Hairline**
Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: **The Gladiators**
Bristol Bridge Inn: **Streets Ahead**
Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: **The Ivory Coasters**
Coventry General Wolfe: **The D.T.'s**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Folkestone Royal Norfolk Hotel: **English Rogues**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **The Wrek**
Glasgow Night Moves: **The Recognitions**
Harrow The Roxborough: **Dream Cycle 7**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Cross Section**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **Double Vision/North Star**
London Battersea The Pavilion: **Eat The Bear**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Rodeo**
London Brixton Ace Cinema: **Aswad**
London Brixton Garage Club (at the Frontline Theatre): The Milkshakes
London Brixton Old White Horse: **Roland Roland Muldoon and full New Variety bill with Benjain Zephaniah/Red Review/Foot & Mouth/Guilty Innocents**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Mari Wilson & The Wilsations**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Zodiacs**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Covent Garden Africa Centre: **Orchestre Jazira**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Gasper Lawal Africa Drum Oro Band**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **The Flying Pickets/French & Saunders/The Combination All-Stars**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Tim Hinkley Band's Fancy Dress Party**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Lurkers/Mono Pacific**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Sam Mitchell Blues Band**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Auntie & The Men From Uncle**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Haircut 100/Funkapolitan**
London Hammersmith Palais (matinee): **Musical Youth**
London Marquee Club: **Wilko Johnson & Lew Lewis**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Cayenne**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Ken Sims Dixie Kings**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Tokyo**
London Putney Half Moon: **Crannog**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Original East Side Stompers**
London Royal Albert Hall: **The Kids From Fame**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Allstar Jazzband**
London Southgate Pink Elephant: **Bodycheck**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London The Mall ICA Theatre: **Shriekback/Go Fundamental/The Restless Element**
London Tokyo Joe's: **The Bootleg Beatles**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Islanders**
Manchester The Gallery: **The Freshies**
Market Harborough Working Men's Club: **The Beat Preachers**
Norwich Whites: **Monty Norman & His 4 Standleys/Carl Gustav**
Nottingham Union Rowing Club: **Peter & The Test Tube Babies/The Destructors/Infa-Riot/Solvent Abuse**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Splash/Exit**
Reading Central Club: **Michael Romeo & The All Stars**
St. Ives (Cambs) Liberal Hall: **Safety Valve**
Tideford Village Hall: **The Works/The Albaston Interceptors**
Wokingham Angie's: **K.K. Khan Band**
Worcester College Festival at The Barn: **Wham Bang Cogburn/Caught Dancing In The Aisle/Burgundy Boneheads**
Worcester The Crown: **The Spikey Backcombers (until Sunday)**

saturday 1st

Aylesbury Friars: **Gary Glitter**
Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: **The Kids From Fame**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Droitwich Little Malcolm's: **Taras Bulba & The Flying Cossacks**
Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall: **Mari Wilson & The Wilsations**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Dangerous Age**
Ipswich Albion Mills: **Nagamatzu**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **Xero**
London Battersea The Pavilion: **Sam Mitchell Band**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Root Jackson & The G.B. Blues Co**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Doc K's Blues Band**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Chicken Shack**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The London Cowboys**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Heretic/Aslan**
London Harrow Rd. The College Park: **Mr. Clean**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **K.K. Khan**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Pat Smythe & Mick Pyne**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Masquerade**
London N.W.2 The Cricklewood: **Roland Muldoon and full New Variety bill with Benjain Zephaniah/Red Review/Foot & Mouth/Guilty Innocents**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Harry Gold's Pieces Of Eight**
London Putney Half Moon: **Tony McPhee Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **New Era Band**
London Shepherds Bush The Wellington: **Dave Ellis Band**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Talkover/Makka**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London The Mall ICA Theatre: **Sade Adu/The Three Courgettes/Ruby Turner Band**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Whitesnake/Samson**
Northampton Five Bells: **The Beat Preachers**
Norwich Whites: **Vital Disorders**
Sheffield The Hanover: **A Bohemian Situation**
Shoreham Community Centre: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers/The Bel-Airs/Midnight Shift**
Stockport Brookfield Hotel (lunchtime and evening): **The Cheaters**
Wingham Well Eight Bells: **English Rogues**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**

sunday 2nd

Bedford Fives Bar: **Solstice**
Birkenhead Sir James Club: **Dagaband**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Hartlepool Nursery Inn: **Hokum Hotshots**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Leeds Central Station Hotel (lunchtime): **One O'Clock Jump**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel (lunchtime) and Central Station Hotel (evening): **Volunteers**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Battersea The Latchmere (lunchtime): **Wilma Williams & The Combo**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck (lunchtime) / Rodeo (evening)**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Swamp Creatures**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **The Directors**
London Friern Barnet Orange Tree (lunchtime): **Young Jazz**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Little Sister**
London Hackney Chats Palace: **Roger Downham Trio**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Tronics/Brothers Of Beat**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Swinging Hoovers**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Dave Chandler's Victoria Band**
London Putney Half Moon: **Little Sister**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Stevie Smith, Steve Waller & Friends**
London Wimbledon Theatre: **Fairport Convention/Vin Garbutt/Eavesdropper**
London Wood Green Brabant Rd. Centre: **Muldoon and full New Variety bill with Benjain Zephaiah/Red Review/Foot & Mouth/Guilty Innocents**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Dawn Trader**
Peterborough Key Theatre (lunchtime): **Plastic Heroes**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Proper Little Madams**
Stockport Manchester Arms Hotel: **The M.A. Blues Legends**
Sunbury-on-Thames The Goat: **Mad Jocks & Englishmen**
Wokingham The Pheasant: **Wham Bang Cogburn**

monday 3rd

Bannockburn Tamdhu Hotel: **The Dolphins**
Birkenhead Sir James Club: **Dagaband**
Droitwich Little Malcolm's: **Taras Bulba & The Flying Cossacks**
Greenford The Railway Hotel: **The Shakin' Pyramids**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Keith Christmas**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The 45's**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Dynamite Band**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Pokadots**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Tiger Tiger**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Vitale Voice/Monkey Trash**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Whitesnake/Samson**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Holloway Allstars**
London Marquee Club: **Howard Jones**
London N.W.2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
London Putney Half Moon: **Fairport Convention**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Tony Coe**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Baby 'n' The Monsters**
London W.1 (Dean St) Gossips: **Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers**
Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Ray Stubbs R&B All Stars**
Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
Watford Bailey's: **Chas & Dave (for a week)**
Walsall Horn & Trumpet: **Wham Bang Cogburn/Hide Up Those Flares (until Thursday)**
Worcester The Mutton Dagger: **The Spikey Backcombers (also Tuesday 4th)**

tuesday 4th

Birmingham Gin Walker: **Taras Bulba & The Flying Cossacks**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Sisters Of Mercy**
Darwen The Craven Heiffer: **D Notes**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Brazier Brothers**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The Alligators**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Idle Flowers/Agent Orange**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Symbolix**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrectangles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Mr Clean**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Sweet 'N' Bitter/Outboys**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Idiot Ballroom Beach Party**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Whitesnake/Samson**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Eastern Alliance**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Quasar**
London Putney Half Moon: **Fairport Convention**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Allstar Jazzband**
London The Mall ICA Theatre: **Oban/3 Mustaphas 3/Frank Chickens**
London W.1 (Jermyn St) Maunkberrys: **Richard Green & The Next Step**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Bob Gilpin's Inheritance**
West Bromwich Four Ways: **Sub Zero**

wednesday 5th

Birmingham Gin Walker: **Taras Bulba & The Flying Cossacks**
Bristol Trinity Hall: **The Gladiators**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Wilma Williams & The Combo**
London Battersea The Pavilion: **Bella Donna**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Little Sister**
London Brixton Frontline Theatre: **Cafe Cabaret**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Black Roots**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Geraint Watkins/The London Apaches**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Cavern**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Basils Ballsup Band**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Whitesnake/Samson**
London Islington Hare & Hounds: **Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers**
London Kings Cross Pindar of Wakefield: **The Heavenly Bodies**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Dave Ellis Band**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Ray Smith's Jazz Babies**
London Putney Half Moon: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Southgate The Cherry Tree: **Big Chief**
London The Mall ICA Theatre: **Wah!/Everything But The Girl/King**
London Tufnell Park Boston Arms: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
New Brighton Golden Guinea: **Subtle Hints**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Stornoway S.S.H: **Swedish TV/Zing-Pop/Guireans/Cyclefoot**

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to Gig Guide contributors

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

THE GREYHOUND
175 FULHAM PALACE ROAD, W.6

Thursday 23rd December — £2.00
THE DAVE KELLY BAND
+ Blue Condition

Friday 24th December — £2.00
Welcome Back Party:
THE GAS
+ Agent Orange featuring The Chords & Special Surprise Guests

Saturday 25th December
HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO ALL OUR CUSTOMERS

Sunday 26th December — £1.00
60's & NORTHERN SOUL DISCO

Monday 27th December — £1.25
OBJET D'ART
+ Karl Whitworth Band

Tuesday 28th December — £1.25
BONSAI FOREST
+ Any Anxious Colour

Wednesday 29th December — £1.50
Naff Present Swop Nite:
THE ESCALATORS
+ Fear

Thursday 30th December — £1.50
A BIGGER SPLASH
+ Outboys

Friday 31st December — £2.00
New Year Eve Party:
THE LURKERS
+ Mono Pacific
featuring Zak Sharkey

Saturday 1st January — £1.50
LONDON COWBOYS
Featuring Glenn Matlock
+ Separate Energy

Sunday 2nd January — £1.00
60's & NORTHERN SOUL DISCO

Monday 3rd January — £1.25
VITALE VOICE / MONKEY TRASH

Tuesday 4th January — £1.25
SWEET'N' BITTER
+ Outboys

Wednesday 5th January
Closed for Private Party

ACE BRIXTON

A CONCERT FOR T.V PRESENTS. All shows are being recorded for Ch 4. TEL: 274 4663. 100 yds - Brixton (next to town hall) Brixton Hill SW2.

Thur 23rd Dec	**DEPECHE MODE** + FAD GADGET Over 18s only	£3.00
Thur 30th Dec	**THE DAMNED** + DANSE SOCIETY	£2.50
Thur 6th Jan	**THOMPSON TWINS** + AMAZULU	£2.50
Thur 13th Jan	**ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE** + THE METEORS	£2.50

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THE Venue

160–162 Victoria Street, London SW1E 5LB
Tel 828 9441

Doors Open 8.00 pm
Main band on at 9.30 pm

Thursday 23rd & Friday 24th December £3.50

Q-TIPS

THE HALF MOON
93 LOWER RICHMOND RD., PUTNEY SW15
01-788 2387

Wednesday 22nd December — **BOB KERR'S WHOOPEE BAND XMAS SHOW**
Thursday 23rd December — **KOKOMO XMAS SHOW**
Sunday 26th December — **KEVIN COYNE BAND**
Monday 27th December — **LITTLE SISTER XMAS SHOW**
Thursday 30th December — **LAVERNE BROWN & JOHNNY G**
Friday 31st December — **NEW YEAR'S EVE PARTY with MOONDANCE**
Saturday 1st January — **TONY McPHEE'S BLUES BAND**
Sunday 2nd January — **LITTLE SISTER**
January 3rd, 4th, 5th — **FAIRPORT CONVENTION**
Thursday 6th January — **THE JAZZ SLUTS**
Friday 7th January — **THE 45's**
Saturday 8th January — **CRANNOG**
Sunday 9th January — **LITTLE SISTER**
Monday 10th January — **DAVE SWARBRICK & SIMON NICOLL**
Thursday 13th January — **JUICE ON THE LOOSE**

P.L.P. and Outlaw present

ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
MON. 24th JANUARY 7.30
tkts. £3.50 and £4 from Box Office, Queen Caroline St. W6 tel. 748 4081 and usual agents

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
MON. 31st JANUARY 7.30
tkts. £3.50 from Box Office, Shepherds Bush Rd. W6, tel. 748 2812 and L.T.B. Centre, Keith Prowse, Premier and Stargreen

HARVEY GOLDSMITH ENTERTAINMENTS PRESENTS

PAT BENATAR

IN CONCERT + support
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
FRIDAY 21st JANUARY
TICKETS £5.50 & £4.50
B'MINGHAM ODEON
WED. 26th JAN.
N'CASTLE CITY HALL
THURS. 27th JANUARY
TICKETS £4.75 & £3.75

Available from box office and usual agents
Available now new single SHADOWS OF THE NIGHT.

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
Derek Block presents

JOE JACKSON

in concert
Joe Jackson On Stage 8.15pm - No Support
TUESDAY 11th JANUARY Doors Open 7.30p.m.
TICKETS £4.50 £3.50
FROM BOX OFFICE 01 748 4081 STAR GREEN KEITH PROWSE, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, AND USUAL AGENTS

THE CAVE
NEW MERLINS CAVE, Magery Street, LONDON WC1
(five minutes from Kings Cross Stn)

Thursday 23rd December — £1.00
REMIPEDS
Friday 24th December — £1.00
THE ALL STAR ROAD SHOW
Featuring members of JIMMY RIDDLE, SAM APPLEPIE, Southside Blues Band
Sunday 26th December — £1.00
THE DELMARE ROAD SHOW PRESENTED BY COLIN WARD
Monday 27th December — £1.00
REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
Tuesday 28th December — £1.00
SOUTHSIDE BLUES BAND
Wednesday 29th December — £1.50
SOFT HEAP featuring Elton Dean, Pip Pyle
Thursday 30th December — £1.00
PERSIAN FLOWERS
NEW YEAR'S EVE — Admission Free
DISCO
Saturday 1st January — £1.00
TRILOGY
Sunday 2nd January — £1.20
TONY McPHEE BAND
Monday 3rd January — £1.00
XERO
Tuesday 4th January — £1.00
SAM MITCHELL BAND
Thursday 6th January — £1.00
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Wishes all her **'LIVE'** advertisers and readers A Very Merry Christmas And A Happy New Year.

31 DEC---8 JAN---**Rock Week**

Press Gang

INSTITUTE OF CONTEMPORARY ARTS THE MALL LONDON SW1. 01-930 3647

FRI selected by TIME OUT
SHRIEK BACK • GO FUNDAMENTAL
THE RESTLESS ELEMENT
SAT selected by THE FACE
SADE ADU • THE 3 COURGETTES
THE RUBY TURNER BAND
TUES selected by COLLUSION
OBAN • 3 MUSTAPHAS 3 •
FRANK CHICKENS
WED selected by JAMMING
WAH • EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL
KING
Gary Crowley/Paulo Hewitt/Pete Barrett
THURS selected by NME
THE BOX • BENJAMIN ZEPHAMIAH,
LITTLE BROTHER, PAULINE MELVILLE
Chevalier Brothers •
FRI selected by BLACK ECHOES •
HOT CUISINE • LA FAMILLE •
THE MEDIUM WAVE BAND
SAT selected by CITY LIMITS
IMPOSSIBLE DREAMERS •
ORCHESTRA JAZZIRA •
DESIGN FOR LIVING
Alexei Sayle/Joe Hagan

ICA CAPITAL RADIO 194

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SOURCE NRS JAN./JUNE 1982

MOONLIGHT
100 WEST END LANE (West Hampstead Tube)
SUNDAYS 7.30–10.30
01-624 7611

Wednesday 22nd December — £1.50
EGO SIGO
+ Support
Thursday 23rd December — £1.50
24 HOURS
+ Loose Talk
CLOSED CHRISTMAS EVE
CHRISTMAS DAY and BOXING DAY
Tuesday 28th December — £1.50
VITAL
+ Bagheera
Wednesday 29th December
PHONE FOR DETAILS
Thursday 30th December — £1.50
BRIGANDAGE
+ Royal Sect
FRIDAY 31st DECEMBER — CLOSED
Saturday 1st January — £1.50
THE RECRUTS
+ Aritzia Blaze
Sunday 2nd January — £1.50
CHAOS
+ Support
Monday 3rd January — £1.50
THE SUN
+ A SCANNER DARKLY
Tuesday 4th January — £1.50
ROULETTE
+ Repercussion
Wednesday 5th January — £1.50
SOULS VALIANT
+ Flying Colours

Please phone before setting out & check, but avoiding major disasters, here is:-

WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN

THE DECORATORS
THU. DEC. 30. Ealing's finest and perhaps London's only true underground band. "Turbulent jungle music fit for a miasmic feverish party." SOUNDS.

NEW YEAR'S EVE PARTY WITH:-

GASPAR LAWAL & HIS AFRICAN DRUM ORO BAND.
"Music of immediate pleasure... many influences - jazz, dub, Funk, Hi-life, yet transcends them all in a rich and strange fusion." wrote N.M.E. Plus comedy with **FELIX!**
Admission Only:- £4-
Admission with 3 course dinner:- £7.95.

SAT. JAN 1st. CLOSED.
SUN. Falling Down + REMARKABLE FAMILY.
NATURAL SCIENTISTS
MON. 3. + THE LUCY SHOW
MANIC OPERA
TUE 4. PARISIENNE LIFESTYLE
WED. RED BOY + TRIPLE ECHO.

THE CAVERN

THU. 6. JAN. Hard to see them as anything but a Beatles doppelganger but the set carries conviction & retains Lennon's abrasive edge.

THE DOORS OPEN 7.30 till LATE, EXCEPT SUNDAY WHEN IT'S 7.30 till 12. REAL ALE AND COCKTAILS RIGHT THRU. YOU HAVE TO BE 18. OUR RESTAURANT IS OPEN 8.30 A.M till 6 A.M. MOST DAYS. WE'RE ON THE CORNER OF KING ST. & JAMES ST. OLD COVENT GARDEN PHONE FOR LIVE MUSIC INFO: 836 1929 PHONE FOR RESTAURANT INFO:- 240 3961

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COMMONWEALTH INSTITUTE
SATURDAY 8th JANUARY - 7.30
HIGH ST. KENSINGTON. W.8

THE GLADIATORS

DUB

MICHAEL PROPHET

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12" CERTAIN RATIO Kether Hot Knives / Knife slits water 2.25
7" JAPAN European Son / Alien (I) (diff P) 2.25
LP DIRT Never mind the dirt (Crass label) 2.00
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12" P GODWIN Emot disguise / Torch songs / Fr Emotions / Images of Heaven / Cruel heart / Luxury (I) (P) 4.49
LP BUDGIE Best of (Jap I + lyrics) 7.99
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12" DIRE STRAITS Sultans of Swing (P) 1.99
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12" OZZY OSBOURNE Symptom of Universe (5.19) / Children of grave (8.36) + 1 (P) 2.35
12" WHAM Wham Rap (US remix) / (Club Mix (P) 2.35
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12" M. JACKSON / McCARTNEY The Girl is mine (I) (P) 3.49
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7" DOORS Riders/Changeling (I) (Diff Pic) 1.99
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12" MIKE OLDFIELD Mistake/Pask/Family Man/Mt. Teide (I) (P) .. 3.99
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12" PAT BENATAR/Shadows Of The Night (blue vinyl) 2.35
CASSINGLE MALCOLM McLAREN Buffalo Gals (3 vers) + 1 (P) .. 1.99
12" DEXY'S Let's get this straight/Old live/Live respect (P) 1.99
7" JAM Beat surrender/Shopping/Move on up/Stoned out of my mind/War (Limited double single in gatefold sleeve) 1.99
7" JAM This is the Modern World (with pic sleeve) 1.40
7" BEAT I confess/Sole salvation/Doors (live)/Save it for later (live)/Mirror (live) (double 7", Gatefold pic) 1.50
12" MADNESS Our House (Remix)/Walking Mr. Wheeze + 1 (P) 2.25
12" SIOUXSIE Divin Enfant/Melt/Sleeping Rain (P) 1.99
12" SOFT CELL Where the heart is/Mugs game (P) 1.99
12" YAZOO Other side of love (E)/Ode to boy (P) 1.99
7" JAM Bitterest pill (Jap I + lyrics) (Diff pic) 2.75
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BOWIE BOWIE BOWIE BOWIE BOWIE BOWIE

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'10' MANISH BOYS I pity the fool/Take my tip/D. Jones Habit of leaving/Baby loves that way (P) 2.25

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Paul Weller

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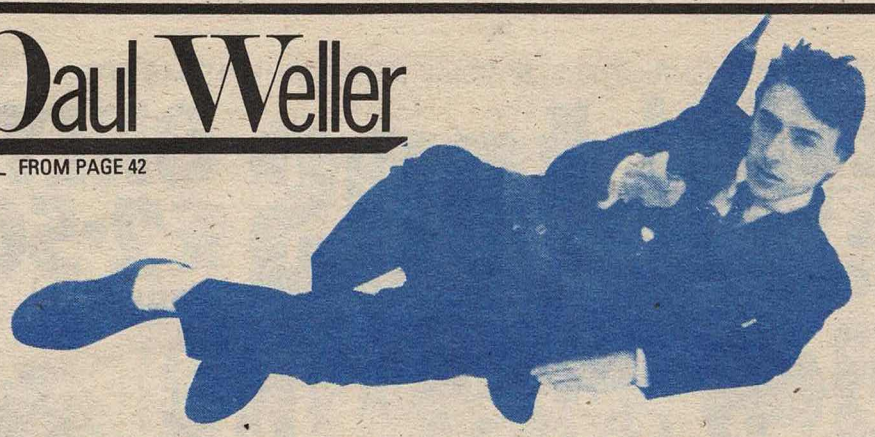

that. They know that they're going to end up in some position of power; they're either gonna be like captains or go into management or politics. At that age, at 17, they're totally out of fuckin' touch . . . with the majority anyway.

Is there a solution to it?

I think there could be. You've got to have a strong party with real spirit . . . and obviously you've got to detach politics from this power thing. The whole power politics thing, you've got to try and get it back down to human and emotional level. You've got to get more involved with the way people feel. That sense of involvement, you've got to try and instil that into them and also things like pride and dignity. Which is difficult for the kids that are about 16 and 17 who are on the fuckin' dole and getting about £16 a week. It doesn't exactly do anything to *the human spirit.*

Really, those people at the top have just got to be done away with. We've just got to get rid of them. One way would be to close down all the public schools and end that, and just build one really good education system.

I don't think pop music's gonna do it, that's for sure.

SOME OF MY FAVOURITE lines are from 'London Girl': *"I don't condemn what you done/ I know what it is to be young/ You're only searching for today/ To seek the answers of our yesterday."* Doesn't that have an effect? It gives a dignity, an understanding.

Yeah, but I can't see what your point is.

You said you don't think pop music'll have an effect. . .

It can have an effect, I just mean it won't be pop music that overthrows all that. That's what I'm trying to say. But I still think it's really important. It's important to build up some kind of feeling, some kind of spirit.

Take The Jam: all those kids that have grown up with us over the last five or six years, it's given them something in their lives. It gives them *some kind of strength.* So therefore I do think it's really important, pop music; that's why I do get pissed off when these groups treat it in such a crass and trite way.

Like ABC?

Yeah. It's a drag when I keep slagging these bands off, but I can't really help it because it's just all against what I fuckin' believe in.

At the same time I don't think it should all be serious either. I think there's lots of sorts of different functions for music. Which is another reason why in recent years, I've liked a lot of dance music. Because there's nothing else really happening, and at least dance doesn't pretend to be anything else than what it is. It's just when these bands pretend that they're creating *art,* and it's really just *shit* dressed up.

(Laughs) I'm not going to slag any more bands off, so there. It's my New Year's Resolution.

From the statements you've made (in the past) it seems you have a lack of humour, and by slagging bands off it appears you have a lack of tolerance. You know the right way and that's the only way.

Tony, it's this totalitarian trip I'm getting into. It's really heavy man. *(Laughs).*

There's a Bob Dylan line: *"You know what you want, I know what you need."*

(Laughs) Yeah, it must come over that way. I don't think about it really.

There appears to be more than one Paul Weller.

I get a lot of different ideas and a lot of different attitudes at times; it's hard to pinpoint. It's like the whole idea of interviews is just that you're questioning someone at one particular time and just taking a chance on catching their feelings at that particular time.

Going back to the music again, is there one particular album you're really fond of?

Well, I think 'Sound Affects' when I think about it now. I heard it a few months back — it was the first time I heard it for quite a while — and I thought *that really is a strong LP.* I think it's the best LP we've ever done.

What about 'This Is The Modern World'?

Naah. I find it really hard to listen to them early LPs. I think you've got to take them in the context of when they were done, especially the first one.

I think my big mistake really, which was a little bit of naivety, was trying to do political lyrics at that stage. I was really influenced by The Clash, their early things, and things that Strummer used to say. And I just had a go at doing them.

It's taken me quite a long time to really sort out. . . I just think it's a maturity thing really.

Have you had to educate yourself?

In some ways, yeah. But as you get older, just as you experience different things, you either form your own views or you don't. It's just an age thing really. Obviously there are people who do get it together when they're younger.

I think 'Setting Sons' is probably my favourite album.

Yeah, a lot of people say that. It's not really my type of music on it though. Some of the words are OK. I never really felt part of that LP.

But something like 'Little Boy Soldiers' is quite harrowing; then what's happened in the Falklands, prophetic even.

And 'Eton Rifles'. Do you remember there was a Right To Work March a few years back that went through Eton? There was like a little skirmish there, all about that song.

ONE THING YOU'VE always steered very well clear from is the old tradition of stardom; is there a reason for that?

Just because *it's crap!* It's a myth. It doesn't exist.

I always really believed in them punk things as well. Even though people never really associated us with the original punk thing, I always believed in a lot of those ideals. I thought they were really on the ball for that. I really thought they'd got it right with that.

So that was it as well. There was all that talk about smashing down all that stardom, and that separation thing where there was the artist and the audience with that sort of mystical fucking barrier in between. I think we've done a lot against that: in breaking all that bullshit down.

It's like little things as well, that other groups don't even think about doing, but which really matter. Meeting people after the gigs. Obviously you can't meet everyone, but we've always tried to make a point of doing that. It matters more to people than what you think. And like letting all the kids in for sound checks.

All those sort of things, it just makes it more human.

That's another little tiny facet that's broken down . . . a sound check, it's nothing. You just fuck around with the sound onstage. Just little ways of breaking all that crap down. But there's a lot of opposition that wants to perpetuate it.

There's been other groups, like The Specials. I think they've really done that . . . and The Beat. There's a lot of smaller groups, cult groups, that obviously do it. But it's better to be successful and do it. Do it in a big way, otherwise it's a little bit like preaching to the converted.

Did you start off wanting to be famous?

Yeah. When I was 14 and 15 I always did. But I think at that age I used to believe in all the things that I've come to hate now. I really believed in that star thing.

Who was your hero then?

I dunno. I don't know if I had any or not. When I was really young, I suppose The Beatles. But then later on, Townshend.

But isn't it now possible to use the fame that you've got? There's a Martin Fry interview in this issue and one of the things he says is "Money is currency, currency is fame" — meaning that you can use that fame to achieve other things.

Yeah? What's he fuckin' achieved, then? Put their money where their mouth is then. A lot of those punk bands said the same thing when they started out, but look at them. Yeah, you can use it. . .

Do you intend to?

I think I already have. I think I've already started.

I'll probably use it a bit now. I was always a bit reluctant to put myself in front of it, because I thought I'd maybe get people buying it just for the sake of it. Otherwise people'd think I'm just doing a big cash-in thing. But now I think I would try and use it more, use my name more; I've got to, because I haven't got The Jam anymore.

Martin Fry asks, "Why on earth can't people go from one extreme to the other? Why can't people enjoy The Jam *and* ABC" Have you got an answer?

I suppose a lot of people do, don't they?

You've always given the impression that the two aren't compatible.

No, I don't think that at all. It's just my stance is totally different. . . it's worlds away from his, so I find it hard to understand someone who believes in what I do can also believe in what he does. I'm not saying it's impossible, because I know for a fact there are people, because I spoke to some people who like us. . . like Haircut 100, a lot of people like them as well as us.

It's not impossible, It's impossible for me.

But what a lot of people forget is that it is a bit of a wind-up, all this slagging groups off. . .

Martin Fry also says, "I believe you can be glamorous and grotesque. It does grieve me to get pulled into some ridiculous arena where I'm expected to slug it out with Paul Weller".

Well, who's taking things too seriously?

DO YOU HAVE ANY peers in modern music? I would have thought Dave Wakeling.

What? In my estimation?

Yes, because you seem to think a lot of them have shat on you.

(Laughs) There must be quite a few really. People like Suggsy of Madness, he's got some really good ideas. And definitely Dave Wakeling. I think he's great.

Who else? (Laughs)

Probably Strummer as well to some extent. But Joe's an incurable romantic, inne? I think that he means well, it's just that he's got all these romantic notions and he just ends up his own arsehole in the end.

I can't think of too many others quite honestly. Obviously there are some.

You see, I haven't really met very many people, it's hard to say. It's better if I meet some of the groups and speak to them.

Do you ever run into the ones you've slagged off?

Yeah.

What happens?

Nothing much. That's the trouble with musicians, *they're so fuckin' two faced.* Loved your last record.

Is that what you say to them, or they say to you?

It usually gets round to that. That's what I used to hate about drinking and you're pissed an' that, the shit you come out with. . . *Oh, I didn't mean that, what I meant was. . .*

We probably haven't got many other friends in groups because of the way we have slagged others off, so we don't come into contact with too many of them. They tend to run away a bit from us. Not because they're frightened much, but because we seem to be a bit drab and a bit serious.

But other people that have got similar ideas we seem to get on OK with.

STARDOM OBVIOUSLY isn't an aspiration for you, but what keeps you going? What is your sense of ambition?

In some ways I've done it, I suppose, but I'd like to become a really powerful writer. A lot of it's practise, I'd like to expand on that.

I just love making music really, recording especially. And just songwriting. It's not something that you *take up* or you *give up,* it's *there.* It's something I started doing and which, as far as I know, I always will do. So things like that really keep me going.

Is it also to *use* your position? Like *NME* did the interview with yourself, Dave Wakeling and a few others — do you welcome that opportunity to draw attention to CND and the anti-nuke movement?

Yeah. Something like that I would. Obviously because I believe in it for a start, but also because I think you're justified in influencing people's thoughts. It's the only sane thing going, politically. At the same time I wouldn't try and influence people towards any kind of political party; I don't think I'd be justified in doing that.

You don't align yourself to any political party?

No. I've only voted once, and I voted Labour last time. But that was really only just to keep all the others out. Next time I'll probably vote Labour again, but only for the same reason, not because they're a particularly good political party, because they're not.

That Green Party in Germany I think are really good. It'd be great if there was something like that over here. They could do with some more competition. The fuckin' SDP! Ugh!

Have you got tax problems then? You live such an austere lifestyle, no drinking, no drugs, no flash house, no flash car. . .

Tony, I suppose it's time I spilled the beans: this is a facade, man.

It's like a Beatles film, is it? A terraced house, you walk through the door into a palace . . .

(Laughing) Yeah, I have all these serving wenches chopping up lines of coke.

No, I don't. because I always pay me tax because I'm a good citizen, and plus the fact I've got lots of other things going on as well. There's like the labels I've started (Respond and Jamming); there's the book publishing thing (Riot Stories); I've got a PA company.

I put money back into what I can work within, and work well within, and just things that'll go on and do *good* in some other way as well.

There's a lot of other things I want to do: I want to try and get a club going next year somewhere, like a coffee-bar club. . .

No cocktails?

No. Just for really young kids, on a Saturday or Sunday afternoon. That'd be great, I think.

It's not as if I hoard my money. I don't even particularly try and be austere about things. I've never been particularly extravagant; I'm not tight either. I don't need a fuckin' car; if I did I'd go out an buy one. And I don't need a mansion, but if I did then I'd go and get it.

It just comes down to people's basic character. I don't need these status things because I've got my own self-respect, which is far better than those things anyway. So I'd sooner just try and build on that. I'd sooner try and improve myself as a person, try to get better.

Now that you've set yourself free from The Jam, what's your greatest fear?

Not being successful. *(Laughs)*

I haven't got any fears at the moment really, not concerned with that. I mean, I would like to be successful I'm not talking about playing Wembley again. . . I'd really like to build up these other things, like a label and this book thing.

I haven't really got any fears at the moment because it's a really nice position to be in. Now, for the first time in five or six years I don't know what's going to happen next week or next month; I haven't got a clue. At this moment in time it makes a nice change; I'm quite enjoying it. It's a bit of a challenge.

But haven't you signed a solo contract with Polydor?

Yeah.

So aren't you straight back on to the treadmill then?

No, not really, because there's not the same kind of. . . I haven't got any deadlines to meet. I can just release records whenever I want to, whenever I feel like it. I haven't got any touring commitments to meet. So it isn't really the same thing.

I'm just going to take my time and do whatever I want to do and enjoy it. Cos it was such a furious pace, the last few years, that we just didn't get time to enjoy a lot of it. When I think I started when I was 18 and I'm 24 now, that's really a big part of your life. I don't regret it because it's been great, but now I want to enjoy some of it.

People reading this will think, well, not enjoying it — wasn't that the way he wanted it?

What? The no-fun thing? Yeah, but I don't mean in that way. Well, yeah, I probably will take in a few clubs for a while, over Christmas. A few parties. See how it goes. Bryan Ferry's got one coming up soon. I'll probably go to that.

Haven't you got any specific plans, because I thought you were going to tell me about them?

I will do, Tone, in time. You lot won't want to fuckin' know next year, will ya? I'll have to come up and knock on your door to see if I can get a one liner in *T-Zers,* or something. Remember this man? *(Laughs).*

CONTINUES PAGE 77

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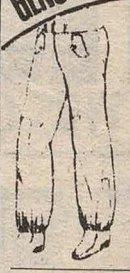

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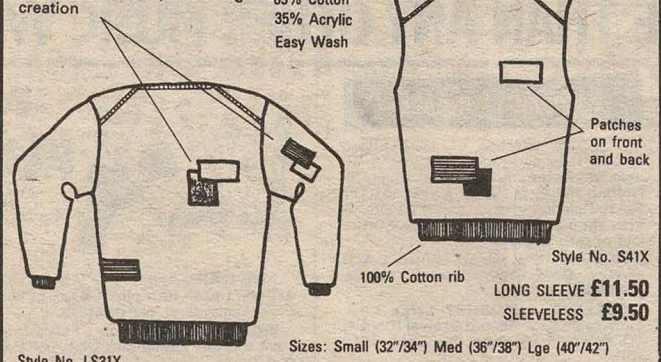

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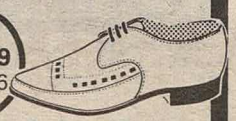

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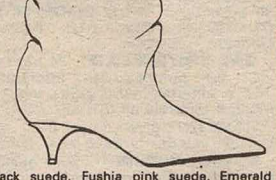

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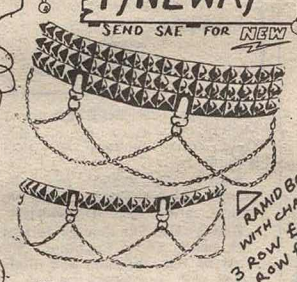

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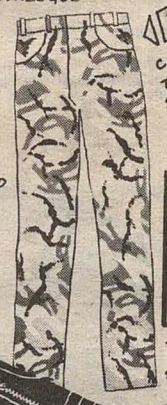

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AND DARK Angel said, "After breakday stars shall turn pink". Book of Pink Dots (Legendary). Nerzhkalabb.

BRIAN OLIVER from Folkestone, have a lovely Christmas, from Lorraine and Tracy.

COLIN & SQUEAK have a happy Christmas, and an ecstatic New Year? Lots of love from the person badly in need of a pair of bedsocks. XXX.

CONGRATULATIONS TO Mr Robert Bown of Bexley, on his forthcoming marriage to Lorraine. Hope the problem clears up soon.

DEAR FRANK, Happy Hogmanay. Love from Tracy & Ann.

'ELLO MUM, love Fat Chris.

FLASH. MERRY Xmas. Thanx for a great year. Love ya planets. Shuggie.

HAPPY CHRISTMAS to Mum, Dad and Meb. Good luck Meb for next year!! **BOO XXXX**

HAPPY CHRISTMAS Conan, love Susan. P.S. Happy New Year Mum!

HAPPY CHRISTMAS Glen. XXXX.

JILLY HORNE wishes everyone in darkest Darlington, and especially 'The Hun' family (Sally, Nigel, Jean & Don), a zany solstice and neurotic New Year!!! **PS** Merry Christmas to the **MIB** from a **WIB. XXXX**

LORRAINE. Merry Xmas and Happy New Year. Lee ×××.

MERRY CHRISTMAS to all ex 'old hands' of Barnard Castle School. Love from tipsy Jilly. ×××

MR BAKEWELL when are you coming back to Amsterdam? Love from Rose.

MR J OLIVER next time it's the Biggie . . . Mr McCarthy.

SNIFFY HAPPY Xmas from Phil the Dill.

NIGEL DOBSON — Yuletide greetings honey! Love **SOUTHSIDE MARY.**

THE FERDINAND St. Gang. Have a weally gweat Cwistmas. Vivien don't dwink too much, you don't want to ruin your yuletide do ya! Regards Rick.

THE GEORGE, Bexley, Tracy and Lorraine wish everyone a Happy Christmas and lots of Merry Drinking in the New Year!

TO MY darling **JOAN.** Hope 1983 is 'our year'. All my love **NICK!!** ××××

TO THE GLAM Americans of Camden Town — Tanyia and Missy, have a rave Solstice!! Jilly XX.

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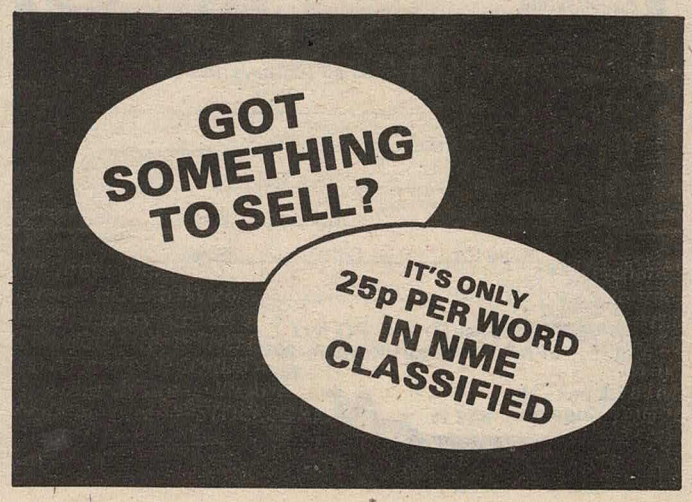


ORWELL

☐ *From page 14*

he feel about the by now routine persecution of Asians, and the inability (read: unwillingness) of the police to do anything about it?

Despite the horrific poverty, social inequality and despair of Orwell's times, he was still able to write lovingly of the 'gentleness' of this nation. It is, I think, the increasing cruelty of all levels of British society — from government on down — that would come as the most profound shock to Orwell, if he were alive today.

If Orwell had not succumbed to illness and death, he would now be 76: no spring chicken, but not that much older than his one-time editor Michael Foot. Certainly he would still be able to continue as essayist, commentator and maybe even occasionally as a novelist, and — unless his unique powers had failed him as age encroached — he would still be able to shed an utterly distinctive light on events.

I curse the freezing, damp dorms of his prep school, the cheap hotels of Paris, the common lodging houses of Southern England, the draughty hotels of Paris, the common lodging houses of Southern England, the draughty homes and B&Bs of the North, the muddy trenches of Spain and that arctic farmhouse on the Isle of Jura for depriving me of the opportunity to read the man whom H G Wells once described as "that Trotskyite with the big feet" laying into the Thatcher gang.

Where would Orwell be on today's political spectrum (and does it matter)? Wherever he is, he would — I hope — still be the torment of those who consider that any one worldview accounts for everything and can contain or explain anything. In one of his essays, he took great pleasure in presenting one fact which was unacceptable to the holder of each one of a set of widely differing political beliefs. I see very little of that spirit in today's media: all I see is a number of people sticking firmly to pre-selected positions and trying hard to bend reality to make sure that they come out of it proved right.

It is Orwell's capacity for perceiving and facing facts which made him the commentator he was and provided the perfect fuel for his verbal acuity, that prose which he always claimed he wished to be 'like a window pane', something which revealed without interference, which was there simply to be understood.

His old friend Cyril Connolly once described Orwell as a man "unable to blow his nose without offering you a lecture on conditions in the handkerchief industry". Some found his earnest investigation and adoption of what he considered to be working-class customs amusing or faintly embarrassing: he drank only bitter and always from a straight glass and — according to his first wife — would not only not drink lager but would refuse to drink with anybody who did. His patriotism was not connected with any love for the traditions of nobility or aristocracy, not with stately homes or the Trooping Of The Colour, but with his respect for the people of this country and their needs, desires, pleasures, and culture. Orwell wrote — ultimately — for them, though his readers at the time were more likely to be middle-class lefties tut-tutting over his anti-Stalinism, and his desire was to serve the need for truth that every human being has at the very root of his or her being. It is a need that is not served nearly often enough or well enough today.

Paul Weller

FROM PAGE 73

No, we're good to people on their way down as well.

(Laughs) Rotten bastards.

It's a bit too soon really. I want to make records, that's for sure. I want to try and develop a certain sound. I really want to try and develop this English soul thing. I don't really like to label it, but. . .

Have you started writing material?

I've got a few new songs.

I really want to build around this Respond thing as well. There's The Questions and a girl singer, Tracey. I had a tape from a young boy the other day, and he's quite good.

I'd obviously like to try and build up some musicians as well, and a particular sound. Writers and everything. I'd sooner try and find totally new people. I just find it really refreshing to work with those sort of people. I think that's what it needs.

There's a real horrible cynical — cynical in a business way — kind of attitude around. I really hate that.

You mean work like Dammers has with The Higsons and The Apollinaires?

Yeah. He's a really clever geezer. I think he's established a kind of sound. . . but there's a lot more to work on.

Is that an ideal for you? To set up a kind of 2-Tone, which had a very identifiable sound at the beginning.

Yeah, but incorporating my ideals and the principles I was talking about, so that it becomes a *culture*, not just a record label but *a whole culture* as well. Not a fashion thing. Not a transient pop thing, but something with real substance.

The creative businessman, eh?

Yeah. *(Laughs).*

That's the only thing that pisses me off about the business, and that is the business. It's the contradiction that's really hard to justify. Cos the music itself can be kept very pure and idealistic, but at the same time you've got all these wankers in control of it.

That's why I don't feel guilty about having money, either. Because I think it's better that I have money and control than these other old tossers. As long as I don't lose sight with what I'm supposed to be doing with it.

•

I ONLY HAVE a final question, which might be revealing: what do you want for Christmas?

(Laughs) This'll go towards perpetuating my image and everything, but I think Christmas is a real fuckin' drag. I really 'ate it. I'm not bothered what I get. I don't like Christmas. Everything shuts down. It's boring. I'm looking forward to the spring.

Why? What'll happen then?

Tony, the flowers bloom, love abounds. *(Laughs)*

Fuckin' Christmas carols, Jesus Christ. They're worse than Leonard Cohen records. Have your heard them, on those pipelines in shops now? Fuckin' really slit-your-wrists-music that is. 'Orrible.

Your comments on Christmas will probably only enforce your image.

It's what people expect though. *(Laughs)*

A Dickens character.

Yeah. Fuckin' Scrooge.

COLTRANE

From page 62

there are also hints of a more placid inner meditation — of a paring away.

'Ogunde' is the last composition he ever recorded. It runs only three and a half minutes, showcases the massive tone and sagacious elegance, the vast river of melody, the great eloquence — and freezes them like a last daguerrotype of Coltrane, voice stymied in mid-flow.

He died on 17 July 1967, taken by cancer of the liver.

"Once you become aware of this force for unity in life, you can't ever forget it. It becomes part of everything you do. My goal in meditating on this through music is to uplift people, as much as I can. To inspire them to realise more and more of their capacity for living meaningful lives."

John Coltrane 1965

COLTRANE'S MUSIC was not simply about beauty and joy. Though he would touch on a lyricism unknown in the normal light-dark-light cycle of jazz music there was also ugliness, pain, asperity, bitter disapproval. While he may have grasped after something greater and far more universal than a simple pictorial realisation of the daily Afro-American experience, Trane could not be untouched by his environment. He was never aloft on some scented spiritual plane or distant from his surroundings.

Troubled by the reactionary criticism of the jazz establishment to his early explorations, he openly requested a formal discussion with his critics from *Downbeat:* nobody took up the offer. He never forgot his audiences — "The audience is in an act of participation. When you know that somebody is moved the same way you are it's like having another member in the group."

Coltrane's disavowal of 'playing to an audience' was a case of respect, not arrogance; he was concerned never to talk down to a listener.

When black children were murdered in Alabama in 1963, he wrote a memorial piece ('Alabama' on 'Live At Birdland'): his performance of it has a gravity that is profoundly moving. He went to hear Malcolm X speak; he was stunned by the Watts riots of 1965. There was no escapism in Coltrane's jazz. Its voices indicted wrongs, stood up for truth.

The traditional way of treating jazz history has been to hold up three figures as its primary forces for change and rejuvenation: Loius Armstrong, Charlie Parker and Ornette Coleman. But with the protean splitting and mutation of the music over the last 20 years, any genealogy is virtually worthless. Coltrane's influence has finally proved greater than Coleman's because his was an evolution that at once embraced the fundamentals of jazz and demanded a greater freedom than any 'jazz' could accommodate. As jazz has dissolved as one music it has mirrored Coltrane's greatest ambition, of a universality, of a music inseparable in soul and being.

Every significant trend in black improvised music stems from some part of Coltrane's work. The open-ended, marathon performances, frequently based around only one or two tunes; the necessity of complete mastery of the instrument to maximise the expression of the self; the extension into multi-instrumentalism; the increased recognition of African and global musics; the heightened awareness of spirituality; the implosive, trance-like state of group playing; the nakedness of emotion that stretched across cordons of harmony and form.

Commentators have frequently complained of the absence of a figure of Coltrane's stature to persist in advancing the music: but the truth is that a comparable strength *does* still exist. It is merely that it has been diversified among many musicians, and that is Coltrane's truest legacy.

'Jazz' no longer requires that it be nurtured by one or two monarchs of innovation — it has returned to its first, *collective* strength and identity. With his perennial concern for the well-being of other musicians it is a development Trane would surely have approved of.

What remains is the echo of his music, collected over the many recordings he left. There is no glib conclusion to summarise it all: I can only hope that there is a sufficiently clear impression in the foregoing to provide some inkling of the response provoked by hearing him play.

The music lives, finally, as an example and inspiration to approach and examine our own lives with the same dedication — for us to "live meaningful lives."

In all music, there is no greater testament to the spirit than Coltrane's sound.

A SELECT DISCOGRAPHY

Miles Davis ..... **Prestige**
Workin' And Steamin' (Miles Davis) ..... **Prestige**
Thelonious Monk And John Coltrane ..... **Milestone**
Blue Train ..... **Blue Note**
Trane's Reign ..... **Prestige**
Traneing In ..... **Prestige**
Lush Life ..... **Prestige**
Giant Steps ..... **Atlantic**
Coltrane Jazz ..... **Atlantic**
My Favourite Things ..... **Atlantic**
Coltrane Plays The Blues ..... **Atlantic**
Ole ..... **Atlantic**
Afro Blue Impressions ..... **Pablo**
Live At Birdland (Featuring Eric Dolphy) ..... **Affinity**
Impressions ..... **Impulse**
Coltrane ..... **Impulse**
Transition ..... **Impulse**
Live At The Village Vanguard ..... **Impulse**
The Other Village Vanguard Tapes ..... **Impulse**
Africa/Brass ..... **Impulse**
Live At Birdland ..... **Impulse**
Crescent ..... **Impulse**
A Love Supreme ..... **Impulse**
The John Coltrane Quartet Plays ..... **Impulse**
Ascension ..... **Impulse**
Om ..... **Impulse**
Sun Ship ..... **Impulse**
First Meditations (For Quarter) ..... **Impulse**
Meditations ..... **Impulse**
Live At The Village Vanguard Again ..... **Impulse**
Concert In Japan ..... **Impulse**
Interstellar Space ..... **Impulse**
Expression ..... **Impulse**

Many of the Impulse albums have been recently reissued here on the mid-price Jasmine label.
Certain quotes from a 1966 interview with Coltrane by Frank Kofsky reprinted in *Giants Of Black Music* (Da Capo).

OBSERVER STATION UNDERGROUND REPORTING — flashing weekly from a semi-frequency — indoors the tang of a tiny oil lamp. . . Paris here we come with a grand Christmas weekend excursion plus show and dance with live onstage Roy Alton plus The Crescendos dance band plus Berlinda, Tony Lee and Lord Diamond plus special guest appearance by Norma White from Jamaica. Coaches leave on Friday morning from Southall Broadway (7am), Shepherds Bush Green, Hackney Baths and Prince Alice in Forest Gate (6.30am) and return on Monday morning. Tickets including hotel, meals, show and dance from Orbitone 01-965 8292. . . **outdoors the winking signal on the waste of sea**. . . champagne dance at the Country Club, 210a Haverstock Hill, NW3 on Friday at 9pm with music by Lord Supreme sound system. No trainers. . . **indoors the sound of the wind**. . . also on Christmas Eve is a rave up at the Methodist Church, Green Lanes, N16 — 7pm till late — sounds by Jah Whitey Hi-Fi, Jah Tubbys and Kingston Rebel. . . **outdoors the wind**. . . and north of the border in Edinburgh on the same night is a Christmas Eve jamboree with Papa Swi Hi-Fi vs Dreadbeat sound system at the Ital Club in the Playhouse Theatre. . . **indoors the locked heart and the lost key**. . . on Sunday evening St Lucian United Club invite all friends to a grand Boxing Day show and dance to be held at Club Row Club off Bethnal Green Road, E2, featuring live onstage Julus & Benney Stick with the Zagada dance band fully supported by Sir Hudson. Doors open at 8pm till 2am. . . **outdoors the chill, the void, the siren**. . . on Tuesday at the Podium Banqueting Suite, 1 Nine Elms Lane, New Covent Garden, Vauxhall, SW8 is a fashionable Christmas Extravaganza with stunning designs and music by Soul Incorporated from 8pm — 2am. . . **indoors the strong man pained to find his red blood cools**. . . the following week on Friday celebrate New Year's Eve at Sherlock Holmes Hotel, 108 Baker Street, W1 — 8pm till late — sounds by TWT & Neville in aid of crisis relief for Guyana. Caribbean food. Tickets from Daddy Kool 01-437 3535. . . **while the blind clock grows louder, faster**. . . also on New Year's Eve is a show and dance at the Green Lanes Community Centre, 132 Green Lanes, N16 — 8pm until late — with music by Black Patch Disco Wax and guest Thrown Together. Tickets £3.50 from the Centre 01-254 6218. . . **outdoors the silent moon, the garrulous tides she rules**. . . at the Africa Centre in Covent Garden on New Year's Eve highlife is the order of bringing in 1983 with Orchestre Jazira onstage. Late bar and disco. Tickets £4 from the Centre: 01-836 1973. . . **indoors ancestral curse-cum-blessing**. . . a few doors away at the Rock Garden on the same night is a performance of African roots, percussion, singing and dancing with Gasper Lawal Africa Drum Oro Band. Tickets bookable 01-240 3961. . . **outdoors the empty bowl of heaven, the empty deep**. . . and on Saturday, January 1, 1983 is held a cocktail party at the Royal Garden Hotel, Kensington High Street, W8 — 7pm until late — with live onstage Jah Warriors & Serenaders. Music by Twilight sounds with guest DJs TWJ, Quakertone and D Roy. Details 01-739 8693. . . **indoors a purposeful man who talks at cross purposes, to himself, in a broken sleep**. . . finally, see out the old year with a ranking read of the second *Reggae Quarterly* magazine from Canada. Cover feature is Burning Spear, articles on Yellowman, Noel 'Rocking Universally' Ellis, Archie of Gemini disco, interviews with Ranking Joe, Delroy Wilson, Errol Scorcher, Roots Radics, Bingy Bunny and Style Scott, Ringo, Leroy Brown and a piece on Errol selector with Leroy Sibbles' Melody International operating out of Toronto. Available from Live Good Today, 10 Walmer Road 1501 Toronto, Ontario M5R 2W4, Canada. . . **One Love**. . .

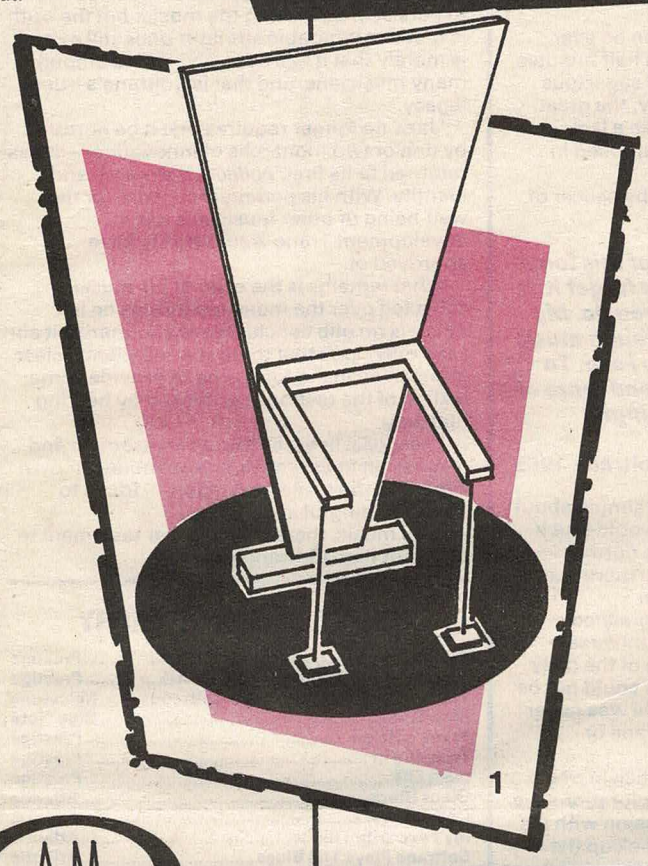
● THE FACE REVIEW OF '82
Music·Fashion·Films·Events
CHRISTOPHER REEVE Superman
talks to The Face
ANNABELLA LWIN·THE TUBE
MARI WILSON·ROBERT GORDON
● Plus
THE AGE OF PLUNDER Jon
Savage on recycled culture
IN PRAISE OF THE WHITE
TOWELLING SOCK Peter York
in the FACE INTERVIEW

THE FACE

Britain's most fashionable & influential youth & style magazine
(THE GUARDIAN)
MUSIC·PHOTOGRAPHY·FILMS·FASHION

WE SAW THREE TWITS COME SAILING IN.

Please accept this enclosed turkey as a Christmas present. You can stuff it.
John Connolly, New Barnet.
PS I've always wanted to say that.

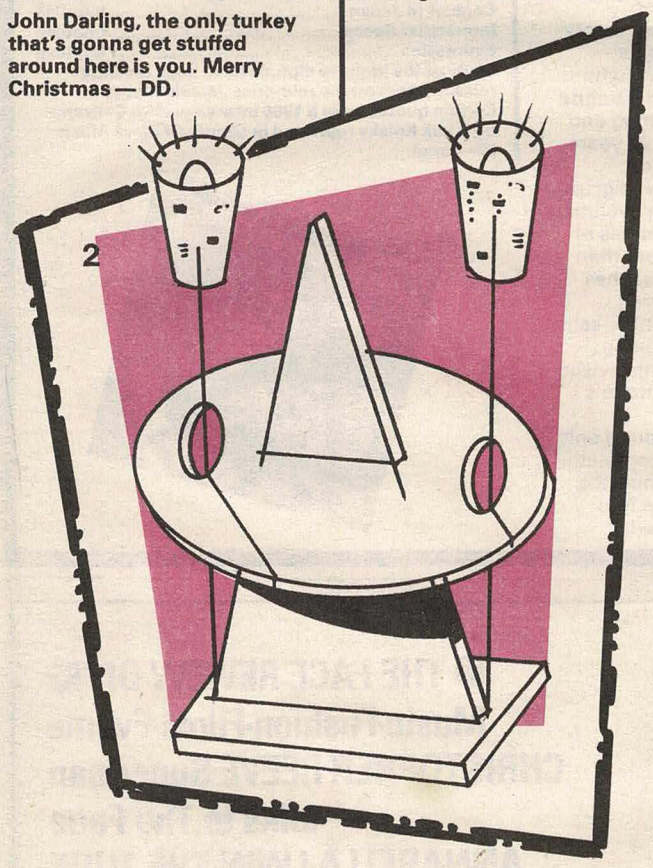


AM

Recently I've heard someone describe Paul du Noyer's 'talent' as being in a field of its own. Well so is Worzel Gummidge.
John Connolly, New Barnet.

C Moore seems to swear as much as they do on Channel 4. But then nobody takes much interest in that either.
John Connolly, New Barnet (again).

John Darling, the only turkey that's gonna get stuffed around here is you. Merry Christmas — DD.



GEO-POLITICAL DEMOGRAPHY FOR THE MASSES

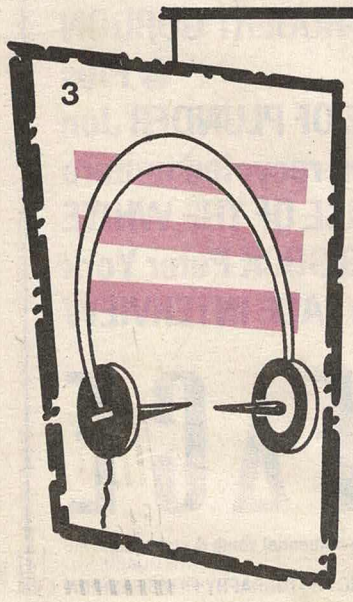
Just a few words if I may in reply to the letter by the "Ghost of The Illegitimate Son of Amrik Rai".

Now hold on a minute you cotton' pickin' wraith. Please don't think my letter was intended as a swipe at Scandinavians (my humble, grovelling apologies if it came over like that). I appreciate only too well the problems encountered by foreigners trying to write in English — one of the most difficult languages to master. In fact being half Scottish and half Italian "I'ma somatimes finding eeta very how youa saya deefeecult to getta by." — "If ye ken whit a mean!"

But that doesn't mean to say that their letters aren't funny. If more folks had a sense of humour the world and perhaps even the *bag* would not be in the mess that it's in today. BROTHERS HANG LOOSE, don't let words become a barrier, don't be blinded to the real spirit of things. I'm sure our Scandinavian readers are HIP CATS (grovelling slightly), and I'm sure they have the ability to laugh at themselves just like we British .

Feel any better?
Ade, Tannadice.
PS: Do you get many letters from greasy Spaniards or Australian gits?
Yes — DD.

New Order have just visited Australia. Most of the population wished they hadn't They are a shit awful con act.
Freda Fire Escape, Sydney, Australia.
Told you so. — DD.



GHOSTS OF CHRISTMAS (WELL) PAST

As I expected you didn't like 'Coda', the Led Zeppelin album. Well, you didn't really like the Robert Plant album ('Pictures At Eleven') either, because you didn't even bother to review, or even mention it.

Every week I scan your lousy rag for a tiny mention of someone like Robert Plant, and all I get is a minute piece of irrelevant crap in your 'Record News', which requires three magnifying glasses placed on top of each other to read it.

I don't suppose that anyone at *NME* remembers that best-selling 'novel' *The New Musical Express Book Of Rock 2*, edited by Nick Logan? *(Trust a Led Zep fan to drag up something so embarrassing! — NL)* well whoever it was that wrote about Led Zep there certainly knew who and what they were talking about eg ". . . stunning debut was highly sophisticated, high-energy album. . . ".

I suppose Richard Cook *really* knows what he is talking about when he says that Zep "lack intelligence". What about tracks like 'Thank You', 'Going To California', 'Battle Of Evermore', and of course 'Stairway To Heaven' *(Yeah! What about them? — DD)*. You need intelligence to write excellent songs like these, but then I guess Richard-baby lacks "intelligence" himself!
The Phantom Biscuit-eater, Sir Fred's, Welwyn Garden City, Herts.
Hah! Phantom Biscuit-eater indeed! I suppose you're right though about "intelligence". Richard would never dare to compare his IQ with that of any Lead Zip. — DD.
Point of information: Gavin Martin reviewed Robert Plant's 'Pictures At Eleven' — NS.

WORDS OV WISDOM

A "cut up" of Genesis P-Orridges *Portrait Of The Artist As A Consumer* reads: . . . TV should be . . . a means to . . . make . . . lots of . . . money . . . and a total assault . . . on thee . . . vulnerable . . . pockets . . . limitless . . . treasures . . . for . . . Some Bizarre . . . and people . . . will never tire of . . . ridiculous . . . existentialist . . . musick.

Ha ha, good old Brion.
The Subliminal Kid, Mexico.
Verily, E hath burst E's bladder in merriment forsooth. — DD.

MAN AND SUPERMAN

Dear *Gasbag* readers, you were about to write complaining about *NME* reviewing a boring old dinosaur called Led Zeppelin? How short-sighted of you, really! Surely you must have realised that Richard Cook did it entirely with our entertainment in mind. Now we can look forward to a bag of hilarious letters from irate fans/zombies, trying to defend and justify the old turds. Rejoice!

On the subject of provocation: the letter I wrote on the police force a few weeks back was not only an attempt to give voice to my feelings (of that day) of helpless frustration about cadet racism, but also to introduce a new topic into a flagging bag. Not a response; Doesn't anybody want to agree with me or to point out the fallacies in my suggestion. No! Oh well. . .
Simon Witter, London W10
This one's for all the Led Zep readers/writers that took up all my time this morning — DD.

IN TWO FALLS AND A SUBMISSION . . .

Doubtless poets regard critics in much the same way as pavements regard dogs — but X Moore's stinkbomb attack on Michael Horovitz's poetic telents seems particularly shitty. For 20 years, despite the diffidence and hostility of the UK poetry establishment, Horovitz has enabled emerging/alternative/angry poets to make their voices heard above the posh/ precious / privileged/po-faced spoutings of the Oxbridge mafia.

At least Horovitz has his chaotic finger on poetry's pounding pulse and has brought some spark to what Somerset Maugham once described as "the sublimist activity of the human mind".
Val Hennessy, Lyme Regis, Dorset.

POETRY COMMOTION? WHAT ARE YOU POETRY COMMOTION?

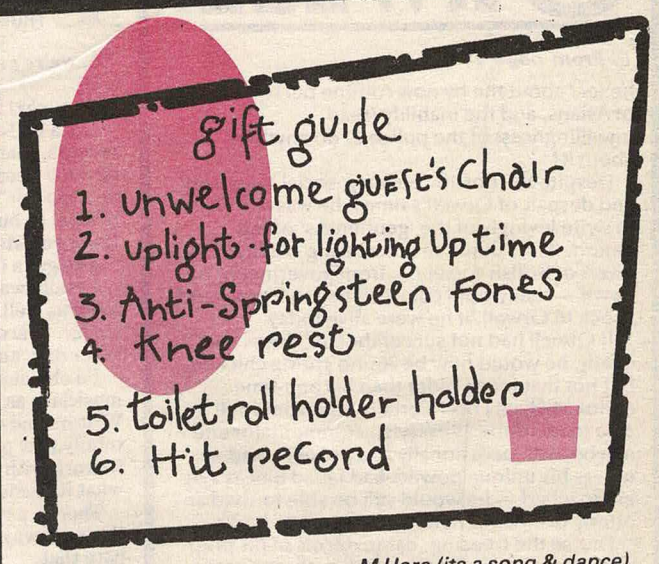
If CS Murray is X Moore's ideas of an "immortal bard" no wonder he had to sneer at Day one of the third Polympiad and reannoint me "the worst poet in Britain". Howzabout owning up — not only XM but CSM; have you honestly read or listened to one syllable of my work? What authority has either of you to judge: do you write poetry, or anything but safe, smug putdowns yourselves? Since XM preferred B Zephaniah to all the marathon's other 17 because he "wasn't a poet at all but a ranter", aren't his terms of reference a little confused?

X chides me for "interrupting the flow to announce each poet" but forgets that if there was a flow it was of my own making. Someone had to compere and I asked each of the team to introduce the next trouper at the end of their sets, but everyone insisted that I do it. The info surely helped most of the audience to follow and enjoy the lesser known items.

Bejamin was by NO means the first "PERFORMER" . Where was X during the Landesmans, Mountbattens Plimsoll, Dub-dancing Smith et al — checking out Big Brother Charlie's two-year-old review? *(Yeah, where WAS he? — Ed)*. Is X the man, on this showing, to presume to criticise the "flacid banality of it all".

Alan Marke is equally off-beam on Day two: he told you "Alvaro Pena Rojas was the first of many to prove me wrong". Sincerely regretfully, I have point out it's Marke alone that proves himself wrong — Alvaro didn't appear on Monday. Praps AM had been warned against "interrupting the flow".

reinforced by SENSITIVE critics for a change? If you can't play the sports, *BE* a sport, OK.



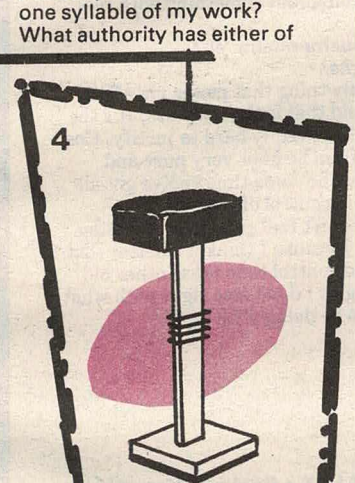
M Hora (its a song & dance) show, New Departures, Bisley, Glos.

WHAT THE CHAIRMAN TOLD TOM
Poetry? It's a hobby.
I run model trains
Mr Shaw there breeds pigeons.
It's not work. You don't sweat.
Nobody pays for it.
You *could* advertise soap.
— Basil Bunting, *Il miglior fabbro*.
Between me and you, Mr Horashow, things never change for some people. — DD.

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT? 70 PENCE A SHOT . . .

I am exclusively able to reveal the results of the 1982 NME readers poll: Best everything: The Jam (deceased).

There, that's saved you the bother of counting the votes of all those bloody sheep.
Martin McMahon.
PS Can I be the first to complain about the 70p Christmas NME?
Baaa! — Larry The Jam Lamb.
Baaa! What are you? A Lead Zip fan or something? — DD.

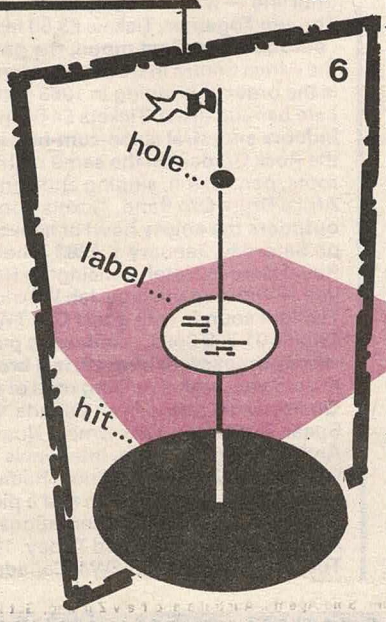


DAVID DORRELL puts some seasonal stuffing into the BAG
Write to: GASBAG, NME, 5-7 Carnaby St, London W1V 1PG.

Why does another Jamaican (Michael Archangel) HAVE to be insulted, along with the intelligence of your public, as the 'token black'? It was NOT an 'all-white audience' nor (partly because of the extreme diversity of talents exercised and voices raised on Day one) a converted or conformist one. But AM must've been the only person there (still "squeezing his school pen"?) to be SHOCKED by swear-words, or the celebration of Jesus's sex life.

Both Zephaniah and Stockbroker are terrific, but if your reviewers are to be believed and the ranting cult's the only direction worth pursuing, boy, are we gonna be lumbered with one helluva boringly uniform racket (in both senses). 'Rant' means 'to utter in loud, violent or bombastic tones'. Contrary to your fashion 'n' image-obsessed clique, I'm not alone in feeling that Bejamin and A the S are much better than that — and the potentialities of poetry itself are far more various, subtle and effective.

Why not leave careerists, politicos and dictators to call each other names and rant themselves into their own adequately shit-stirred ground, leaving it that much richer and the air that much clearer for the truly fresh, strong, good roots to grow? Like the articulate internatonal singers and musicians,



I thought that I would write in before some smartarse starts gibbering on about the higher price of the Christmas issue. No doubt the increase is due to a shortage of plastic in China, but I really don't mind. Really I don't.

If the Christmas issue is as wonderful as it usually is, I think you boys and girls at *NME* will have done a fine job, Really I do.
Brian Smith
Bravo! This is a fine example of the grovelly letters you should ALL send in. Spot on about the plastic shortage in China as well . . .
Congratulations Brian, you win the Nozetearski Award for services to the Bag. — DD.

T-ZERS

A SULLEN trio of little figures shuffles into view. They have tea-cloths upon their heads, and wear home-made beards stuck on with super-glue. They are bare-footed, except for one, who wears football socks. An audience of doting parents looks on, misty-eyed with love and pride. Awkwardly, and with barely-concealed resentment, the little ones begin their recitation . . .

"We we three we three three dots dots dots," (the timing is, at first, a smidgeon short of perfect) "of orient are, are." Complete and utter silence ensues, presently punctuated by coughs from the auditorium. Prompted by the urgent hisses, and one death threat, issued by an apoplectic and red-faced Editor offstage, our chorus continues: "Bearing *T-Zers,* we travel afar . . ."

An angel — an unhappy-faced boy with fair curly hair, gowned in a reconstructed lady's nightdress — hovers precariously above, suspended in a harness . . .

Enter **Saint Joseph,** his robe girdled by an elasticated red-and-yellow schoolboy's 'snake' belt. The three ancients embrace him, anoint his brow, and kiss his ass, which is tethered to the stable door. The oxen become restive at this point. A sheep gets up off all-fours and strides off altogether. One ox elects to leave also, neglecting to inform its hind quarters of the move. The beast crashes to the floor, swearwords emanating from both ends of its anatomy . . .

Uproar! Outside the window, an entire Judaen village tumbles and lands with a soft plop inside the stable itself. Momentarily unattended, the lever that preserves the angel's celestial position is set to spinning with nightmare speed — occasioning the cherub's fall from grace into a hellish heap of blood-spattered silver foil . . .

You know, this old year has seen many really great waffly *T-Zer* intros, all calculated to conceal the poverty of interesting items within the column proper. Plainly, this intro does not have the makings of such an intro. So let's guillotine it here and now, and leave the *real* padding to the end . . .

Christmas or no, the wheels of industry grind on. And so do we, with items like . . .

Yoko Ono is among the new names in the list of the world's 400 richest people, as published by the American *Forbes* magazine. Her interests are given as including restaurants, author's rights and record companies, and the Lennon fortune is put at 150 million dollars. Yoko, who presided over the Lennon estate even before her husband's death, apparently makes all her business decisions with the aid of astrology . . .

This week's *Portrait Of The Consumer,* up at the far more prestigious front end of the paper — many hundreds of fun-filled pages away — may puzzle some of you. It features, of course, those cuddly but morally-deformed students *The Young Ones.* We did ask **Vyvyan,** the snotty and horrid little punk, to give us his list, but it appeared that what we got back was a list by some comedian calling himself **Ada Edmondson.** When we checked with Ade, he assured us that this was what Vyv is actually into. Our special Humour analyst writes: Probably some sort of **Stanislavsky**/Method approach to comic characterisation in evidence here, note especially the *(drone, drone, drone)* . . .

Apologies and food parcels to those purveyors of tenement swing in po-boy caps, the **Jo Boxers,** for spelling their name incorrectly on last week's *T-Zers* page. As a reward for us spelling it right, together with a wad of crisp fivers, the combo have agreed to play *NME's* own night at the ICA press gang Rock Week type thingy, full details of which are on page seven . . .

Now there may be those among you who wonder what **Jock MacDonald** ever does except ring up *T-Zers* with news of his latest scrape and escapade. Whilst we join you in wondering, let's hand him the microphone to hear his seductive Welsh tones as they detail his latest scrape and escapade: "I went to a Boy Scouts Jamboree and they had set up a Bingo to raise money for Christmas. The scout master was ill so he asked me to call out the numbers, but I had had too much to drink and I called the numbers out all wrong. In stead of calling out 12, I called out 21, and instead of raising money I cost them £50, because there were eight winners instead of one!" . . .

Yeah, that was really wacky, Jock . . .

YOUR FAVOURITE T-ZERS

IT'LL COME as little shock to learn we get a *tremendous* amount of feedback from our weekly 'crazy' look at rock and the scene, known to you as *T-Zers.* From this response we've managed to gauge your favourites from the year and they are as follows.

☆ The one about Sting.
☆ The one about Squeeze (5th March).
☆ The one about Buster Bloodvessel!

Well there you are. We hope these snippets recalled some happy memories from 1982 for you. *T-Zer* will be keeping you laughing all through '83 also!

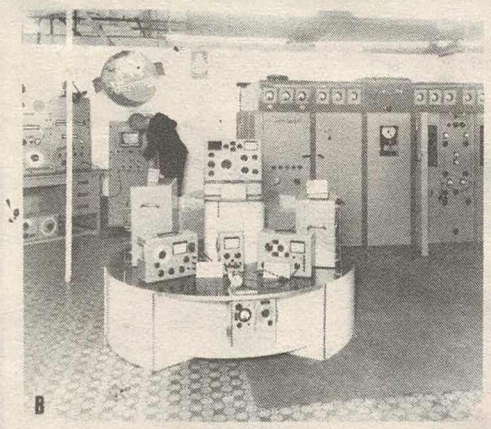
BEHIND THE SCENES

WE LIKE TO 'gag' our readers about how haphazard we all are here in the *T-Zers* department and indeed we occasionally get letters from folk who really think it's all pulled together on a Monday afternoon and that it's merely a matter of jotting down info on handy bits of paper and popping them into a big envelope with *"T-Zers"* scrawled on the side! Well, needless to say, we wouldn't provide you with much of a service if that was our way!

***T-Zers* is in fact compiled over many months — sometimes three months in advance of a particular issue — and is not dissimilar to the BMRB Charts in its use of country-wide outlets. In figure A we can see the 'brain' behind the column, our X420a Information Bank, and our 'behind the scenes' boy Ian Cranna examining how the data is flowing in from Glasgow. Behind him is Chris Salewicz checking on our Manchester read-out.**

A

From here all the week's hardest stories are gathered and taken to our editorial offices where we feed it into our scanners just to double-check the facts are correct (figure B). Our shots show little Ian Penman making some final delicate adjustments. The items are then typed up into a final draft and read to all staff members at a last-minute pre-publication meeting (figure C). It is here that some editing may take place, lines are tested and re-tested for 'laughability' and we get an all-clear from our legal department — hopefully!


B

It's interesting that in our photograph something seems to have amused Roy Carr (seated front holding white book, or 'dummy') whilst the self-same gag has failed to convince Andrew Tyler (to his left). Let's hope they can come to same later agreement!

We hope this little look 'behind the scenes' has helped you build a better picture of the hard work that goes into building up just one of the pages in your *NME.* And next time you go to dash off that angry letter — just think again. It may be we just happen to know what we're doing after all!

C

BRAIN T-ZERS

Which of the following works was not written by Shakespeare:

Twelfth Night
Othello
The Taming Of The Shrew
The Maltese Falcon
A Midsummer Night's Dream

(Ans: The Maltese Falcon which was written by Dashiell Hammett)

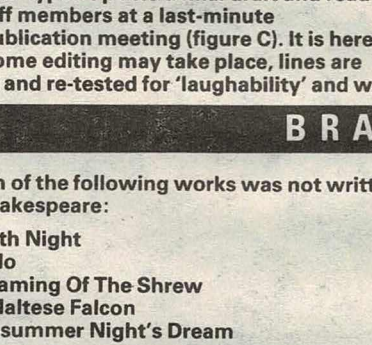
Take six pencils and form them into a line thus:

Now, by moving only one pencil at a time try to form the roman numerals for 1984 in under three moves.

(Ans: It can't be done)

Fill a glass with water. Next place a 10p piece in the glass. Try to remove the coin without breaking the water's surface tension and without breaking the glass.

(Ans: It can't be done)



Change the word 'HAPPY' into 'BAKED' changing only one letter at a time and within five moves.

Solution: HAPPY — Bappy — Bakpy — Bakey — BAKED.

If Jack has three sweets and gives his brother Tom one each — how many sweets has Jack left?

(Ans: Two sweets)

If it takes two men one day to dig a hole 30ft deep how deep will the hole be in three months?

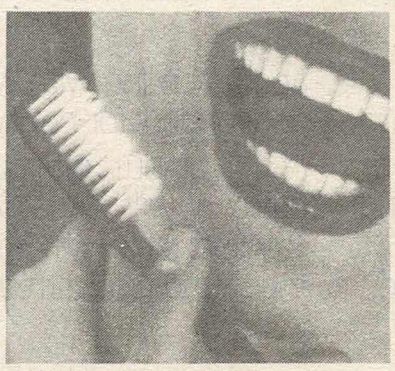
(Ans: The hole will go straight through the world and the men will fall into space)

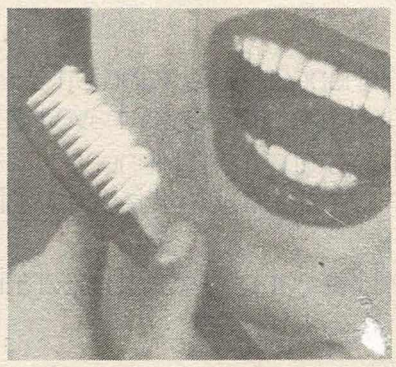
Match the following stars to their catch-phrases:

ARTHUR ASKEY
MIDGE URE
MacDONALD HOBLEY
QUINTIN HOGG
Former Leicester City full-back DAVID NISH

Catch Phrases: "Has Anybody Seen My Little Willy?", "My flabber has never been so ghasted missus!", "Not me — no never!!", "I should Cocoa Gail!", "Well — I'll be f**d!".**

Now here's one for all those of you who thrive on Spot The Difference competitions. Study the two photos below. They may look the same but we had our artist make one alteration in the one on the left. Just *one*. Find it and consider yourself a champion.





(Ans: The photos are in fact identical. Award yourself marks for the following wasted time: 2 minutes — 6 points, 5 minutes — 4 points, 10 minutes — 1 point. More than 10 minutes — you're a fool who most of us assume to be a typical ignorant NME reader)

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